WAR LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

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WAR LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

CAPTAIN WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL

U. S. VOLUNTEERS

WAR LETTERS
of
William Thompson Lusk

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General,
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS
1861–1863
Afterward M.D., LL.D.

New York
PRIVATELY PRINTED
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"I believe that . . . . the next generation will be better when they hear the story of the present. And another generation still, when the dimness of time shall have enhanced the romance, will dearly love to hear the tale of the Great Rebellion . . . ." p. 243.

". . . . . loving our country better, for having proved that it was so dear that we were willing even to give up our life for its preservation." p. 92.

"But living, or fallen among the chosen, I trust if the tidings of victory be heard, all who love me will wear their gayest colors and cheeriest smiles, in the joy at the success of the cause in which the loved one rejoiced to risk his all. With such parting words I can go without a tremor into battle, and fear nothing where God ruleth Supreme." p. 272

"It is enough to do one's duty and let Providence provide." p. 243.

". . . we know at least that Providence doeth all things well, if not exactly as man would have it." p. 262.

"Let us hope for the best in all things then, and believe that in all things, if we seek, we may always find a best." p. 244.

PREFATORY NOTES

William Thompson Lusk, M.D., LL.D., was the son of Sylvester Graham and Elizabeth Freeman (*née* Adams) Lusk; grandson of Sylvester and Sarah (*née* King) Lusk, of Enfield, Conn., and of Richard and Mary Rebecca (*née* Turville) Adams of Norwich, Conn. Richard Adams and his wife were both natives of Essequibo, British Guiana.

His great-great-grandfather, John Lusk, was born in Scotland, whence he emigrated to the North of Ireland, and thence to this country, settling at Wethersfield, Conn. He died at Newington in the township of Wethersfield in 1788 at the age of eighty-three years. His origin is obscure.

William T. Lusk's great-great-grandfather on his mother's side was Richard Adams, who was born in England between 1690 and 1720 and settled in South America.

His father (*b.* 1805, *d.* 1840) was a New York merchant of the house of Lusk, Lathrop & Co. His mother was born in 1814 and died in 1875.

The familiar references to people in these letters have the following interpretations: Cousin Lou is Mrs. Henry G. Thompson; Uncle John is John Adams, the brother of William T. Lusk's mother; Uncle Phelps is Isaac N. Phelps, and Aunt Maria (*née* Lusk) is his wife; Walter is William Walter Phelps; Hall is the Rev. William K. Hall, later of Newburg, New York; Horace is Horace Barnard, brother of Mrs. Henry G. Thompson.

The historical notes of this volume were collected by Anna H. Lusk.

Mr. Edward L. Burlingame gave valued advice in the editing.

Mr. O. G. Mason, for forty-two years the photographer at Bellevue Hospital, skilfully revived much of the former intensity of those photographs used for reproduction, that were faded and worn by time.

The books from which the references and maps were taken are the following:

"The Rebellion Record," edited by Frank Moore, published by G. P. Putnam, New York.

"The 79th Highlanders New York Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion," by William Todd. Press of Brandow, Barton & Co., Albany, New York, 1886.

"The Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens," by his son Hazard Stevens, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1900.

"Antietam and Fredericksburg," by Francis Winthrop Palfrey, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1882.

"Letters of a Family during the War for the Union," printed for private distribution. Copyright 1899, by Georgeanna Woolsey Bacon and Eliza Woolsey Howland.

"The Memorial History of the City of New York," edited by Jas. Grant Wilson, published by The New York History Co., 1893.

"The War of the Rebellion," prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War by Bvt. Lieut.-Col. Robert N. Scott, Third U. S. Artillery. Published at Government Printing Office, Washington, 1882.

"The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion," prepared, in accordance with acts of Congress, under the direction of Surgeon-General Joseph E. Barnes, U. S. Army. Part First. Medical. Published at Government Printing Office, Washington, Second Issue, 1879.

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INTRODUCTION

The letters of this volume portray in the life of William Thompson Lusk, his part as the patriot.

During his later years Dr. Lusk referred little to his army experiences, and the discovery of these letters several years after his death, revealed a part of his career hitherto little realized by those who had known him more as the skilful physician, the wise counsellor, the generous and sympathetic friend, the boon companion. The same enthusiasm, the same high regard for duty, the same desire to be helpful to others, the same inconsideration for self, which dominated his professional life, are depicted in his career as the young soldier, ever at the front, fighting for his country. His heroism on the battle-field forms a characteristic picture equally true to every phase of his subsequent career.

These letters have been put into print, that a story of heroism might be handed down, that the history of the War of the Rebellion might be embellished by descriptions written at the scene of the great drama by one of the performers, and that a fuller insight might be given to his friends into the rare personality of this man who, no matter how well they might have thought they knew him, must have been known to them only in part.

The letters are the writings of a young man between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-five years. Threaded through them is a sturdy philosophy which puts forward the bright side of life to face all obstacles. Certain refer-

ences to public characters which do not coincide with later-date views of the individuals, will be recognized as expressions which were true to local feeling during times when the nation was in peril and opinions ran hot and strong. To the soldierly courage of his regiment, in a letter written just before the battle of Fredericksburg, Captain Lusk pays his tribute in the following words: "Think of the pride I shall feel as my own Regiment receives its welcome from the joyous citizens of New York — a welcome deserved by its conduct on many fields."

One of Dr. Lusk's happy precepts was, never to insist on things being done which, as he said, "made no difference." His advice was generally given as a suggestion which he would not reiterate, but his suggestions carried great weight and were generally accepted unequivocally as law. His patients idolized him. Numbers of them after his death uttered words like these: "I know he was more to me than he could have been to any one else." Thus each family whom he attended had grown to depend on his wisdom and cheer, and when he was taken away his place could not be filled. When, with the development of modern surgery, he was acquiring a large operative gynecological practice, and the question arose what part of his professional work must be curtailed to give him time for the surgery, one thing he was very sure of was, that he would never give up his family practice, since that would deprive him of the opportunity of seeing familiarly the many friends who were his patients, which was one of his particular pleasures in life. One of his

patients once said, "He seemed constantly at the bedside of my sick child, yet later I met a friend who told me that at this very period of time Dr. Lusk was constantly at the bedside of his child as well." The physical effort which he put into the discharge of his professional duties was always very great. He has been known, after two consecutive nights of work, to attend to his affairs on the third day without an intervening rest. One night, a year or two before he died, worn with great fatigue, he was called early from his bed to try and save a woman's life. He responded promptly, and as he went down stairs he was heard to say wearily to himself, "Oh! I am so tired." In the morning he remarked with a quiet smile, "It was all worth while. The patient lives."

He was an inveterate reader. Whenever he had an idle moment he would pick up something to read. He accomplished much literary work while driving around in his coupé. Later he got an open carriage and would drive his horses himself so that he should not read so much.

One particular charm was his never failing interest in the doings of young people, in whose society he always took a keen enjoyment. He never outgrew his ability to comprehend the standpoint of youth. Professionally, he never seemed happier than when he was helping along some of the younger men.

He was a good story-teller, and quick to see and enjoy fun wherever it could be found, and so it was that he was his children's boon companion.

He was a keen lover of nature, and especially enjoyed the color in nature. In the country he always liked a view with water near by for its color contrast. During one summer spent at Dives on the Normandy coast, he

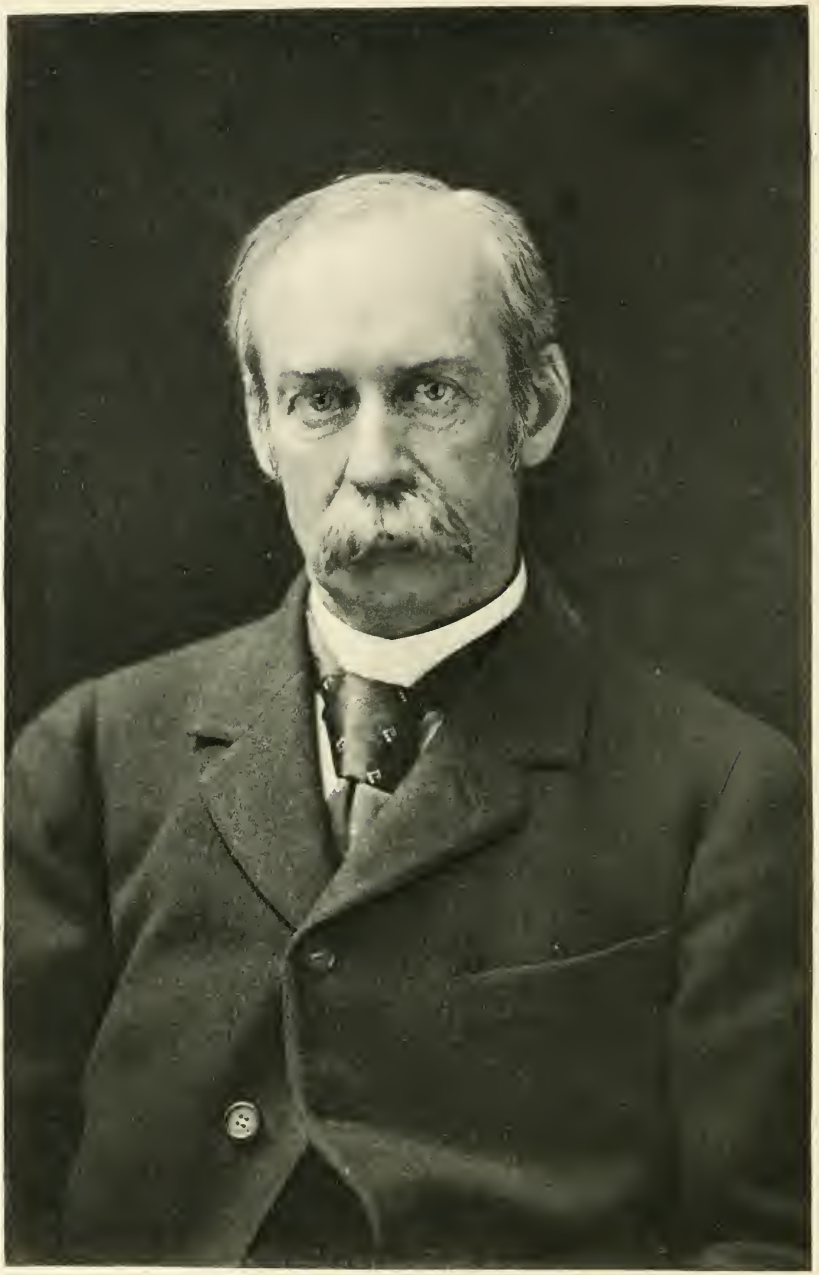
could frequently be found at the sunset hour over at Cabourg leaning on the sea-wall, looking out over the ocean and watching the play of colors in the western sky. Just before his death he was planning a house in the country, beside a lake among beautiful hills, and around the house there was to be a garden of hollyhocks. He once remarked: "Nature never looked so beautiful as the morning before a battle."

W. C. L.

47 *East 34th Street.*

MEMORIALS OF
WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK
M.D., LL.D.

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers,
1861–1863



William T. Lusk

M.D., L.L.D.

MEMORIALS OF

WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK, M.D., LL.D.

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers,
1861–1863

WILLIAM T. LUSK

[*Editorial from The Brooklyn Eagle, written by Harry S. Kingsley.*]

The sudden death of Dr. William T. Lusk of New York by apoplexy, is a decided loss to the medical profession, a distinct weakening of the ranks of good citizenship, a lamentable wounding of the hearts of not a few kindred and of many more friends, and a pathetic example of the self-sacrificing spirit of the best members of the calling which Dr. Lusk both strengthened and adorned. He wore himself down by faithful and earnest work as a physician and a surgeon, and by unrewarded and noble effort as a medical instructor. Although warned by the monitions of decreasing vigor to be generous to his own constitution and to give to himself that right of rest and recreation which he had grandly earned, he withstood the suggestion out of a sense of moral and professional duty to which he fell a veritable martyr.

His was an admirable career, for it was lived for others. His was a benign scholarship, for it was acquired and spent in service for the race. His was a noble energy, because it went out to heal, to save and to comfort. His was a magnificent union of character and of capacity,

of genius and of experience, for it was devoted to the reduction of pain, to the abatement of ills and to the preservation of life. Of him it can be said reverently that he saved others and himself he would not save. The Great Physician, the title by which the Founder of Christianity is so often and so tenderly defined, is served in this world by thousands in His image who grandly work in His spirit. Few of His followers ever served Him, in serving humanity, better than did William T. Lusk, and he who would not permit to himself the respite which he should have taken here, has gone to a waiting reward where sickness and sorrow, which he did so much to alleviate and to diminish, are unknown.

MEMORIAL NOTICE OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

New York,
August 2d, 1897.

At a stated meeting of this Commandery held at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, the following was adopted as the report of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions relative to Companion Captain William Thompson Lusk, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers (Insignia No. 4,913), who died at New York, N. Y., June 12, 1897, aged fifty-nine years.

Report

Companion Captain William Thompson Lusk was born in Norwich, Conn., on May 23, 1838, and died in this city, June 12, 1897. As a boy he attended a private military school in New Haven, and entered Yale College in the class of '59, but left at the close of the Freshman year as he was strongly attracted to the study of chemistry and physiology, and there was little opportunity for pursuing these studies except in the regular medical course. He devoted two years to the study of medicine in Heidelberg and one year in Berlin. The War of the Rebellion called him home. Joining the 79th Regiment, New York Volunteers, Infantry, in June, 1861, he took part in the battle of the first Bull Run, though not mustered

into the service. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the same regiment September 19, 1861, with rank from August 3; Captain February 24, 1862, with rank from January 19, 1862. Resigned February 28, 1863, to take command of a regiment being raised in New York City, at the request of Governor Morgan. Before the regiment was recruited he joined the staff of General Daniel Tyler, and was commissioned Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Captain June 26, 1863. Resigned September 17, 1863.

While in the service of the United States he took part in the battles of Blackburn's Ford, First Bull Run, Port Royal, Secessionville-on-James Island, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and a multitude of minor engagements.

Coming to New York, he matriculated at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and on his graduation the following year he was valedictorian of his class. He devoted one year more to medical studies in Edinburgh and Paris, Vienna and Prague. In 1866 he settled in New York as assistant to Dr. Barker, and in 1869 was appointed professor in physiology at the Long Island College Hospital. This association continued for two years, when he received an invitation from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to lecture on physiology before the Harvard Medical School, and passed the winter of 1871 in Boston lecturing with great success. The chair of obstetrics in the Bellevue School, in New York, having become vacant through the death of Dr. George T. Elliot, the position was offered to and accepted by him, and he also became visiting physician at the Bellevue Hospital.

In 1882 he published his celebrated work "The Science and Art of Midwifery." It had an immediate and im-

mense sale in England and America, and made Dr. Lusk famous, the work passing through four editions and being translated into several languages. Dr. Lusk was for a time editor of the *New York Medical Journal*, and in that and other periodicals published many of his earlier articles.

His personality was a prominent and popular feature of the college (Bellevue) to which he devoted the best years of his medical life, and his genial, unassuming manner endeared him to many friends throughout this country and Europe.

Among the offices held by him were President of the Faculty and Professor of Obstetrics and of the Diseases of Women and Children in Bellevue Medical College, Consulting Physician to the Maternity Hospital and to the Foundling Asylum, Visiting Physician to the Emergency Hospital, Gynecologist to the Bellevue and St. Vincent's Hospitals, Honorary Fellow of the Edinburgh and London Obstetrical Societies, Corresponding Fellow of the Obstetrical Societies of Paris and Leipsic and the Paris Academy of Medicine, President of the American Gynecological Society, President of the New York State Medical Association, and Vice-President of the New York Obstetrical Society.

He joined this Commandery October 5, 1886, and George Washington Post, No. 103, Dept. New York, G. A. R., March 17, 1887.

This committee has the honor to submit the following resolution, and respectfully recommend its adoption:

Resolved, That the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States receives the notice of the death of Dr. William Thompson Lusk with unfeigned regret, and with a thorough realization of the

loss to the medical profession, to the community, and to this Commandery.

EDWARD HAIGHT,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, late United States Army.
ANDREW D. BAIRD,
Major, United States Volunteers.
ROBERT GAIR,
Capt., United States Volunteers.
} *Committee.*

By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
United States Volunteers, Commander.

A. NOEL BLAKEMAN,
Acting Assistant Paymaster, late United States Navy, Recorder.

ADDRESS IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK, M.D., LL.D.

Delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine, Nov. 18, 1897, by Dr. A. Alexander Smith

Dr. William Thompson Lusk was born May 23, 1838, at Norwich, Connecticut. He spent his boyhood days at Norwich, attending the Rev. Albert Spooner's school with a view to preparation for Yale College. His uncle examined him in Latin, and told him that although well taught it was by the old method; and that if he tried to enter Yale College on that preparation he would be rejected. Accordingly leaving Norwich in the winter of 1853-54, he attended Anthon's Grammar School in Murray Street, New York City, residing in the family of Dr. and Mrs. Fordyce Barker, to the latter of whom he was related by marriage.

The winter of 1854–55 he was sent by his mother to Russell's Military School in New Haven, because of "the great advantage he will derive from thorough physical training in the gymnasium."

In 1855 he entered the Freshman class at Yale College, but remained only one year, leaving college because of difficulty with his eyes. Later, in 1872, he was enrolled with his class by the action of the Corporation, and then received an honorary degree of A.M. Later still, in 1894, Yale conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

For one year after leaving college he engaged in business, but his eyes continuing to trouble him, and having

no liking for business, in 1858 he went abroad to consult a distinguished oculist, Dr. Monoyer, at Geneva. He had become much interested, even in boyhood, in the study of chemistry and physiology, and after a short stay in Geneva, he went to Heidelberg and began the study of medicine, his interest in chemistry and physiology leading to such decision.

He remained in Heidelberg two years, and one year in Berlin, coming home to America in 1861 to enter the army. Governor Buckingham of Connecticut offered him a position on his staff, but the young man wishing assured active and immediate service, enlisted as a private in the 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers. His wish was soon gratified, for joining the regiment in June, 1861, he took part in the battle of the First Bull Run, though not yet mustered into service. At this battle he was one of a group who carried the dead body of Colonel Cameron of the 79th Highlanders off the field, it being said of him on this occasion, that he walked backward from the enemy so that he might not be shot in the back if a bullet should strike him.

He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 79th Regiment, September 19, 1861, with rank from August 3. He was commissoned Captain February 24, 1862, with rank from January 19. He resigned February 28, 1863, at the request of Governor Morgan, to take command of a regiment then recruiting in New York City. Before the regiment was filled he joined the staff of General Daniel Tyler, and was commissioned Assistant Adjutant-General with rank of Captain, June 26.

While in the service of the United States, he took part in the battles of Blackburn's Ford, First Bull Run, Port Royal, Secessionville-on-James Island, Second Bull Run,

Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and many minor engagements.

Of the battle of Manassas he writes: "I made the charge armed with a ram-rod which I had picked up on my way thither. I acknowledge that I found the work hotter than I anticipated."

General Isaac I. Stevens in his official report of the battle of James Island, South Carolina, in June, 1862, writes: "My Assistant Adjutant-General was in all parts of the field carrying my orders and bringing me information, to the great exposure of his life, as was Aid, Captain William T. Lusk."

And at the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862, as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of Colonel Christ's brigade, his name is recorded as among those mentioned for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the field, and for efficiency in their departments."

He served as a staff officer on General Isaac I. Stevens's Staff for a considerable period of time preceding the latter's death in the summer of 1862.

During the draft riots in New York City, in 1863, Captain Lusk commanded two companies of troops, and was stationed at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street.

During his service in the army he had two horses shot under him, once had his belt shot off, and saw his 79th Highlander Regiment of one thousand men reduced to two hundred and thirty in number, yet himself never received a scratch.

He resigned September 17, 1863, when his troops were sent into Delaware and put on the inactive list. After his resignation he came to New York and completed his medical course at the Bellevue Hospital Medical

College, graduating in 1864 (March 3), and was valedictorian of his class.

He went abroad in May, 1864, for further study, spending four months in Edinburgh with Sir James Y. Simpson; six months in Paris, four months in Vienna with Carl Braun, and two months in Prague with Seifert.

On his return from Europe in 1865, he went to reside in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he became associated with Dr. Robert Hubbard from whom he claimed to have learned much of the art of how to practise medicine.

In 1866 he came to New York and became associated with Dr. Fordyce Barker, which association continued until 1873.

In 1869 he was made "Professor of Physiology and Microscopic Anatomy" in the Long Island College Hospital. This position he held until 1871.

In the winter of 1870–71, at the request of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, he delivered a course of lectures on physiology at the Harvard Medical School.* This course was very successful and he was led to expect an immediate appointment to the chair. There was, however, a little delay, during which time he was offered the chair of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, made vacant by the death of Dr. George T. Elliot. This latter he accepted at once, and a few hours later came the offer from Harvard, which, of course, was declined. Through this incident New York became his permanent residence instead of Boston.

He held the chair at Bellevue Hospital Medical Col-

*Dr. Lusk was the first lecturer on physiology at the Harvard Medical School, who gave a course which was accompanied by experimental demonstrations.

lege from April 4, 1871, up to the time of his death, June 12, 1897.

In 1870 he was appointed Visiting Physician to the Nursery and Childs' Hospital.

In 1871 he was appointed Obstetric Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital.

From 1871 to 1873 he was co-editor with Dr. James B. Hunter, of the *New York Medical Journal.*

From 1889 to 1897 he was President of the Faculty of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

Other positions and titles he held or had held were: Consulting Physician to the Maternity Hospital and to the Foundling Asylum; Consulting Obstetrician to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital of the City of New York; Visiting Obstetrician to the Emergency Hospital; Gynecological Surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital; President of the American Gynecological Society; Vice-President of the New York Obstetrical Society; President of the New York State Medical Association; Honorary President of the Obstetrical Section at the Berlin Medical Congress; Honorary Fellow of the Edinburgh and London Obstetrical Societies; Corresponding Fellow of the Obstetrical Societies of Paris and Leipsic; Corresponding Fellow of the Paris Academy of Medicine.

He was also a member of The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States with title of Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers.

Dr. Lusk was the author of many papers on various medical subjects, chiefly on obstetrics and gynecology. He evinced his interest and training in physiology by occasional contributions on that subject. A paper on the "Histological Doctrines of Robin," a paper on "Uræmia, a Common Cause of Death in Uterine Cancer,"

and still another on "Origin of Diabetes with Some New Experiments Regarding the Glycogenic Function of the Liver," all attest this, and were published in the *New York Medical Journal* during the time he was one of the editors.

A paper entitled: "Nature, Causes and Prevention of Puerperal Fever," read before the International Medical Congress in 1876, in Philadelphia, was one of the first in support of the germ theory of disease, which then created considerable interest. When Koch's paper appeared in 1882 on the isolation of the tubercle bacillus, Dr. Lusk accepted its conclusions enthusiastically, regarding such conclusions as offering the only satisfactory scientific explanation of the origin and spread not only of tuberculosis, but also of many other diseases.

The first edition of his monumental work "The Science and Art of Midwifery," appeared in 1882, and has gone through four editions. The last edition, published in 1892, Dr. Lusk regarded as practically a new book, it having been largely rewritten. In 1895 he appended a chapter on symphysiotomy. It was his intention during the summer of 1897 to revise the book again and issue a fifth edition.

The work has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic.

When the book was about to be issued, the plan of it was submitted to an eminent obstetrician of New York, whose opinion was highly valued by both author and publisher, and whose criticism was that it would certainly fail of success unless the plan were changed. Dr. Lusk refused to change the plan and said: "It must go before the profession on its merits without such change."

A few months after it was published, the writer of this

address asked him as to the sale of it. His response was quite characteristic of his well known modesty: "As well, quite as well probably as it deserves, there are still four hundred copies unsold. I am desirous of issuing a second, and, as I think, a much improved edition." Within a few days on meeting him again, he said: "The second edition must come out at once; the publishers have just received an order from London for nine hundred copies."

This work added greatly to his reputation both at home and abroad. While its trend is decidedly German, the clinical aspect of it is the result of New York practice.

Dr. Lusk married May 4, 1864, Miss Mary Hartwell Chittenden, daughter of Mr. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn. She died in 1871. Of this marriage there were born five children, one of whom died in infancy. Two daughters and two sons survive. One son, Graham, is Professor of Physiology in the Medical Department of Yale University, and the other, William C., is a practicing physician in this city.

He married again in 1876, Mrs. Matilda Thorn (née Myer), who died in 1892. Of this marriage a daughter survives.

Dr. Lusk's eminence as an author, a teacher, and a practitioner, made his name well known. His charming personality and his genial, hearty manner brought him many friends. Modest as to his own attainments, he was ever ready and cordial in his praise of the work of others. He was a loyal friend and a generous antagonist. He was sometimes impulsive but always just and magnanimous. He was sincere, and unselfishly devoted to duty; qualities which always command respect and admiration. No efforts were too great for him when suffering called for his services; indeed he often worked for others to

the detriment of his own health. He was ever ready to take responsibility when necessary, but he was always conservative in his judgment. With his colleagues in college work, he was always the affectionate and warm-hearted co-laborer, and intensely interested in it.

He was the counsellor and friend to young men. Well might be applied to him the sentiment he expressed in the dedication of the first edition of his book, to Dr. Fordyce Barker, "Generosity toward the younger members of the profession."

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK, M.D.[1]

BY AUSTIN FLINT, M.D., OF NEW YORK COUNTY

William Thompson Lusk was born May 23, 1838, and died June 12, 1897.

The death of a truly great and good physician, at the zenith of his fame and in the full development of his powers, is indeed a loss. On June 12, I saw Dr. Lusk, in full vigor and health, at work in his private hospital. An hour later, his gentle spirit had passed away, and his useful and laborious life was ended.

From the time of his graduation in medicine in 1864 to the hour of his death, he had devoted his best energies to the study and advancement of the science of medicine. The history of his professional life has been written by himself. The thousands of physicians who had the benefit of his instruction will long hold him in grateful remembrance; and the public institutions with which he was connected will long feel the influence of his wise counsels and faithful and disinterested work. His associates and personal friends may well say, "we shall not look upon his like again." The honors which he received at home and abroad engendered no feeling of envy in the hearts of his friends and professional associates, but were regarded as merited recognition of his valuable services to science and humanity. His sturdy honesty of purpose, with his delicate sense of honor and exquisite gentleness

[1] Read at a meeting of the New York County Medical Association, Oct. 18, 1897.

of character and manner, impressed all with whom he came in contact; and his friends, as well as he himself, were as much astonished as grieved at any evidences of antagonism or ill-will, which few positive and fearless characters are fortunate enough to escape.

The memory of Dr. Lusk should be peculiarly dear to the Fellows of this Association. When it was deemed wise by certain of us, in the interests of the whole profession, to organize the State Medical Association in 1884, Dr. Lusk was one of its Founders. In the same year, he participated in the foundation of the County Association, and signed the articles of incorporation in 1890. He was President of the State Association in 1889 and contributed largely to its scientific proceedings as well as to the work of the County Association. In all discussions and controversies within the profession, when necessary, Dr. Lusk had the courage of his convictions, but without malice and with charity for all. He readily forgave every slight or injury, fancied or real.

With Dr. Lusk's brilliant public career since 1864, I am entirely familiar, and the life of his early manhood is consistent with the later character we knew and admired. Having passed the three years previous to 1861 in the study of medicine and the allied sciences in Heidelberg and Berlin, his patriotism recalled him in the hour of the nation's peril, to enlist as a private in the 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers, in 1861. He served as private, second lieutenant, captain, and assistant adjutant-general until late in 1863, and participated in many important engagements. I made his acquaintance when he was in command of a detachment in Gramercy Park during the draft riots of 1863. In 1863–64, he completed his medical education and was graduated at

the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. After graduation, he studied in Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, and Prague. He practiced medicine one year in Bridgeport, Conn., in connection with Dr. Hubbard. In 1866, he became a permanent resident of the city of New York. In 1867, he became my pupil and prepared himself to teach physiology, occupying the Chair of Physiology in the Long Island College Hospital, from 1868 to 1871. In the year 1870–71, he lectured on physiology in the Harvard Medical School, and at the close of that session, he was appointed Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, which professorship he filled until the time of his death. In 1889, he was elected President of the Faculty.

With all his great acquirements, Dr. Lusk was modest even to the point of diffidence. It may be said, perhaps, that this quality was so marked that the value of his instruction was not at first fully appreciated, but it was not long before he assumed great prominence as a public teacher. The same quality influenced the early part of his literary career. Although he had ably edited the *New York Medical Journal*, in connection with Dr. James B. Hunter, from 1871 to 1873, and before writing his book on "Midwifery" had published many valuable papers, he long hesitated to attempt the preparation of a systematic treatise. I urged him to write a text-book on obstetrics, with a persistence and insistence that prevailed at the end of two years. In 1881, he published his great work on the "Science and Art of Midwifery." This work immediately took its place as the best text-book on the subject in the English language. He labored on it faithfully to the time of his death, and improved and extended it in subsequent editions. It has had four

American editions and has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic.

The publication of this book, particularly of the later editions, marked the culmination of the author's fame as a teacher and writer. Honors were heaped upon him. He received the degree of LL.D. from Yale University; he was elected Honorary Fellow of the Edinburgh and London Obstetrical Societies; Corresponding Fellow of the Obstetrical Societies of Paris and Leipsic; Corresponding Fellow of the Paris Academy of Medicine, etc. He was no less famous as a practitioner and was consulted largely in the city of New York and elsewhere. His frequent visits abroad, where he often read papers before learned societies, made his foreign friends acquainted with his charming personality. He was taken away in the height of his fame and prosperity.

No eulogy of mine can add to the nobly earned and well deserved reputation of Dr. Lusk; but I esteem it a precious privilege to pay this tribute to his memory which lives in the hearts of his thousands of pupils and tens of thousands of readers. He was a true and reliable friend and had no enmities, a most accomplished physician, an original thinker and observer, a laborious and successful investigator and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word.

IN MEMORIAM.[1] WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK, M.D., LL.D.

BY HENRY C. COE, M.D., NEW YORK

Soon after we parted for the summer an honored Fellow of our Society suddenly passed into the unknown. Death has singularly spared our company during the past decade, but when he rudely summoned one of our noblest and best, we felt that the breaking up of our goodly fellowship had indeed begun. The pathetic cry of the Litany was not answered, but who can say that it was not best? His end was unostentatious, like his life. In the midst of restless activity, at the period of a well-rounded career, he went apart and fell asleep. To be spared the decay of mental and physical powers, to depart at the moment of victory — was not this the enviable lot of the father of the Olympian victor whom the ancient philosopher declared to be the happiest of men?

Others will utter more elaborate and fitting eulogies; be it our mournful, though pleasant, duty to offer a simple tribute to the memory of one who met with us here in the years that are gone, and whose gracious influence rests upon us as a benediction. I might speak eloquently of Dr. Lusk's international influence upon obstetric medicine, of his classical book, his numerous contributions to current literature, of the impress which he left upon his students — but here, among those who knew him best, we think of him rather as the kindly associate, the fine type of the physician and gentleman, which,

[1] Read before the New York Obstetrical Society, Oct. 19, 1897.

pray Heaven, may never become wholly extinct in this age of fierce competition, when it sometimes seems as if our noble profession were in danger of degenerating into a trade.

Although it might seem more proper that one of his own contemporaries should perform this duty, there is a certain fitness in the tribute coming from us of a younger generation to whom he was at once teacher, example, and friend. If, in mystic faith of Swedenborg, the departed are still with us in spirit, sharing in our daily life, it would be most distasteful to him to hear words of fulsome flattery, who was himself so modest and retiring that, like the wise Athenian, he ever held that "he only knew that he knew nothing." I shall refer only to Dr. Lusk's relations to the Obstetrical Society. Our old volumes of Transactions furnish most interesting, nay even, inspiring reading. The list of founders far back in 1863 is a list of intellectual giants, of whom we may well be proud. To them Lusk was one of the young and rising men. Admitted to the Society in 1872, he was Vice-President the following year, and was elected President in 1879, when most of us were in college, or were just beginning the study of medicine. I have looked through all the transactions of the last quarter of a century and find abundant evidence of his mental activity and interest in the Society. His papers and clinical reports are marked by the same peculiarity, which was only accentuated in his later years — a disposition to publish unfavorable rather than successful results, when it seemed to him that they taught a valuable lesson.

Promptness in acknowledging errors in diagnosis and technique, a tendency to criticize himself more severely than others would criticize him, an earnest desire to point

out the way by which his *confrères* could avoid his mistakes —this was the marked characteristic of all his public utterances. The modest, self-depreciating manner with which we were so familiar, increased with advancing age and experience. Quick to seize upon all that was good in new theories and surgical methods, he was preeminently conservative and allowed younger and bolder spirits to push ahead, while he waited and thoroughly tested the old ways before he abandoned them for the new. This mental attitude, which rendered him such a safe teacher, constituted him a sort of balance-wheel in many discussions in which advanced, or what then seemed heroic, methods were generally advocated. Whenever Lusk spoke, in his quiet, modest way, none of his hearers had any doubt that he was thoroughly in earnest, and that the sentiments which he expressed were those which influenced his daily work. So unobtrusive was his manner that even we who knew him so well often forgot that his words carried weight all over the world, and when uttered in foreign medical associations, were received as the dicta of a master. Thus has it ever been that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

We do not recall that Dr. Lusk ever sought to pose as an innovator, nor did he read a paper before this Society which advocated any new or startling procedure. He seemed to feel that his mission was to weigh carefully new facts and to compare them with the old, to warn against too sweeping generalizations, and the too ready adoption of radical methods. When he had occasion to introduce the personal pronoun it was always apologetically. His was the reverent agnosticism of true science. He had no sympathy with loud pretensions, nor did he seek to be "heard for his much speaking." Of late years

he came but rarely to our meetings, and then always because he felt that he had some special message to deliver.

It would be a great mistake to infer that because he was by nature, as well as by choice, conservative, Dr. Lusk was not fully abreast of modern surgery. I doubt if there is one here present who followed more closely the work of foreign operators, not in the library, but by actual attendance at their clinics. His active, restless mind was like a sensitive photographic plate, which needed only an instant's exposure to the light of truth in order to retain a lasting impression. He was keenly alive to all that was transpiring in the medical world, and you will remember the deep interest which he manifested in the work of his younger brethren in this city. If a new or especially difficult operation was to be performed, Lusk was sure to be on hand. Such a man might be called "conservative," but his conservatism was the outgrowth of wide observation and experience; it was not a voluntary mental stagnation, due to ignorance of the vast progress of modern surgery.

We recall with mournful tenderness the kindly attitude of our lost friend in public debate. He was ever considerate of his opponent's feelings — a gentleman in the original interpretation of the word, with a fine sense of the fitness of things and a never-failing courtesy that disarmed all irritation. How these traits are remembered now, when he, alas! is only a memory. The keen, eager, kindly face, the earnest air, the low voice, never raised in harsh answer or biting criticism—these, with the bright smile of welcome, the warm hand-clasp, all are gone forever.

"To lose him from our eager ken,
To lose his thoughts, to ripeness grown,
To lose his presence, are as when
A richly-freighted ship goes down."

As he was here, so we knew him in his work. He was too broad for petty rivalries and jealousies, too honest and consistent to swerve a hair's breadth from the straight course which he had marked out, either to win or to keep patients. If he thought that an operation was not indicated, no man, no financial consideration, could induce him to perform it. He might feel keenly the adverse criticism of his associates, but he adhered to his own standard of right. Professional honor was not an empty name to him, but an integral part of himself. Its influence pervaded his work in the consulting-room, at the hospital, wherever he came in contact with men and women.

From this Society he went out to practise what he preached. We sometimes disagreed with him; some of us thought, perhaps, that he was a little old-fashioned, but we honored him for his consistency and recognized in him a true Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. It would be pleasant to review our social relations with Dr. Lusk, to recall the many delightful qualities which rendered him so beloved, but I believe that every man who has lost a friend cherishes some memory of the departed which is peculiarly his own, and which it is not fitting to subject to cold analysis. It was good for us to have been with him, for none touched him in the press of life ever so slightly without perceiving the aroma shed only by the pure in heart.

You remember the touching description of how the Doctor of the old school was borne to his last resting-place. "Surely no funeral is like unto that of a doctor for pathos,"

we read: but in the last splendid tribute paid to our friend by his professional brethren one felt that through the requiem ran a strain of triumphal music. And in after years it will be said of him, as was said of the first Napoleon: "Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory and gained him such lasting reverence and affection."

Sad indeed is the man who is remembered only for the books which he has written, the operations which he has performed, or the wealth which he has amassed during a long and successful professional career. But thrice happy he who, like our lost brother, leaves not only these evidences of a well-spent life, but a precious memory, cherished in the hearts of those made happier and better by his living. When we think of our illustrious dead our Society seems lifted to a higher plane. Surely we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. The superb Peaslee, the magnetic Sims, the genial Taylor, Barker's kingly presence, and now the gentle spirit which has been absorbed into the Eternal Light. What a rich heritage is ours! How great is our inspiration to carry on the work which they began, with the same enthusiasm, the same zeal for pure truth! Let us too see to it that no narrow personal aims, no petty dissensions prevent the fulfilment of this sacred duty. As, one by one, our elders turn aside to the wayside inn, let us cherish those who remain. They may seem old-fashioned or slow to adopt new ideas. But old fashions are often the best fashions, and many of our "new" ideas were conceived years before we re-discovered them. May no regrets be ours when we think after they have gone how little we appreciated them when they were still with us!

We offer our poor, imperfect tribute to the memory of one who lived among us so quietly and unostentatiously that few realized how rare and lovable was his character. Only two days before his death he uttered these prophetic words: "I do not care to have any resolutions offered about me after I am gone." It is in accordance with his last wish that I point you to the story of his life as his best eulogy.

NOTE: On March 22, 1887, Dr. Lusk performed the second successful operation of Cæsarean section in New York City, saving the lives of both mother and child, the first having been done in the year 1838. There had been in this country, prior to this time, but one other case where the mother as well as the child had survived (Dr. H. F. Biggar, Cleveland, Ohio, Dec., 1886). In reporting (in 1888) three successful cases performed by himself within little more than a year, Dr. Lusk writes: ". . . it is my highest pleasure to acknowledge my obligations to Sänger, and to add my tribute to the glory he has justly won."

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

Bellevue Hospital Medical College, 1864

WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK ON HIS GRADUATION FROM THE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, 1864

In entering upon a professional career there are few subjects that more nearly interest the neophyte than the way to achieve success.

Now the successful physician may be *sui generis*. "I have done well," says Dr. Radcliffe, "by bullying my patients." While Sir John Arbuthnot, tickling the ears of Queen Anne with courtly compliments, likewise does well, becoming the Queen's favorite physician. Possibly address without merit may be successful, the public being the judges. But the lives of those most famous in our profession teach us another lesson.

I take as a type case, Dr. Jenner, to whom the human race owes a debt of gratitude greater than was ever before earned by any living man. He had no eccentricities — no peculiar personal qualities to win him favor— but he had the rarest habits of industry. Slowly and patiently we find him laboring at his life's work, knowing that nature only reveals her secrets little by little to such as unweariedly scrutinize her ways. Yet he was very quick to catch every thought dropped n his presence. It was in his student days that he first heard a young peasant woman, at the office of his preceptor, saying, "I cannot take the small-pox; I have had the cow-pox," which immediately set him to thinking. And gradually in his

mind the conception begins to assume the importance of a discovery. He communicates to one or two trusted friends the hopes and fears alternating in his bosom. He studies the subject of vaccination from every point of view. He goes on year after year, subjecting his theories to new tests, and more searching methods of analysis. With the true scientific spirit he wishes to add facts to facts beyond the point of conviction, up to the exclusion of every possibility of error. Thus for twenty years he steadily pursues his investigations, and then, at length, offers to the world perfected his simple plan for controlling the most frightful disease that ever cursed the human race. It is curious to read how the views he entertained were first received. The public of course was incredulous. I regret to say the profession was hardly less sceptical. Ridicule was rampant. Dr. Jenner was painted riding on a cow. Children after vaccination were represented as bellowing and running on all fours, while grown persons became shaggy with hair and the possessors of superfluous horns and tails.

Dr. Jenner, conscious of being right, is tranquil under all this storm of ridicule, and still labors patiently on to accomplish the object nearest his heart, viz: to make the public and the profession aware of the magnitude of his discovery. At the present day among the valued treasures of the British Museum is the skin of the cow that furnished the first vaccine virus to Dr. Jenner, a prouder memorial of his greatness than the proudest inscription in Westminster Abbey. The boon conferred by him on humanity makes us wonder at the power for good to be derived from the labors of a single man. The work of Dr. Jenner will serve as a type-case to show what may prove the result of a well spent life of industry. He was

able to say in his last moments, "I do not wonder that men are grateful to me, but I am surprised that they are not grateful to God for making me an instrument of good."

Next, the physician, to be successful, needs to cultivate tact, by which I mean intuitiveness of perception, fitting one to act before thought has had time to form, each individual sense being, in a measure, capable of a reason of its own. It is the exercise of this faculty, that constitutes the true Art of Medicine. It is not a natural gift, but, Sydenham tells us, "must be learned by use and experience." It includes all powers of observation, all acuteness, all quickness of apprehension, and holds them ready for duty at command the moment the foot crosses the threshold of the sick chamber. It derives fresh strength from each successive bedside. It will not be trammelled by routine. It guides nature in disease, and does not kill by over-officiousness.

Only one thing more is lacking to make the good physician. Skilled he may be in the Art, pursuing it with a spirit of devotion, he still needs to be imbued with an earnest spirit of humanity, his heart never closing to the voice of sorrow. Avarice must not deafen his ears to the pleadings of poverty. The same courtly spirit, the same considerate regard governs the true physician, alike when the poorest patient appeals to his sense of pity and gratitude, or the sense of duty done is his only repayment, as when summoned to the bedside of those who cannot too bountifully reward the skill that affords relief from pain, or immunity from a life of suffering. Dr. Fothergill, who practised in London a century ago with unparalleled success, says, "I follow my business because it is my duty, and I banish all thoughts of practising

physic as a money-getting trade, with the same solicitude as I would the suggestions of vice or intemperance," and to him who practises in such a spirit, the old saying "Dat Galenus Opes" deserves to be true.

The heart though habituated to scenes of sorrow needs not to grow callous. Cheselden, whose marvellous dexterity, coolness and presence of mind never for an instant forsook him at the operating table, would grow sick only a few moments before, at the thought of the pain to be inflicted, this delicacy of feeling not hindering him in the performance of his professional duties, but serving rather as a stimulus quickening him to new acts of mercy.

Only these three things I claim, industry, tact, and kindness, all capable of cultivation, are essential to the success of the young physician. We do not need to search through old records to verify this. Men still deserve and win success as in the days of Jenner. We owe gratitude to the living as well as to the dead.

Let us turn for a moment to see how our science stands in the present. Science is progressive and to-day is better than yesterday. Men nowadays only say *Credo* to positive demonstrable facts. Students of nature are everywhere busy eliminating errors perpetuated by compilers of books. Mere names are no longer entitled to reverence. Time-honored theories are challenged, and the most precious traditions rejected if they do not accord with carefully conducted observations. Laws of disease are derived from bedside records. A flood of light has been shed upon our science by the study of the functions of health. The microscope helps us to solve many mysteries. But we accept nothing that cannot be demonstrated by actual experiment guarded against all chances of error. Positivism rules absolute in science. Changes

in the system to be taught necessarily revolutionize the system of teaching. Imaginary diagrams and symbols can no longer serve to illustrate mere fanciful hypothesis.

In this new era, each student will have the testimony of his own senses; the contents of the Professor's note-book is of minor interest; and the fact is recognized that it is not right to send the young student into practice to whom the sick-bed is known only by report, and with naught but dogmas to govern him in the future exercise of the most sacred professional duties. The wise teacher would show from the bedside the varied forms of disease, and how, from day to day, health is won back under the watchful care of the skilful physician.

To meet the wants of students it was long sought to utilize the means afforded by the splendid public hospitals of the city.

Four years ago the creation of a college equal to the progressive demands of science was a matter of experiment. Bellevue Hospital was selected as the site, and a system was projected for the more perfect employment of its clinical opportunities in the cause of medical education. To-night we bear our heartiest testimony to the success of the system adopted. Is it partiality if we claim that the Institution which has fitted us for our future duties, most nearly answers the students' necessities?

We gratefully acknowledge the value of our privilege and the extent of our indebtedness.

At such a time as this, personal preferences or predilections have no place. Our thanks are offered to the entire body of the Faculty. Thanks to them as pioneers in a great movement in behalf of practical medicine. Thanks to them for the untiring zeal with which they have labored to anticipate our wants. Thanks for the cour-

tesy with which they have encouraged us to intercourse. Thanks for the example they have set us at the bedside, teaching us the sacredness of suffering. And we part with them, I will not say with regret, the thought of self-dependence is too sweet, the feeling of self-reliance too strong for that, but we leave them carrying with us precious memories of their kindness to us in the days of our apprenticeship, and our heartiest wishes for the ever increasing prosperity of the Institution with which they are connected. Often in future practice, the familiar lessons they have taught us, recurring to our minds, will recall the familiar forms and faces, always awakening afresh a feeling of thankfulness toward those to whom we owe so much.

To-morrow we go forth, each one his own way, eager to begin his professional life. Some to the Hospital, some to country homes. Many, and proudest of all, to serve under the National flag. But before we part, let us for a moment pause. Only a few weeks ago, ay, and even a few days only, others there were of our number not less eager than we, whose hopes were as bright, whose aspirations were pure and noble, and yet they have not answered to their names to-night For duty with them is done. For a moment let us linger upon their memories. When the term commenced in the pleasant autumn months, all of us can call to mind in our attendance at the Hospital, the quiet figure of Dr. Rowe. We remember, notwithstanding his unobtrusive ways, feeling the sense of his efficiency. Kindly he was to all, but not demonstrative. Rather one of those to make great sacrifices for others, than great pretentions of affections. The stream was deep, not a rippling shallow. With earnest ways and thoughts, with lofty ideals, and an overruling sense of duty, he had those quali-

ties in a rare degree which most lend beauty to our profession. I mean the ministering qualities, added to keenness of intellect. Hardly conscious of his own physical needs, he could take into exact account the sufferings of others. In his readiness to help another he hardly knew the meaning of self-sacrifice. Thus we find him never flinching at his post. Sickness pulls down others, but he only labors the more strenuously to supply their place. A comrade is dying of fever, and the air of his chamber is poisonous with contagion. He will watch at that bedside, he says. He will listen to no remonstrances, to no selfish words of caution. He answers the timid, with, "I believe in Christ and do not fear to die," and he watches at the bedside of Olmstead, till he sees the parting of the spirit. Then in a little while he himself droops and sickens. The fever craves another victim, and, looking in on his sick-chamber, we find that he who only a few days before could not do or risk enough to serve another, is shocked at the very thought of others endangering their lives for him. His family would take him home, and nurse him tenderly. He will not go though, thinking only of their safety. Friends would watch at his bedside. He will not have them. Life is bright and beautiful and they must cherish it. In a few short days his young life, so full of devotion, begins to flicker, and then goes out. For so rare a spirit death has no pang.

Again only a few days ago, two more of our number left seats vacant in the college lecture-room, whose forms and faces had grown familiar to us during the term. Two whom we knew as always diligent, always attentive, listening like true earnest disciples, eager for instruction, conscious of their future work. Harris and Hickok! Two more victims of contagion. Harris had already

passed his examination, and was just admitted a member of the profession. How he had labored fully to qualify himself for usefulness, few can know. Conscientious in all things, he was most conscientious in this. He had already chosen the Army for the exercise of his vocation, and was looking forward shortly to be assigned to duty. Each day he began and ended with prayer. Death came suddenly but did not find him unprepared. Hickok was called away as a bright future was opening before him. Those who knew him best speak of him with enthusiasm. Letters from friends at home pay touching tributes to his excellence of character. His preceptor grows warm in praising him, and, already as a student, chooses him as his successor. Classmates who were his intimates, say: "Speak your best of his memory, for he was worthy." Thus in our gladness of heart to-night it is good to call the dead to mind.

On the eve of battle we see friends clasping hands and bidding God-speed to one another. When the battle is over we find companions seeking companions, the living gazing on the parted lips of the dead, oozing wounds pleading dumbly to our sympathies, and then we recognize the hero, in spite of all disfigurement. As we gaze on the mutilated form, our hearts beat quicker and quicker, our spirits kindle, and we pay the tribute of spontaneous applause to him who surrenders life and interest to sustain the cause of his country, and we do well thus to honor him. But are we to keep silent when the scene changes, and, without glitter of arms or brilliant pageant, faithful souls are found ready to pass through the midst of death, thinking not of themselves, earnest only for the welfare of others? Have we no applause in honor of these — the heroes of our profession? I say

let the noble examples of Hickok, Harris, and Rowe, keep alive in our hearts the true heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, which shed beauty upon their souls as their eyelids were closing in death. Oh! my brothers, I say let us go forth to-night clasping hands, and bidding God-speed to one another. Who are soon to fall in the battle of life, we know not, but among the fallen, we will recognize our heroes and rejoice to do them honor. I have said that to-day is better than yesterday. I say now that to-morrow will be better than to-day. And we are for a little while to be the guardians of the future, a sacred trust which we are to assume, forgetting not that our work is one that will not admit of play, for which we must fit ourselves by the light of an enthusiasm kindled in a desire to do good, and in doing good to others find our true reward. And thus may we hope to realize the words of the Roman orator: "Men in no wise so nearly resemble the Gods, as when engaged in giving health to their fellowmen."

In an address entitled "The Illustrious Boerhaave,"[1] delivered before the graduating class of the Medical Department of Yale University, June 26, 1894, attendant upon his receiving the degree of LL.D., Dr. Lusk wrote the following:

"Of the serious questions which need to be considered at the outset of a professional career, there is none more vital than that of personal conduct. This is recognized by the provision for the medical man of a code of ethics, which shows him how the portion of the ten commandments which teaches one's duty toward one's neighbor, is applicable to his dealings with the public and with other medical men. It is useful to the class which need to be reminded that for uprightness a man should do no murder, should not steal, should not bear false witness, should not covet. But the sweetness and light which should govern our relations to others are not the product of written law. The real training comes from action with attendant victories and defeats. There is, however, a special inspiration to higher effort which is derived from the study of the lives of distinguished men."

[1] *Popular Science Monthly.* May, 1895.

WAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers,
1861–1863

Afterward M.D., LL.D.

ELIZABETH FREEMAN (ADAMS) LUSK

MOTHER OF W.T. LUSK

WAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Volunteers,
1861–1863

June 27th, 1861.

Dear Cousin Lou:

Did I not promise to write you, when the time came to say good-bye? Aye, oh best of women! And now I am fulfilling my promise hastily, for in an hour I shall be on my way to Washington. You must feel with me in my happiness! At length I am judged worthy to expose my life for my country's sake. I go to join the 79th Regiment. Think, Cousin Lou, I am going to see real danger, real privation, real work — not as a mere Carpet-Knight, talking valorously to girls, but going forth in all humility to help to conquer in the name of God and my Country. Pray for me, Cousin Lou! Not for my life — I never prayed for that in any hour of peril — but pray that I may never falter, whether my duty shall lead me to honor or to death.

Good-bye Cousin. Love to Mr. Grant, Cousin Laura, Cousin Henry, the children, and all friends.

Lovingly,
WILLIE.

Hurrah! Off in ten minutes, so *Au-Revoir* here or hereafter.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 321.

"For many years the Highland Guard was a crack New York City Militia Battalion, composed of Scots, or men of Scottish lineage. They

wore the kilt as their uniform, and, for fatigue or undress, a blue jacket with red facings, and trousers of Cameronian tartan. At the breaking out of the rebellion, the battalion was raised to a full regiment by the addition of two companies and filling up the ranks, and on May 13th, 1861, entered the United States service for three years as the 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers. . . .

"One company contained so many bookkeepers and clerks, that it was known as the Clerk's Company."

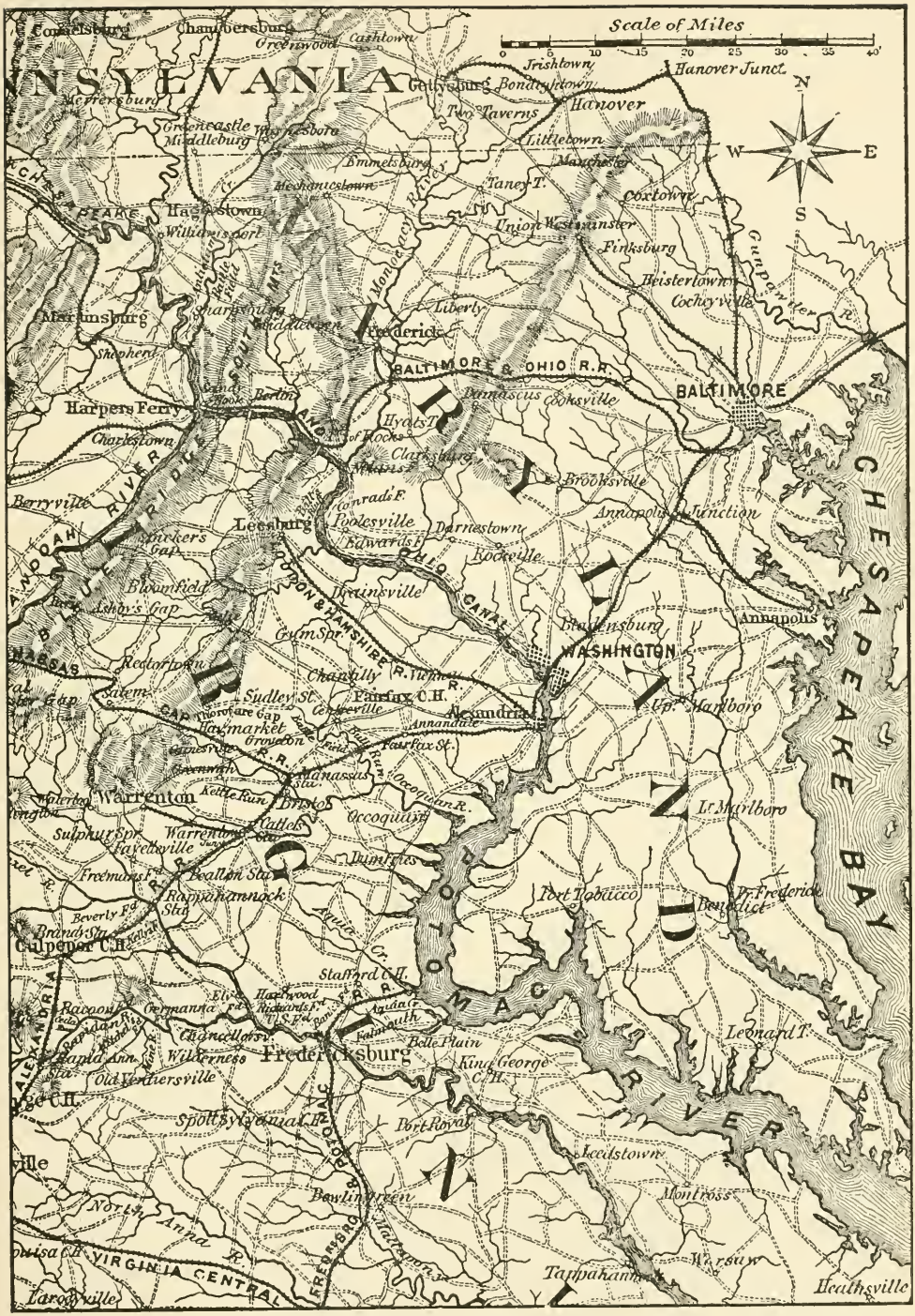
Page 327. In August, 1861, "the Highlanders still wore the blue jacket with red facings, but the regulation uniform as to the remainder. Later, when the jackets were worn out, they were uniformed like other troops."

Georgetown Heights, July 1st, 1861.
Headquarters 79th Regiment.

Dear Mother:

At length I have an opportunity to inform you of my doings since we parted.

I will spring over details however, to say that I am now with Elliott at the Barracks of the 79th Regt. — that I slept last night upon the floor — that I am not yet Lieutenant, though assured of an eventual appointment — so until I write that I am entitled to wear the epaulets, please direct my letters to the care of Lieut. S. R. Elliott, 10th Co., 79th Regt., N. Y. S. M., Washington, D. C. Up to the present I have enjoyed myself much and am delighted with the novelty of the situation. However, I have no catalogue of hardships to complain of, as I have been dining in the best of company at a very good Secessionist Hotel which lies handy to our quarters, so please, dear mother, don't expose yourself to any privations, for the purpose of better sympathizing with me as regards camp experiences. . . . Elliott you know, and I need not sound his praises. . . . By-the-way, my expenses here to Washington were paid by a grateful coun-



MAP OF MILITARY OPERATIONS IN N. E. VIRGINIA, MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA

(From "Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion")

try, and in this wise. Young Quartermaster Elliott, meeting me at the Steamboat Landing, introduced me to some officers of a Maine Regt. on its way hither. I was introduced as Lieut. Lusk and in that capacity was invited to occupy the car appropriated for the staff. The officers manifested some curiosity regarding the Regt. I was supposed to represent, so it was with no little difficulty that I resorted to such evasions as would enable me to cover my ignorance. I pronounced the 79th Regt. to be the finest in the field, and was looked upon quite respectfully.

We are now delightfully quartered on Georgetown Heights in the Catholic College, but are going into Camp today. Yesterday a preacher from the Scottish Kirk discoursed to the soldiers in the yard. The Catholic priests must have shuddered at the terrible sacrilege, but even sectarianism must bend to meet the exigencies of war.

Elliott sends kind regards to you, and the sisters, and Hunt. Love to all.

Very affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk.

Care of Lieut. S. R. Elliott,
10th Co., 79 Regiment, Virginia.
Glebewood, Virginia, July 8th, 1861.

My Dear Mother:

You see from the above that the "sacred soil" continues to be invaded. General Scott is inexorable, so, notwithstanding the protests of the States Right supporters, Regiment after Regiment crosses the line, and the sanctity of the Old Dominion is violated by the desecrating footsteps of the ruthless horsemen. Yesterday we left George-

town and after two hours march arrived at our present camping ground. A romantic scene it was last night, arriving as we did at an evening hour. But our advent was followed by a dreadful act of destruction! The ruthless invaders charged with full force upon a snake-fence, demolished it, laid the pieces upon four different piles, and set to them the incendiary torch; soon our camp fires were blazing. The men fell into groups, some song-singing, some keeping guard, while here and there hoarse laughter showed that the solemnity of invading the sacred soil did not entirely prevent the outburst of unseasonable hilarity. Then the stars shone brightly, and the comet whisked its tail for us, and the tattoo sounded for sleepy souls to say their prayers before sinking into slumber. But when all was ready, the baggage-wagons were still far from us, lagging sadly behind, so we had no tents to cover us, but lay in the long grass looking upward at the silent stars. Those of us who had brought our blankets were fortunate, those of us who had trusted in an unsoldierly way, for the wagons to bring them to us, and I was one of those, could do naught else than lie without any barrier between us and the bare soil — "sacred soil" — stickey, clayey soil it was too — of the "Sovereign State of Virginia." Owing to its quality much of it stuck to us, but it being the real "sacred" stuff you know, made us regard our soiled garments with becoming reverence. We woke early this morning, you can imagine, as the sun rises hot in these regions, but we woke in excellent spirits. Our poor little Lieutenant was found after the *Reveillé*, still enjoying his morning dreams. "Fence him in!" the Captain orders. With the greatest alacrity a couple of men took some rails, and while the youth still slept, built a sort of a chicken-coop around him.

Then a circle laughing and employing derisive epithets was formed about the unfortunate. At these unwonted sounds our little Lieutenant awoke, looking irresistibly comical, in a state of utter bewilderment. As he released himself from his confinement, he looked so pitiable that the mirth excited was only the more increased.

I saw Ned Tyler yesterday. He is looking well. Much better than I had expected. We had a pleasant time together, though our interview was interrupted by our march hitherward. Major-General Tyler, who is to command our Division I believe, also looked well — and full of business.

Good-bye, Mother. In these times let us put our trust in God and accept the inevitable.

Very affectionately,
WILLY.

"The 79th Highlanders," p. 16.

About July 12th, Col. W. T. Sherman was made commander of the brigade of which the 79th Highlanders formed a part, while Brigadier-General Daniel Tyler of Connecticut, commanded the division.

[SKIRMISH OF BLACKBURN'S FORD]

NEAR CENTREVILLE, July 19th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I am happy to write you of my continued health and good spirits. We had an adventurous time since I wrote you so hurriedly a few days ago. Leaving our encampment we marched on, halting often to remove trees and such other impediments as a retreating foe could place in our way. The first night we passed in Vienna. The

next day we advanced on toward Fairfax Court House. We were drawn up about two miles off in line of battle upon rolling ground, and the batteries placed where they could play upon the enemy. Five shots from our guns sufficed to start our friends the foe again, so we advanced further, passing a deserted battery on the way. At noon we were in Germantown, which place we found deserted, and soon the soldiers were ransacking the houses for food, destroying and burning what they could not use themselves. I am happy to say the boys in my company had little hand in these doings, as such paltry work finds little countenance from its officers. Germantown is but a poor place though and $200 would probably cover any damage done to it. At night we bivouacked upon fields where the enemy's fires were still burning, not far from Centreville. Here we were but a mile or two from the Secessionists, and the firing of pickets caused frequent alarms, calling us to our posts once in the middle of the night. We were all awakened by the long roll of the drum, which is the signal of an advance. We heard then what seemed to us all in our half sleepy state, the tramp of cavalry upon us. Our toilettes were hastily made you can imagine, and soon we stood in silence not knowing whence the attack would come, but after an hour's anticipation all became still, so the "chivalry" must have changed their minds and returned back to their posts. I cannot enumerate all the alarms we have had, for there is only paper enough to tell of our part in yesterday's fight. About noon, I should think, for I have no means of calculating the time, we heard cannon firing not far off. There was no alarm sounded, so we lay around, sleeping, talking, and laughing with the utmost indifference. About 3 o'clock we were called to arms and, in the highest spirits, were marched off

at a "Double Quick," hoping that the 79th might have some share in the conflict now at hand. We found a Massachusetts Captain, an acquaintance of one of our sergeants. "We are going to give them fits" says the Captain. It was not half an hour afterwards we saw his body borne back in one of our ambulances. When near the field of action we were divided off in line, concealed in the edge of the wood. The cannon balls whipped about us on all sides. The enemy, either by accident, or knowing of our presence, had us directly in their range. One man in my platoon was struck in the leg. Thank God our loss was not greater. We were totally unaware of our destination. It was found afterwards we had been stationed out to cover the retreat of the Brigade already in action. After a while the cannon ceased firing and we were marched off to our present bivouack.

You must know the particulars of yesterday's skirmish by the papers a thousand times better than I can tell you.

Excuse the style of this letter, for it is written with the paper on the side of an axe. An order has just been issued imposing the severest penalties upon all those who shall in any wise trespass on private property. I am now ready to march forward with a lighter heart, for it was not pleasant to be connected with thieves — call thieving confiscation or what you will.

My best love, dearest Mother, for all. Keep up a light heart and trust in the Power of Him who ruleth all.

Very affec'y.,

W. T. Lusk,

Lieut. 10th Co. 79th Regt.

(A part of this letter was published in the *Norwich Morning Bulletin* of July 23d, 1861).

"Rebellion Record," Vol. II, p. 55 of Documents.

The following is taken from Gen. McDowell's general orders of July 18th, 1861, written from Fairfax Court House:

"It is with the deepest mortification the general commanding finds it necessary to reiterate his orders for the preservation of the property of the inhabitants of the district occupied by the troops under his command. Hardly had we arrived at this place, when, to the horror of every right-minded person, several houses were broken open, and others were in flames, by the act of some of those who, it has been the boast of the loyal, came here to protect the oppressed, and free the country from the domination of a hated party. . . . Any one found committing the slightest depredation, killing pigs or poultry, or trespassing on the property of the inhabitants, will be reported to headquarters, and the least that will be done to them will be to send them to the Alexandria jail."

Skirmish of Blackburn's Ford

July 18, 1861

"The 79th Highlanders," p. 18.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 16th the march began.

Page 19. "At daylight of the 17th the march was resumed. As Germantown was approached about noon, an earthwork on a hill directly in our front was observed. A section of artillery was ordered to the front and a few shells fired into it without, however, eliciting a response; the skirmish line advanced, found the works deserted, and when the flag of the leading regiment was placed on the parapet the men cheered as though a great victory had been obtained."

Page 20. "Our advance was made with extreme caution. Rumors of masked batteries, such as General Schenck had run into at Vienna, were rife among the men; to our imagination every strip of woods contained a body of 'secesh' infantry, and every hillock a concealed battery. . . . As no enemy appeared the men began to grow careless. Gen. McDowell says: 'They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or get water, they would not keep in the ranks, order as much as you please; when they came where water was fresh they would pour the old water out of their canteens and fill them with fresh water; they were not used to denying themselves much; they were not used to journeys on foot.' The Highlanders straggled as much as any regiment — more, our brigade commander" (W. T. Sherman) "thought, than any other."

Page 21. "On the night of the 17th we bivouacked a short distance east from Centreville; during the night an alarm was raised by musket firing at the outposts near the town, but we were not called into line."

Page 22. "When McDowell began his march he expected to encounter only Beauregard's army at Manassas. . . . Beauregard, by

means of spies at Washington, was kept well informed of the plans of General Scott, and knew, the night before, that the army was to start on the 16th. He at once communicated the intelligence to Richmond, and the authorities there advised Johnston to coöperate with Beauregard, and also ordered the force at Acquia Creek to join the latter. Beauregard ordered his troops, who occupied the roads over which the Union army advanced, to 'retire before superior numbers,' and fall back on the main body now securely posted along the western bank of Bull Run, from the Stone Bridge on the north, to Union Mills on the South, a distance of about six miles. Between, and including these two points, there were seven places at which an army might cross: . . . the Stone Bridge, Lewis' Ford, Ball's Ford, Mitchell's Ford, Blackburn's Ford, McLean's Ford, and lastly, the railroad bridge and ford at Union Mills. . . . Longstreet's brigade guarded Blackburn's Ford."

Page 24. General Tyler "decided to make a reconnoissance, and . . . proceeded toward Blackburn's Ford."

Page 25. "Between eighty and ninety of Richardson's brigade had been killed, wounded and captured—and General Tyler, recalling his instructions 'not to bring on an engagement,' ordered the troops to withdraw. The loss was very heavy — far too heavy — for a mere reconnoissance, but the fact was developed that the fords of Bull Run were so well guarded, that McDowell's plan would need revision before the main attack was made."

[First Battle of Bull Run]

July 28th, 1861.

Dear Mother:

A week has passed since our misfortunes at Bull's Run, and in all the intervening time I've had only opportunity to let you know that I was safe. But I must tell you something of that unlucky day, for I know you had rather have the story from my own lips. As I promised Henry Goddard to write once in a while for the *Bulletin*, I will put my story in a form to suit that sheet, if you think proper to communicate it: —

We too have breathed into our nostrils the smoke of battle, we too have listened to the voice of the cannon, we too have seen the finest of pagents, the most splen-

did of dramatic spectacles — the death struggle between armed arrays of men. We, who only yesterday were numbered among the "Sons of the Muses," find ourselves today counted among the full-fledged "Sons of Mars." We have fought, suffered, and survived to tell our tale.

"To-morrow morning at 2 o'clock be ready for an advance, provided with a couple of day's provisions," is the command we receive on Saturday evening, and at the chilly hour appointed, without the sounding of the *Reveillé*, we are noiselessly summoned to our Arms. We stand in silence at our posts until the red glare of the rising sun had followed the dark hour before dawn. Then we marched on, gay of heart, and full of confidence. We cross Bull's Run, and see men cutting trees by the bridge. We ask their reason. "It is to cover a retreat," they tell us. "Ho! Ho!" How we laughed at the thought of our retreating! What innocent woodmen those were that could talk of us defeated! It was a bonnie sight to see us then, eager for battle, dreaming of victory. Some three miles we marched on, and then were drawn in the woods in line of battle. In line we advanced till we came to the edge of the forest, where we were told to lie down to avoid the range of the enemy's cannon. About 6 o'clock a couple of pieces of our artillery to the left of us opened a fire upon such of an unseen foe as our skirmishers were able to discover. Long our pieces were unanswered. How glorious, we thought, this firing on the foe, and ourselves in seeming safety! How we laughed when afar we could see an exploding shell scattering the enemy in confusion, who for a short moment were thus forced to show themselves on open ground. The fields before us were occupied by our officers reconnoitring. Away off on the line of wood-covered hills two

or three miles away, we could see the glitter of bayonets. Seen from a tree, they were found to belong to fine troops, well equipped, and marching in order — troops not to be scattered by threats, but worthy of being combatted. Upon an elevated open space of ground before us to the right, we could see more troops moving — horsemen riding — above all one on a white horse who seemed to be everywhere. The sun grew warm and we became listless. The artillery continued to discharge its Death messengers, the sharp rattle of musketry was heard to our right, volley after volley following in quick succession, yet many of us slept, quietly awaiting our turn to be summoned to action. About 11 o'clock two horses came galloping riderless toward us. While surmising whence they came, we were called to rise and march to battle. We sprung from the earth like the armed men of Cadmus. On we rushed by the flank, over fields, through woods, down into ravines, plunging into streams, up again onto rising meadows, eager, excited, thrilled with hot desire to bear our share in routing the enemy. We cheered, and yelled, pressing onward, regardless of shells now and then falling among us, thinking only of a sharp fight and a certain victory. At last we reached the lines of the brave boys of the 69th. Here the American banner was planted, so we shouted lustily, for the spot had not long since been wrung from the foe.

From many a point not long since covered by secession forces, the American banner now floated. What wonder we felt our hearts swelling with pride, and saw, hardly noticing, horse and rider lying stiff, cold and bloody together! What, though we stepped unthinking over the pale body of many a brave fellow still grasping convulsively his gun, with the shadows of Death closing around

him! We were following the foe, I have said, and were dreaming only of victory. So we were marched to the edge of a slope which sheltered us partially from the aim of the enemy's artillery. Here lying prostrate, shell after shell flew over our heads, or tore up the ground around. Now we could feel the hot breath of a cannon ball fan our cheeks; now we could see one fairly aimed, falling among our horses, and rolling them prostrate; and now again one of these messengers would come swift into the ranks of one of our columns, and without a thought or a groan, a soul was hurried into eternity.

After about an hour in this trying position, we were called up and turned into the road, where Death began to make sad havoc in our ranks. Surely aimed, the shot of the enemy fell among us. We could not see the foe, and then it was terrible to see our own boys, whose faces we knew, and whose hands we had pressed, falling in Death agony. We heard, while marching stealthily, a great shout, and looking we saw a hill before us, covered with the Ellsworth Zouaves. A moment more, and from the top of the hill, from unseen hands blazed a terrible discharge of arms. It was one of those masked batteries, which have so often brought us misfortune. Bravely fought the Zouaves, but they had to fall back from that hellish fire. Other Regiments made the charge but only to be repulsed with ranks thinned and broken. At length our turn came. Up we rushed — our brave Colonel with us.

The first fire swept our ranks like a quick darting pestilence. "Rally, boys — Rally!" shouted the officers, and a brave rally was made. Our men stood firmly firing, answering volley by volley. Here we felt the worthlessness of our old Harper's Ferry muskets, when matched

against the rifles of the enemy. Tall men were mowed down about me. Wounded men begged their comrades to press on, and not to risk anything by lingering near them. We were only some twenty yards from a battery, belching forth a thick heavy hail of grape and canister, shell and fire of musketry. With unerring accuracy the enemy's riflemen singled out our officers and mighty men. Suddenly we saw the American flag waving over the battery. "Cease firing" was the order given, and for a short moment we believed the battery was ours. It was the enemy though that had raised the flag to deceive us. As we lowered our arms, and were about to rally where the banner floated, we were met by a terrible raking fire, against which we could only stagger.

"By the Lord, but I believe them coons's too cunning for us!" cried an old soldier near me. We halted, fell back, and the hillside was left to such only as lingered to bear away their wounded comrades.

As we passed down we saw our Colonel lying still, in the hands of Death. He had fallen bravely, breast to the foe, not wishing to cherish his own life, while the lives of his men were imperilled. Over the sad disheartening retreat let us not linger — let it be covered by the darkness of the night which followed. We took with us 750 brave men into the battle, but our roll call shows that 199 are numbered among the dead, the wounded, and the missing. Six captains of ours are silent now when their names are called. They died with many of their men, careless of Death, willing to give up all things, even life in its sweetness, for the good of the Republic. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

L. *of the 79th.*

I have received only three letters from you, the rest probably having been intercepted by the enemy while I was in Virginia.

Very affec'y.,
WILL LUSK.

FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN
JULY 21, 1861

"Rebellion Record," Vol. II, p. 13 of Documents.

Colonel W. T. Sherman says in his report of the Battle of Bull Run: "I have the honor to submit this my report of the operations of my brigade during the action of the 21st inst. The brigade was composed of the 13th New York Volunteers, Col. Quimby; 69th New York, Col. Corcoran; 79th New York, Col. Cameron; 2d Wisconsin, Lieut.-Col. Peck; and Company E., 3d Artillery, under command of Capt. R. B. Ayres, Fifth Artillery. We left our camp near Centreville pursuant to orders at 2:30 a. m., taking place in your column next to the brigade of Gen. Schenck, and proceeded as far as the halt before the enemy's position, near the stone bridge at Bull Run. Here the brigade was deployed in line along the skirt of timber, and remained quietly in position till after 10 a. m. . . . The regiment" (69th New York) "rallied again, passed the brow of the hill a second time, and was again repulsed in disorder. By this time the New York 79th had closed up, and in like manner it was ordered to cross the brow of the hill and drive the enemy from cover. . . .The fire of rifles and musketry was very severe. The 79th headed by its Colonel (Cameron), charged across the hill, and for a short time the contest was severe. They rallied several times under fire, but finally broke and gained the cover of the hill. . . . But about 9 o'clock at night I received from General Tyler in person, the order to continue the retreat to the Potomac. This retreat was by night and disorderly in the extreme. The men of different regiments mingled together. . . . Our loss was heavy, all around us; but the short exposure to an intense fire of small arms, at close range, had killed many, wounded more, and had produced disorder in all the battalions that had attempted to destroy it. . . . Col. Cameron was mortally wounded leading the regiment in the charge."

In Col. W. T. Sherman's brigade there were 111 killed, 205 wounded, 293 missing; total 609.

"Rebellion Record," Vol. II, p. 47 of Documents.

Southern Account of Battle of Bull Run.

"By Divine favor we are again victorious. To God be the glory. The armies of the North and South yesterday faced each other — the

former not less than 50,000 men" (Error. Really 33,000, only 18,000 of whom were engaged) "the latter not exceeding 30,000 — and wrestled together for six long hours, with that desperate courage which Americans only can show."

After a description of the battle, the account goes on to say, "It is, however, due to truth to say that the result of this hour hung trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. . . . The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith from Winchester, with 4,000 men of Gen. Johnston's division. . . . They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected. The enemy fell back, and a panic seized them. . . . Thus was the best-appointed army that had ever taken the field on this continent beaten, and compelled to retreat in hot haste."

The Dark Day

"Rebellion Record," Vol. II, p. 388 of Documents.

Part of a Letter of Edward Everett, written a month after the Battle of Bull Run.

"There probably never was a military disaster, of which the importance was more unduly magnified, than that of the 21st of July in front of Manassas. After a severe and protracted encounter between the two armies, which, it is admitted, was about to terminate in a drawn battle, if not even in favor of the United States, the Confederates were largely reinforced, a panic arose on the part of the teamsters and civilians following in the train of our forces, the alarm gradually spread to the troops, a retreat commenced, and ended in a general rout. The losses of the enemy in the meantime were equal to our own; he was unable to pursue our flying regiments, and they reoccupied, unmolested, the positions from which (from political reasons, and against the judgment of the Commander-in-Chief) the premature advance was made. . . . There is reason to think that, though the United States forces engaged on the 21st of July under almost every conceivable disadvantage — (raw troops to a great extent, whose term of service was expiring, coming under fire for the first time, after a weary march beneath a blazing sun, contending on strange ground with fresh opponents sheltered by field-works that had been in course of construction for weeks) — nothing happened beyond the average ill-luck of unsuccessful battles. . . .

"But it will be said, General McDowell's army was not only worsted, it fled in wild disorder from the field. I apprehend most defeated armies do that. The Roman veterans of the army of Pompeius did it at the battle of Pharsalia. . . . A greater than Pompeius was vanquished at Waterloo; but the French writers all but unanimously claim that they

had the advantage till the arrival of the Prussian reinforcement at the close of the day. Then, says the English historian of the battle, 'The whole French Army became one mass of inextricable confusion.'"

The following newspaper clipping was evidently written after the Battle of Bull Run:

"A large proportion of the patients at both the Georgetown hospitals are from the Seventy-ninth (Highland) Regiment and the Wisconsin Second, and I am convinced that in the various reports of the battles, these regiments have not been given the credit they richly deserve. Headed by the fearless Cameron, the former was ever in the hottest of the fight. Charged and recharged by the infuriate enemy, the target of their most desperate and concentrate fire, chased, divided, scourged and trampled by the Black Horse cavalry, they stood all, worthy the historic blood coursing in their veins, and won for Scotia fresh and strong claims upon American gratitude."

(E. F. Lusk to Mrs. Henry G. Thompson)

Norwich, July 28th, 1861.

Dear Cousin Louisa:

I will not commence with prefatory remarks but hasten to reply to your questions about my boy. Mr. Abbott returned from Washington to-day. He found Will well, and well cared for at the house of Lt.-Col. Elliott, whose family are bestowing upon him every imaginable kindness. Oh! dear Louisa, God's promise has not failed, and the widow's son is not only safe, but he has added joy to his mother's heart by his noble conduct. Col. Elliott told Mr. Abbott he should be promoted, that his courage and prudence were rare, and eminently qualified him to be an officer. Mr. A. wept as he spoke of his appearance on the battlefield, his courage and resolution never failing though surrounded by his dead and dying comrades. The Colonel said, "that boy is not known, but he must be now." I do not hesitate to write you this, dear friend. God knows I rejoice tremblingly, but I share him now with the country to whom he is devoting all the energies

of his earnest spirit. If you or any friend feel like writing him, direct to Washington, Lieut. William T. Lusk, 10th Co. 79th Highland Regiment; he has not written even me, for he has no time, but as soon as he can be spared he hopes to come to me for a day or two. I notice by the papers he was in the hottest of the fight and that the regiment was covered "with immortal honor." Tell Laura, as he is connected with the Highlanders, I would like to know something of his *Scotch ancestry* we have so often laughed about. Pray for him my friend. God never seemed so near as in this dark hour. I know that He pities his sorrowing children, remembering "we are but dust." With much love to all our dear Enfield friends,

I remain
Affectionately yours,
E. F. Lusk.

Meridian Hill, Washington,
Aug. 1st, 1861.

Dear Cousin Lou:

I am seated in my tent, the rain is pouring in torrents, and I am at leisure to think of friends at home. You see whom I was first remembering, not having forgotten the kind letter which Mr. Houston brought me from Thompsonville, when I was somewhere over in Virginia. I thank you so much for all the dear, kind expressions of love your letter contained.

Oh! Ah! Here come about twenty-five men or more with complaints, and as the Captain is away, I must straighten up, and play the part of Magistrate. Oh Olympian Jove! Oh Daniel risen to judgment! The

malcontents have been severally coaxed, wheedled, threatened, and sent about their business, and the Centurion is once again at leisure. A pleasant thing is this exercise of power, especially when commands can be given in the quietest manner possible, and yet to feel that from your judgment there can be no appeal. In fact, dear Cousin Lou, imagine me when the Captain is away, performing the paternal function towards some hundred grown up children. Ah me! I am growing venerable and cares are weighing heavily upon me.

But I must not forget that I am a veteran soldier now. Poor Horace! How I shall assume superior airs, tell him, when I return home! In fact when, one of these days, I get a furlough and am surrounded by friends, how I shall exercise my soldier's privilege of drawing the long bow! In my first battle, of course, I performed the most remarkable deeds of daring. I shall not pretend to tell you how many Secessionists I killed! Between ourselves though, in all privacy, I will confess that the fearful weapon with which I struck such terror in the hearts of the enemy, was a toy wooden sword, captured by one of our men from a secession boy-baby. In the great battle of Manassas, holding the occasion to be one of greater moment, I made the charge armed with a ramrod, which I picked up on the way thither! I acknowledge I found the work hotter than I anticipated in the latter engagement, and mean in future to go armed in regulation style. The truth of the matter was, that being ordered suddenly to march from our pleasant encampment in Georgetown, I was found unprepared, and must either stay behind, or trust to my pistol in case of emergency. I preferred the latter, and the kind Providence has brought me safely through the fiery ordeal, through

which we all had to pass. What think you, dear Cousin Lou of our miserable defeat? It seems hard, as we lost many good men out of our Regiment on that bloody day. I saw many things never to be forgotten. No matter for sickening details though. The ground lost must be recovered at any cost. We have lost out of the 800 who went into the engagement about 150 in killed and wounded, besides some fifty more numbered among the missing. Hardship and exposure have caused much sickness in the camp. Most of the liquor-dealing Captains and Lieutenants who commanded before the battle, have resigned, many others are dead or in the hands of the enemy —so I can give no very cheerful picture of our camp at present. We are to be soon thoroughly reorganized, to be cared for tenderly by the President and Secretary of War, to be recruited to the army standard, and when once more discipline shall be enforced, we trust that the 79th will be able to charge as gallantly as at Manassas, but that the charge may result not in mere loss of life, but in glorious victory.

You would be much entertained, could you only see behind the scenes, at the daring feats of individuals, which are passing the rounds of the papers. A specimen is afforded by a story I read in the *Herald* of a certain Captain ——— who is reported to have repeatedly rallied the men of the 79th and led them back to battle. Now the fact is that Captain——— never was within three days journey of the battle, and moreover, at least ten days before the engagement the Colonel threatened him with arrest should he dare to show himself in the Regiment. Captain ——— wrote the article himself, and had it published. This is only an isolated example of the manner by which this war is made to subserve the dirtiest of

politicians. I have had no letter from Horace, and but few from home since I left New-York. I suppose some of the letters addressed to me, have been captured by the Secessionists, and have been perused with the same gusto that we felt when a package of the enemy's letters fell into our hands. Of course we had to read them to glean as far as possible the state of political feeling in the South, and I blush to say we read with special interest the tender epistles which fair South Carolina maidens penned for the eye alone of South Carolina heroes. Think of such sacred pages being polluted by the vulgar gaze of a parcel of peddling Yankees.

We learned some of the peculiarities of the Aborigines down South from these epistles. We learned that the ladies are so modest that they write of themselves with a little i — that all Southern babies send their papas "Howdy" — that a certain perfidious ———— ——— is "cortin the gall" of one of the brave palmetto soldiers who is congratulated by his sister upon having slain 3000 Yankees — that the ladies in the South are thirsting for the blood of the Northern mercenaries, and, above all, penmanship, spelling and composition showed that the greatest need of the South, is an army of Northern Schoolmasters. Well, Cousin Lou, I must not write for ever, so good-bye. Love to all in Enfield and in Pelham.

Very affectionately,

Wm. T. Lusk,
Lieut. 10th Co. 79th Regiment, Washington.

Aug. 5th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

Living now quietly without excitement, the events of two weeks ago have become like a dream. Our camp is beautifully situated on Meridian Hill in the suburbs of Washington, and overlooks an enchanting prospect of the city, and the green banks of the Potomac. The air is fresh and healthy, and sickness which has been very prevalent among the men, is now breaking up, and a better appearance is beginning to be seen in the camp. Still the shock we received in the last battle was very great. I have written how great our loss was, and that the same was most heavy among our officers. Fifteen of them, six Captains and nine Lieutenants, nearly half of the entire number, were lost to us that day. On our return to Fort Corcoran after the battle, having walked over thirty miles from the battlefield, having been thirty-six hours without food or sleep, consequently exhausted from fatigue, hunger, and want of rest, we hoped to be allowed to throw ourselves anywhere, and to get a mouthful of anything to eat. The rain poured in torrents and we were soaked to our skins. There was not a cracker to be had at the quarters; there was not a tent to shelter us. We crawled into an old barn. Sherman, the commander of our brigade, ordered us to come out and stand in the rain. Many of the men were desperate. They became clamorous for food. Sherman sneered at them for such unsoldierly conduct. They begged for some place to rest. He bade them sleep on the ground. They had no blankets, many not even a jacket, and all were shivering in the wet. The soil was oozy with water, and deep puddles lay everywhere. The men became quer-

ulous. Sherman grew angry, called them a pack of New-York loafers and thieves.

Oh ye Patriots, was not this a spectacle! Afterward Sherman visited the camp with President Lincoln. The men had grown sullen. As he drove by, they besieged his carriage, hooted him, and reminded him who it was that first basely deserted us on the battlefield, turning his horse's head from us, and leaving us to our fate.

President Lincoln ordered his coachman to drive away.

Affairs were now interesting. Lieut.-Col. Elliott visited the Secretary of War — denounced the conduct of Sherman in the plainest language. Everything served to corroborate his testimony. The Secretary of War then removed us to our present encampment, and placed us in the Brigade of Gen'l Mansfield. We are now doing well, but the past is not forgotten. The men feel that they were wronged, and are discontented; officers feel that they were insulted, and have resigned. Those of us who remain by the Regiment are a mere handful. Under these circumstances, and because the men fought well at Manassas, the Government has concluded to send us to some one of the forts near New-York for a short time, there to recruit, and restore the organization of the Regiment. As it is now, whole companies are without officers. It is thought in a short time we may again be upon a war footing, and ready to win fresh laurels, only laurels that are worn after victory, not the mournful ones that even the defeated may wear after a manful struggle.

I am very much entertained and amused to hear of your accounts of my heroic deeds. You don't know the half of them. I won't pretend to say how many I killed in the fight. About five hundred, I suppose —

most of them Colonels, only a few ranking less than a Major. You say you read in the *Tribune* the statement of the bearing away the body of our good Colonel, made by Lieut. S. R. Elliott, a reliable witness. Yes, my dear Mother, I was one of the little band mentioned in the paragraph, but regarding that dreadful bomb-shell which, exploding, killed five of us, I can only say that I didn't see it. The story originated with ————————, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, who called one night in a beastly state of intoxication, upon Colonel Elliott to inquire the particulars of the fight. We were all somewhat astonished at the particulars as they appeared the next day in the papers. You may have read too, how a certain Captain ——— repeatedly rallied us, and led us back to the fight. Captain ——— was not near the field of battle the whole day, but being a small politician, he stayed at home and composed an account of his gallantry, in which perhaps there was much wisdom. You see, Mother, what reports are worth, and I positively deny all stories regarding myself, with the exception, of course, of such authentic anecdotes as my having killed several hundred Colonels, Lieut.-Colonels and Majors with a ram-rod, which served me as the jaw-bone did Sampson when he went out against the Philistines.

Your letters reach me now with the utmost regularity. Thank Lilly for her kind letter too. I have been looking for Hunt all day to-day. I suppose I shall see you when we are transferred, perhaps to Fort Schuyler.

I was sorry not to see Mrs. Tyler when here.

Very Affec'y.,

William T. Lusk,
Lieutenant Co. K. 79th Regiment.

Meridian Hill, Washington.

Aug. 11th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I have been overjoyed by a visit from Hunt, who has now probably returned home and reports me hearty and well. I have been fortunate in meeting several friends most unexpectedly during the last few days. Miss Woolsey was at our encampment on some errand of mercy yesterday evening. I saw her for a few moments, and promised to call upon her and Mrs. Howland soon, which I shall do if allowed to leave the camp. The laws are very strict though now, and I doubt whether I shall be able to leave the camp for some time to come. We are now going through a stage dreaded by all officers in the army, viz: that immediately following upon pay-day. Notwithstanding the utmost precautions the men contrive to obtain liquor, and when intoxicated are well-nigh uncontrollable, so that the utmost vigilance is needful. As the number of our officers is but small we are kept almost constantly active. When the money is once spent we will then breathe more freely. To-morrow I am to be the officer commanding the Guard, so I am scribbling a few lines rapidly to-night, as I shall be too busy to attend to such things to-morrow, and the following day too exhausted to do much after twenty-four hour's exertion. You see all the labors of an officer generally are compressed into short seasons of unexampled labor, and long periods of repose. We have now a new Colonel — Governor Stevens of Washington Territory. He seems to be a first class man. His advent among us was inaugurated by an order for us young officers to leave the pleasant rooms we occupied when Hunt was with us, and

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL TYLER.

to return to our tents. This was as it should be; and other strict measures toward officers and men show that he is the right sort of a commander for a Regiment like ours, requiring a strong firm hand to govern it. I trust we may continue to be satisfied with him as our chief officer.

I begin to regard it as a little doubtful as to whether we really return to New York. Military men regard such a movement as unprecedented, and as affording a dangerous example. We will see how it is to end. You ask me regarding Gen'l Tyler! I will answer with all candor that he acted with the utmost bravery on the day of the fight. It was owing to his prompt and energetic action that once, after our Regiment was scattered, when weary and exhausted, having also (Elliott assisting) the additional burden of our wounded Captain to bear away, we escaped a cavalry charge in which many of our men were taken prisoners. When the cavalry came in sight, and all was in confusion, you could hear his quick, sharp voice rallying the disheartened to make such a stand as alone would ensure them victory. The men rallied, poured a volley of musketry into the foe galloping upon us, at the same time giving them two fatal shots from a couple of artillery pieces which luckily were in our possession — at which time I must mention the activity displayed by Ned Harland too. The fire was effective, the cavalry retreated and we marched on unharmed. Such things should shut the mouths of slander. Gen'l Tyler unfortunately played a leading part in a fatal engagement, and consequently must bear an undue share of blame. His great fault seems to have been an overweening confidence in our strength, and a great undervaluation of the enemy. Since the fight I regret

to say a spirit of bitterness pervades his conversation as well as his official report of the battle.

I have just seen Lieut.-Col. Elliott, and feel more reason to hope we may return, as was before promised. Give the best of love to all,

And believe me,
Very Affec'y.,
William T. Lusk.

[The Mutiny in the 79th Regiment, New-York Volunteers]

Maryland,
Camp Causten, Aug. 17th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

This has been a busy and painful week for the officers of the Highland Regiment. You have seen various accounts of our troubles in the papers, but they contain nothing authentic, although perhaps about as much as an outsider can understand. The mutiny of Thursday is only the legacy of a quarrel begun among the officers before the Regiment left for the seat of war. The quarrel ended after the battle of Bull Run, in the resignation of several of the officers whose ambition was disappointed as to governing the affairs of the Regiment. Not content with withdrawing their services, these men resolved to undermine the Regiment itself. Their plans were well laid. In an underhand way they conveyed papers among the men purporting that, as State Militia they were entitled to return home at the expiration of three months service, but that an effort would be made to detain them for the war. By going home, it was represented the men would receive a grand ovation, would meet their

families, and be enabled to tell their tale of the Bull Run battle. Those who had had enough of fighting could resume their old employments, while the greater part who were ready to re-enlist for the war, would be entitled to the re-enlistment bounty of $30. A Government which would give $30 bounty for re-enlisted three month soldiers must place a high value upon them. "Now," the men were told, "a secret plan has been formed to prevent your return home at all. Lieut.-Col. Elliott has received from Government $10,000.00 to sell you all for the war, and to cheat you of your rights and privileges." Some little things occurred, which as far as the men were concerned, seemed corroborative of these statements, viz: — An order which had been issued by the Secretary of War for us to return to New-York to recruit, was recalled as inexpedient on the day the three-month service of our men expired. This was sufficient for them. They believed they had been sold; and the train which had been carefully laid, exploded upon our being ordered, not into the boat for home, but onto the road into Maryland. Since the battle, owing to the loss through resignations or deaths, of our Colonel, Major and 9 of the 10 Captains, besides that of many of the Lieutenants, we were left in a condition peculiarly unfavorable to discipline; and this much is to be said that the companies of Captain Ellis (my own) and that of Captain Elliott, which were provided with officers, obeyed their orders, and refused to join the mutineers. The mutiny commenced in the morning by the men's refusing to strike their tents as commanded. They were to have been struck at 5 a.m. and the Regiment was to move at 6 o'clock. Col. Stevens repeated the orders, but they were still silently and sullenly neglected. He then went among the men and

used all his powers of persuasion, but they had been told that they had the law on their side, and if they only persevered, they would be able to return home as a militia regiment. Col. Stevens next went to each company singly and read the articles of war, appending to them such remarks as would enforce in the men the danger of their course; but by this time, the camp, left without sentry, became exposed to the whiskey dealers who made good use of their opportunities. Soon a scene of the wildest confusion took place. The soldiers, throwing off all authority, presented the hideous and disgusting spectacle of a debauched and drunken Helotry. It was a time trying to one's nerves — more trying far than the musketry or cannonading of Bull Run. The Colonel ordered the officers to strike the tents themselves. This we did amid the jeers, the taunts, and the insults of an infuriated mob. One man brought me his gun, cocked it, showed me it was capped, and reminded me it was intended for one officer at least to die, should our release be attempted. Still we worked quietly on, obeying our orders. Some of the Lieutenants were allowed to take down the tents undisturbed, but on leaving them a moment, they were again pitched by the men. Everywhere we were threatened, and it became equally necessary to show neither fear of the men, nor, on the other hand, to allow ourselves any act of violence which would precipitate bloodshed. Luckily for us, when the men were most maddened by drink, an old country quarrel broke out among them, viz: — the feud between the Orangemen and the Ribandmen, which we only know of through English novels, and history. We were not, however, altogether forgotten. Names neither poetical, decent, or complimentary were freely bestowed upon us. Finally

afternoon advanced, and nothing was gained. The Colonel called on the men for the last time to render obedience. Soberness and reflection had begun their work upon a few. These fell into their places, and were stationed around the Camp as a guard over the others. Still, though thus yielding, their sympathies were either extended to their mutinous comrades, or else they were too fearful to render much assistance. It was necessary for the officers to be everywhere, and I confess I was quite exhausted when a body of cavalry and a line of infantry appeared, coming toward us. This was a great relief. The mutineers, all unconscious, were surrounded, and, when it was too late to resist, obeyed the orders issued, a death penalty being promised to those who wavered. You have seen in the papers the punishment awarded to the Regiment — the taking of our colors and the disgrace from which we are suffering.

Dear Mother, I feel heartsick and much depressed. I begin to repent bitterly of having cast my lot with a foreign Regiment. Our men have not the feelings of Americans, and cannot, when a reverse comes, be inspired to renewed efforts by enthusiasm for the cause. I am eager for another battle in order that we may have an opportunity to regain our colors, yet dread to risk it now that our men are much demoralized. I wish old Connecticut had a place for me.

Col. Stevens, who is an able man, thinks though, in less than a month he can make us once more the finest Regiment in the field. These stories regarding the Lieut.-Col. are simply absurd. I have just received a letter from you. I endorse fully the bravery of Gen'l Tyler. His chief fault was his paying the Connecticut Volunteers the high compliment of believing they could fight like

veterans, a compliment not at all to the taste of the Connecticut boys.

Good bye, dear mother.

Love to sisters and all.

Affec'y.,

W. T. Lusk.

Note. — Dr. Lusk once said that at the time of the mutiny among the 79th Highlanders he had one of the narrowest escapes of his life. A drunken soldier pointed a rifle at his head and fired, but a friend seeing the danger, knocked the muzzle of the gun in the air, just in time to avert catastrophy. In narrating this episode Dr. Lusk remarked with characteristic modesty, "You know I never was very brave, but when the men refused to strike the tents, the officers *had* to do it themselves."

The Mutiny in the 79th Highland Regiment

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II*, *p.* 321.

"At the battle of Bull Run the Highlanders were terribly cut up, losing 198 killed, wounded, and missing, including eleven officers. The Colonel, James Cameron, brother to the Secretary of War, was killed gallantly leading his regiment, which was considerably scattered after the battle. It was collected together in a few days, and moved to a camp on Meridian Hill. The officers and non-commissioned officers now petitioned the secretary to order the regiment home to recruit and recuperate."

The Secretary of War endorsed the petition as follows:

"'The Secretary of War believes that in consideration of the gallant services of the 79th Regiment, New York Volunteers, and of their losses in battle, they are entitled to the special consideration of their country; and he also orders that the regiment be sent to some one of the forts in the bay of New York to fill up the regiment by recruits, as soon as Col. Stevens returns to the command.

Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.'

"The men were informed of the Secretary's order, and notified to prepare for the homeward trip, to which they looked forward with eager anticipations and longing. But the military authorities remonstrated so strenuously against the order, on the ground of the bad effect on other troops of allowing one regiment to go home, that the Secretary allowed it to be set aside, yet no notice of the revocation was given the Highlanders."

On August 10th, Col. Stevens arrived at the camp. On the 13th he issued an order at dress parade that the regiment should move camp on the morrow. The mutiny of the soldiers followed on the 14th.

Page 324. "At length finding all efforts to restore obedience fruitless, Col. Stevens felt obliged to report the mutiny, and ask for troops to suppress it. In response the camp was surrounded late in the afternoon by an overpowering force of regular infantry, artillery, and cavalry. . . . Colonel Stevens then addressed them, standing in the midst of the camp: 'I know you have been deceived. You have been told you were to go to your homes, when no such orders had been given. But you are soldiers, and your duty is to obey. I am your Colonel, and your obedience is due to me. I am a soldier of the regular army. I have spent many years on the frontier fighting the Indians. I have been surrounded by the red devils, fighting for my scalp. I have been a soldier in the war with Mexico, and bear honorable wounds received in battle, and have been in far greater danger than that surrounding me now. All the morning I have begged you to do your duty. Now I shall order you; and if you hesitate to obey instantly, my next order will be to those troops to fire upon you. Soldiers of the 79th Highlanders, fall in!'

"His voice rang out like a trumpet. The men, thoroughly cowed, made haste to fall into the ranks. . . .

"The colors were taken away by order of Gen. McClellan, and thirty-five men, reported by the officer of the guard as active in the disturbance, were marched off to prison. . . . Fourteen of the so-called ringleaders were soon afterwards released and returned to the regiment, and the remainder were sent to the Dry Tortugas on the Florida coast, where they were kept on fatigue duty until the 16th of the following February, when they were also released, and joined the regiment at Beaufort, S. C."

Page 326. "Col. Stevens commanded his regiment with a firm and severe hand. He enforced early roll-calls, hard drilling and strict cleanliness in person and camp. There were some men so demoralized, by homesickness or otherwise, that they could not be induced to keep themselves decent, or attend to their duties, and he made the guard take them daily to the river, and strip and scrub them with soap and brooms. Under such drastic treatment, they speedily recovered their tone. He promptly and severely punished every neglect of duty."

CAMP CAUSTEN, Aug. 22d, 1861.

My dear Cousin Lou:

What a pleasant thing it is to live, and how I do enjoy it here on the banks of the Potomac. I do not believe God ever made a more beautiful land than this. How I would fight for it if I believed it threatened by an un-

scrupulous foe! Cousin Lou, I used to think the "booty and beauty" allusion a sort of poor joke, too sorry even for ridicule, but I now see it as the cunning work of the far-sighted master who knew his people.

By-the-way do you know we are now encamped on the Kosciusko farm, and near by the house still stands where the patriot lived? I was walking in a cornfield today, and spied the silk drooping from one of the ears, dyed a deep red. I plucked it, and send it now to you in memory of Kosciusko, or if you like it better, in memory of Cousin Will. Bother! I was getting sentimental, when a gust of wind tore up the tent pins and blew out the candle. One has great experiences in camp. The other night I was softly slumbering, dreaming of Dolly Ann or of cutting a Secessionist's throat, or something agreeable at any rate, when I heard a sound like that of mighty waters — I felt the waves washing over me — then followed a chilly sensation. I awoke. The stars were above me and by my side lay a sea of canvas — "in short," as Mr. Micawber would say, my tent was blown down. Another night my tent was pitched on the side of a steep hill. I wrapped myself in my blanket, braced my feet against the tent-pole and fell asleep. In the night my knees relaxed, and no longer prevented by the prop, I slid quietly downward, awaking in the morning at a good night's march from the point at which I first lay down to rest.

Much obliged for the information you send me regarding that youngest son of the Earl of Montrose, who came to America and graduated at Yale College. I always knew I was of noble degree, and have felt my blood preeminently Scotch since the first time I heard Aunt Caroline singing "Where, and oh where is my Highland Laddie

gone?" I look too, admiringly upon the queenly Julia, and I say, "Nay, nay, but there's no churl's blood there." In beatific vision the sisters five file past me; then comes long lanky Sylvester Vegetable Graham, leanest of men, with a bag of oatmeal, and I say to myself, "Verily my blood is very Scotch."

Give my best love to that wee mite of a little lady, who is to have the delightful honor of taking charge of my wooden leg, when I return from the wars a garrulous one-legged old soldier. Imagine me, Cousin Lou, tripping it at my own wedding not on the light fantastic, but on timber toes. Now let us consider the matter, Cousin Lou. Shall the leg be a real timber one though, or shall a compromise be made with Nature, and one of the flexible Anglesea pattern be chosen?

Alas, alas! All day long we have heard guns firing in the distance. Some poor fellows must have fallen, though we get no intelligence of movements made. We are left out of the question. There is a great battle soon to take place, but I fear the 79th is too much crippled to make a great show. We numbered once a thousand gallant hearts — we number now 700 men capable for action; to such a pass we have been reduced by death and what is worse, by desertion. Officers have deserted, and the men have followed the base example. I have seen enough to convince me that this is no war for foreigners. It is our war, and let us cheerfully bear the burden ourselves. The South sends its best blood to fight for a phantom, but we, in the North, send our scum and filth to fight for a reality. It is not thus we are to gain the victory. I would have all our Northern youth not talk, but act — not deem their lives so precious as their honor. Have you read the names of those who resigned their commis-

sions after the Battle of Manassas? The names of over 250 cowards. Life is sweet to all, but have they no trust in God that they fear the bitterness of death? Love to all friends in Enfield. I must say good-night.

Au-Revoir,

WILL.

I did not serve as a private but in the capacity of Lieut. at Bull Run.

KOSCIUSKO FARM,
August 25th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I am seated writing my usual Sunday letter, happy to state that my spirits are good and health excellent, as Uncle Charles will confirm. I was out drilling my men yesterday, when my attention was attracted by somebody nodding to me in a familiar style — a second glance told that it was Uncle Charley, and no other. I was much pleased at his kindness in looking me up, as well as to see him again. You will find he is looking well, and will learn from him that he entertains Republican sentiments of so decided a stripe that I, who was formerly a sort of an abolitionist, am obliged to confess myself a conservative in comparison. I received from Thomas a very pretty present, through the Express office, a few days ago. It consisted of a case containing knife, fork, spoon and cup — things which I shall find highly useful when on the march. When in Virginia before, provided with no such conveniences, fingers were obliged to adapt themselves to the performance of all the varied functions of "table services." You ask for my address! I never can give you any fixed address, as no Regiment knows where

it will be twenty-four hours in advance, but anything directed to the 79th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Washington, will be forwarded without difficulty. I was in earnest in wishing that I was connected with some New England Regiment, but not in earnest as regards any intention of deserting my present post because of any difficulty attending it. As long as my friends stick by the 79th, I shall not surely be less faithful than are they. The wish to change arose from a desire to take part in the approaching battle to be conducted by McClellan, in which, it seemed probable, the 79th would be too much crippled to take any prominent part. Our Regiment is, however, now rapidly recovering from the effects of the battle, and the intrigues of the old rum-selling officers now happily resigned. I have some responsibility resting upon me, as I am detailed to take sole charge of one of the Companies. I have the duties of Captain, 1st Lieutenant, and 2d Lieutenant, all combined, at present to perform, so I have little right to think of abandoning my post. In confidence I may add, that possibly five or six of us may be transferred to a new Regiment by the Secretary of War. The Regiment would be under his patronage, and be called the "Cameron Highlanders." In this new Regiment I most likely would be assigned the post of Captain. However neither say or think anything about this, as it is by no means determined yet. The letter from Fräulein Mathilde contained the kind wishes of the family, and an invitation to be present at her wedding which is to take place on the 1st of September. I find I have grown rusty in the German language, so that I had no little difficulty in deciphering the young lady's epistle.

Have I written you that we are now encamped on Kosciusko's farm? It is a pleasant spot, but damp. I

hear we are to be marched off somewhere to-morrow. Report names Georgetown as our probable destination.

Uncle Charles is still in town I hear, but I cannot leave camp to visit him.

I will take the photograph question into consideration when we get paid off. Tell Lilly she must accept thanks and love for her kind letter, but I do not mean to answer it until after some success occurs.

Thank Mary for her kind intentions regarding writing me. Love to the little ones. Ask Will if he wants to be a soldier. Turly shall be made a Congressman, and get appointed Chairman of the Military Committee.

Love to all.
Believe me,
Very Affec'y.,
William T. Lusk.

Headquarters 79th Regiment,
Camp Advance, Va. Co. K.
September 21st, 1861.

Dear Cousin Lou:

Let me see — it is a long time since I wrote you, but I am not forgetful. I must thank you many times for your kindness in writing me away off here. Perhaps you think it not very far, only four miles off from Washington; yet it is so, for we are quite shut off from all communication with the outer world. My goodness, how I did cheer Mrs. Gen. Smith the other day on passing her carriage as the Regiment was returning from the field where its colors had been restored!

I am not quite certain that Mrs. Brigadier-Gen. Smith was beautiful, yet I thought her so, for she had little

hands, white teeth, and was not shouldering a musket. If you will visit camp, Cousin Lou, I'll crown you Queen of Beauty and vote you lovelier than a thousand Mrs. Brigadier-Gen. Smiths. Tell Cousin Henry and Dr. Grant that their visit to me, while on Kalorama Heights, first taught me that there was still remaining communication with the world. The result of the lesson was, that I bought a looking-glass and combed the snarls out of my hair.

It is raining to-night, so I am shut in my tent. Field life agrees with me excellently, so that as yet I have hardly had an ill day. Our Regiment has been unusually healthy, there having been no deaths from sickness in it since it first left New-York. A captain of the 19th Indiana Regiment was telling me that they had lost 25 of their number from disease already, although they have not been out here so long as we by two months. This I suppose is partly owing to the fact that the city soldiers endure change of climate better than country ones; and something I believe is due to our surgeon Dr. McDonald. The Doctor says that you are one of the few women for whom he has an unbounded admiration.

You would laugh if you could hear the conversations between our Chaplain and the profane physicians. Our parson is a love of a little man from some back country village, accustomed to be kissed (?), admired, and petted by the ladies of his congregation, and to be regarded as a model of eloquence by the men. Fired with patriotic zeal he volunteered his services on the opening of the war, to his country, and left the peace of home for the horrid din of Mars. But the horrid din of Mars he finds to his astonishment, not nearly so agreeable as being kissed (?) and petted in his own quiet village.

So he has grown petulant, thinks himself unappreciated, and calls all the men hardened sinners, because they sometimes look incredulous when he answers their "Why?" with, "It is so for I say so." Shocking unbelievers! Dear little parson tells us weekly not to fear to die, but to face death bravely, as we are certain of being transported instantly to scenes of heavenly joy. Yet our little parson whenever an alarm occurs, rushes to his tent, secures his bag, and trots off in all haste to the nearest place of shelter. Taking advantage of this little weakness, the Doctor is in the habit of explaining to him in a horridly lucid way, the dreadful nature of gunshot wounds. Then some one will suddenly jump up, assume a listening attitude and cry: "Hark! Was that a gun?" The comical aspect of terror which is thus elicited, forms an inexhaustible source of amusement to us all. He reminds me of the Chaplain of the story, who bade the soldiers before the battle, not to fear, as they would assuredly that night, if they fell, sup in Paradise. He himself however ran away when the first shot was fired. An indignant hearer of his morning discourse reminded him of his encouraging promises. "No thankee," said he, "don't talk to me, I never did like suppers." All of which story you can anywhere find better told in the newspapers.

Next to the parson, our greatest source of entertainment is the article called "nigger," a thing I never saw until I came to "Ole Virginny." We own an African of the Pongo species, a sort of half idiotic monkey-man, partially possessing the gift of speech, and totally possessing the gift of doing nothing. I consider it a curious study to see how, when he is ordered to perform any service, he manages most ingeniously not to do it at all.

You should see the Pongo though in the Highland costume. "The What Is It?" will have to retire from business.

Good-bye dear Cousin Lou.

Very affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk,
Lieut. Co. K. 79th Regt.

Reconnoissance at Lewinsville (Sept. 11, 1861). Restoration of Colors to the Highlanders. Colonel Stevens Appointed Brigadier-General.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 326.

"On the 26th" (August) "the regiment broke camp, marched through Washington, the band playing the dead march, by order of the colonel, in token of their disgraced condition and loss of the colors, and went into camp on Kalorama Hill, beyond Georgetown, a mile from the Chain Bridge. Col. Stevens named the new location Camp Hope, and in a brief address to the regiment bade them hope, and declared that together they would win back their colors and achieve a glorious career. With all his matter-of-fact judgment, he had a pronounced vein of enthusiasm and poetic feeling, and had a singular power of arousing them in others, and of appealing to the higher motives."

Page 327. "On the evening of September 6th, a large force, including the Highlanders, crossed Chain Bridge to the southern side of the Potomac, and took up positions in front and extending to the left, connecting with troops from Arlington. At midnight, as the regiment was drawn up in line, Col. Stevens addressed them as follows:

" 'Soldiers of the 79th! You have been censured, and I have been censured with you. You are now going to fight the battles of your country without your colors. I pray God you may soon have an opportunity of meeting the enemy, that you may return victorious with your colors gloriously won.'"

Page 328. "The troops were kept hard at work, thus felling forests and digging forts, and also in outpost duty, for a strong picket line to cover the front, posted nearly a mile in advance, had to be maintained."

Page 329. "On the 11th," (September,) "under orders from Gen. Smith, but with strictest injunction not to bring on a general engagement under any circumstances, Col. Stevens, with 2,000 troops, made a reconnoissance in force of Lewinsville, a hamlet six miles in advance of Chain Bridge."

The Highlanders were of this force.

Col. Stevens reported of Lewinsville, "It has great natural advantages, is easily defensible, and should be occupied without delay."

Page 331. The Union loss was two killed, and thirteen wounded.

Page 332. General Baldy Smith, "perceiving the fine order and undaunted bearing of the troops, and learning how well they had all behaved, and that the enemy was keeping his distance, . . . heartily congratulated Colonel Stevens and his command on the well-conducted and successful reconnoissance. . . . A few days later the colors were restored to the Highlanders by Gen. McClellan in person, in recognition of their soldierly conduct since recrossing the Potomac, especially in the affair at Lewinsville."

"*79th Highlanders*," *p.* 77.

Lieut. Elliott says of his command, in connection with the reconnoissance at Lewinsville, Sept. 11th: "Just as the bugle was sounding (the recall), an officer rode up and ordered me to move the picket parallel with the column, at the same distance out, and preserving the same intervals, so as to protect the flank from surprise. I immediately started for the guide to aid me in carrying out the order, but before I could find him another order came to recall the picket as soon as possible. Lieut. Lusk started to call in the picket, and in his over-eagerness attempted to call in both platoons, which caused him to be late with his own wing. As soon as the men stationed on the Falls Church road began to come in, I observed a number of men without uniforms emerge from the wood at the side of that road and creep on their hands and knees along the fence to the gate where the cavalry had been stationed; they then trailed into the wood on the right of Gilbert's house. Forming the men as quickly as I could, I made a signal for the left wing, under Lieut. Lusk, to retreat through the cornfield, as they were cutting us off, and started with what remained of my command down the lane to rejoin our regiment. . . . We had not moved fifty paces from the house when a volley of musketry was directed obliquely at us from the left, and at almost the same instant the gun opened fire on our right. Looking back I saw Lieut. Lusk, who had not understood my signal, returning with the last of his men into the very yard where the enemy's skirmishers were. By this time nothing could have been easier than to have taken them prisoners, instead of which the skirmishers, apparently thinking themselves surprised, in turn fired at them and retreated by the side of the house. Lieut. Lusk, with considerable adroitness, leaped the fence, followed by his two sergeants, and retreated under cover of the cornfield in safety to his regiment."

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II*, *p.* 335.

"General Stevens's appointment as brigadier was made on the 28th," (September) "and on the following day he was formally assigned to the command of the third brigade of Smith's division, consisting of the four regiments already under his charge, viz.: the Highlanders, 33rd

and 49th New York, and 47th Pennsylvania. He retained the immediate command of the Highlanders in addition to that of the brigade."

Page 336. "Gen. Stevens named the new position occupied by his brigade, which was not far from Falls Church, the Camp of the Big Chestnut, from a huge sylvan monarch near by."

Page 337. "Drilling, picketing, and tree-felling fully employed the troops, at the Camp of the Big Chestnut."

HEADQUARTERS 79TH REGT.
CAMP ADVANCE, CO. K.
VIRGINIA, 1861.

Dear Mother:

A most delightful moonlight forbids my retiring at the usual hour to rest, so I will write and let you know that all is well — that we have had a dull week, that there has been naught to stir the sluggish blood since last week save once, when it was thought that the Army of Beauregard was marching in heavy columns upon us, but it didn't come, so we all said: "Pooh, pooh! We knew it wouldn't. They are too wise to attack us." Alas, that we should have to tell that sorry tale of Bull Run! Walter has written me, and is full of our defeat. He does not feel flattered by the cheap lithographs in the shop windows representing "Yankees Running," which are thrust upon his sight all over England. He is delighted though to think that the 79th did well, and that I was a member of the Highland Regiment. As we file out of our camp, full equipped, the soldiers of other Regiments are wont to say, "There go the Highlanders. There will be fighting to-day." We are now formidably intrenched, and I think can make a tolerable defence against the foe. The Richmond *Examiner* says: "We" (the Southerners) "flaunt our flag defiantly in the face of the cowed and craven-hearted foe, but they tamely endure the insults we

heap upon them, and refuse to accept our challenge to a fair and open fight." Well I think we can afford to endure the flaunting of the "stars and bars" until McClellan is ready, when we hope to march forward, seeking winter quarters in the pleasant mansions of the South. Just this same thing the Southerners are hoping to gain in the North. Beauregard thinks Philadelphia, Baltimore and New-York, gay places in the season, where the Southern youth may join in the festivities of winter. *Nous verrons.*

We have a little parson in our regiment, who has a due regard for his personal safety. We love to get him into our tents, and describe with graphic truthfulness the horrid nature of shell wounds. The worst of shells too, we add, is, that they can be thrown to such a distance that even the Doctor and Chaplain are exposed to their death-bearing explosions. Our parson grows uneasy, and when an alarm is given, starts off, carpet-bag in hand, to our intense amusement, for the nearest place of safety. He is like that worthy chaplain, who, on the eve of battle, told the soldiers, "Fear not, for those of you who fall, will this night sup in Paradise." The battle commenced and the chaplain began to display most entertaining signs of terror. He was reminded of the consoling language he had himself used in the morning. "No thank ye," he answered quickly, "I never did like suppers." To such an extent are we obliged to resort to everything to amuse ourselves. Our darkeys give us some amusement and much more trouble. Ours, we have dubbed the "Pongo," who knows how not to do it, in a manner to excite our unbounded admiration. In the evening these Africans have a way of getting around the fire and singing real "nigger melodies," which are somewhat monotonous as

WILLIAM THOMPSON LUSK

AT THE AGE OF SEVEN YEARS

regards the music, and totally idiotic as regards the words. A favorite of theirs goes thus — viz:

My little boat is on de ocean
Where de wild bird makes de music
All de day.

This will sometimes be repeated for a couple of hours by the indefatigable nigger — indefatigable in this alone.

Good-bye, darling mother.

Most affec'y.,

W. T. Lusk.

"Letters of a Family During the War," Vol. I, p. 194.

Extract from a letter of E. Woolsey Howland, written to her husband, evidently from Washington, dated October 1st, 1861.

"Very little to tell you about except a few calls, including one from Mrs. General Franklin to ask us to take tea with her to-night. Lieut. Lusk of the 79th, whom we used to know as 'Willy' Lusk, also came. He seems to have grown up into a very fine young fellow, handsome and gentlemanly, and with the same sweet expression he had as a child. He was studying medicine in Europe when the war broke out, but came home at once and enlisted as Lieutenant in the 79th, where he is now Acting Captain — so many of the regiment were either killed or taken prisoners at Bull Run."

[Start on Port Royal Expedition]

October 18th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I can only write you a few hasty lines. We have suddenly been summoned to Annapolis, and are now on board ship, bound I know not whither. This is so far pleasant, as there is a chance of relief from the wearisome picket duties which devolve upon Regiments on the advanced outposts; and we have likewise an opportunity for distinction, as well as to do the country good service. It is so far a disappointment, in that I had a leave of absence granted me, and hoped yesterday to be spending to-day

with my dear Mother. I am very tired, as I marched all last night, and have been hard at work all this morning. Health and spirits are excellent. Gen. Stevens will most likely command our expedition, which is almost a guarantee of success. At any rate we will trust it will prove more brilliant even than the affair at Hatteras. At any rate let us pray, come what will, God grant us peace in the life hereafter. A thousand times love for all.

In haste, Affec'y.,

Will.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 338.

"On October 16th, Gen. Stevens unexpectedly received orders to turn over the command of his brigade to the senior colonel, and report in person to General Thomas W. Sherman at Annapolis, Md., by daylight the next morning." Upon being urged by Captain David Morrison, the senior officer, to say good-by to his regiment in person, "he rode in front of the line, and in a few feeling words expressed his regards and hopes for them and bade them farewell. As he wheeled and rode off, a spontaneous and universal cry of 'Tak' us wi' ye! Tak' us wi' ye!' burst from end to end of the line, and tears stood in many a manly eye."

Page 340. "They" (General Stevens and others) "reached Annapolis that evening, and were most cordially received by General Sherman, and by Colonel Daniel Leasure of the 100th Pennsylvania, known as the 'Roundheads,' which was to form part of General Stevens's new brigade. His first act on reaching Annapolis was to apply by telegraph to the Secretary of War, in conjunction with General Sherman, for the Highlanders. He also personally telegraphed the President to that effect. Colonel Leasure too, telegraphed the Secretary that his regiment was largely composed of the descendants of Scotch Covenanters and Cromwell's soldiers, and were anxious to be joined by the Highlanders. . . . General McClellan . . . strenuously objected to it, protesting that he could not spare one of his best veteran regiments. But Mr. Lincoln . . . ordered the Highlanders to Annapolis to rejoin their beloved commander."

General Stevens "discussed, also, McClellan's character without the least trace of animosity, admitting his ability and patriotism, but lamenting his fatal lack of boldness and decision, which, he said, rendered his failure inevitable."

October 21st, 1861.

My dear Mother:

We are sailing rapidly down the Chesapeake, still in doubt as to our ultimate destination, but expecting soon to reach Fortress Monroe where possibly there may be a chance of mailing a letter. We feel as though we were leaving the scene of old triumphs, and old disasters — of the latter we are mindful of many; so it was delicate sarcasm upon the part of our Bandmaster which induced him to strike up "Carry me back to old Virginny!" as we were crossing the Chain Bridge (which spans the Potomac), leaving the "sacred soil" behind us. And now we are embarked on the "Vanderbilt," bound, this much we know, for "Dixie." I am hoping to exchange salutations with some of my old friends in Charleston. What fun it would be to be playing the magnanimous to a captive Prince Hugo, or Whalley despising Yankees much, or any other of the royal youth who live in the Kingdom of South Carolina. It may be we are to visit Mobile. If so, tell Hunt I will try and collect his rents with interest. But why speculate?

Let us pray for laurels and victory! Much is expected of the 79th Regiment, I find. "My Highlanders!" as Gen. Stevens calls them. "They are equal to Regulars," the General is reported to have said to Gen. Sherman [1] commanding our expedition. "Send for them!" says Sherman. They are sent for, and arrive on shipboard in a horrible state of intoxication, with bloody faces and soiled clothes. The Chaplain of the 8th Michigan Regiment is horrified. He preaches to his men, and says: "I wish to make no invidious comparisons, but after what I've seen of late, I'm proud of you for your excellent

[1] Thomas W. Sherman.

conduct!" Well, we must hope that "My Highlanders" will silence invidious comparison when facing the foe. You tell me Ellis thinks I ought to boast of my Graham blood, and gently urge the same yourself, but the fact is, nothing has caused more amusement than Ellis' own pretensions to his descent from the King of the Hebrides. Indeed, on one occasion, up at Sunbury — a country town of Pennsylvania — when he was introduced on a public occasion to the worthy citizens of the place as a lineal descendant of Donald, King of the Hebrides, a man in the audience forgot himself so far as to call out, "Damn Donald, King of the Hebrides!" which was highly improper, and wholly irrelevant, yet very entertaining to those who heard it. I am awaiting an official announcement of the birth of Walter's boy, and mean to write congratulations as soon as I can find time. Hall will soon be married, he tells me. All my friends are getting settled, but I am a Nomad, fit, I fancy, for my present mode of life, which I find healthy and by no means disagreeable. Indeed, were my brother officers of a more agreeable character, I would take to soldiering with a relish, and with a reasonable amount of success might cry, "Vive la guerre!" However all dreams of the future terminate in dreams of peace, of home, and honorable repose in advancing years, all of which, dear mother, may we enjoy together, loving our country better, for having proved that it was so dear that we were willing even to give up our life for its preservation.

Well, the blessings of peace be upon all at home. Kiss the little ones for me. Give love to all and

Believe me,

Affec'y.,

Will.

October 25th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

It is with extreme pleasure I write you to-day. We are still at Fort Monroe, and of course I do not know how long we are to remain here, but Old Point Comfort has proved itself such to me. I think few up to the present time have served under greater disadvantages in the army than I. A member of a Scotch Regiment strong in its foreign prejudices, introduced as I was by ——, a man greatly unpopular among the men, I have enjoyed little prestige or favor. We have had hard work to do, and for four months I have suffered from extremes of heat and cold, from hunger and wet, and sleepless nights — from all the hardships of outpost life — have had the credit which I felt was due, denied, and have waited patiently, though sometimes against hope. After Col. Stevens became Brig.-Gen., our Regiment fell to the command of . . . Morrison, who sought to exhibit his authority by all sorts of petty and irritating acts of insolence toward myself. The life became intolerable, and I sent in my resignation. I have written you how kindly Gen. Stevens acted in the matter. I withdrew the resignation temporarily, however, on learning from Gen. Stevens the probability of a speedy action.

When Gen. Stevens was detached from our Brigade to command one stationed at Annapolis, I was left, almost without appeal from the insults of . . . Morrison. I found my rights taken away, and favors bestowed on low, ignorant rowdies. I then obtained a furlough, meaning to arrange some plan of honorable escape while on a visit home.

Suddenly a despatch came ordering our Regiment to

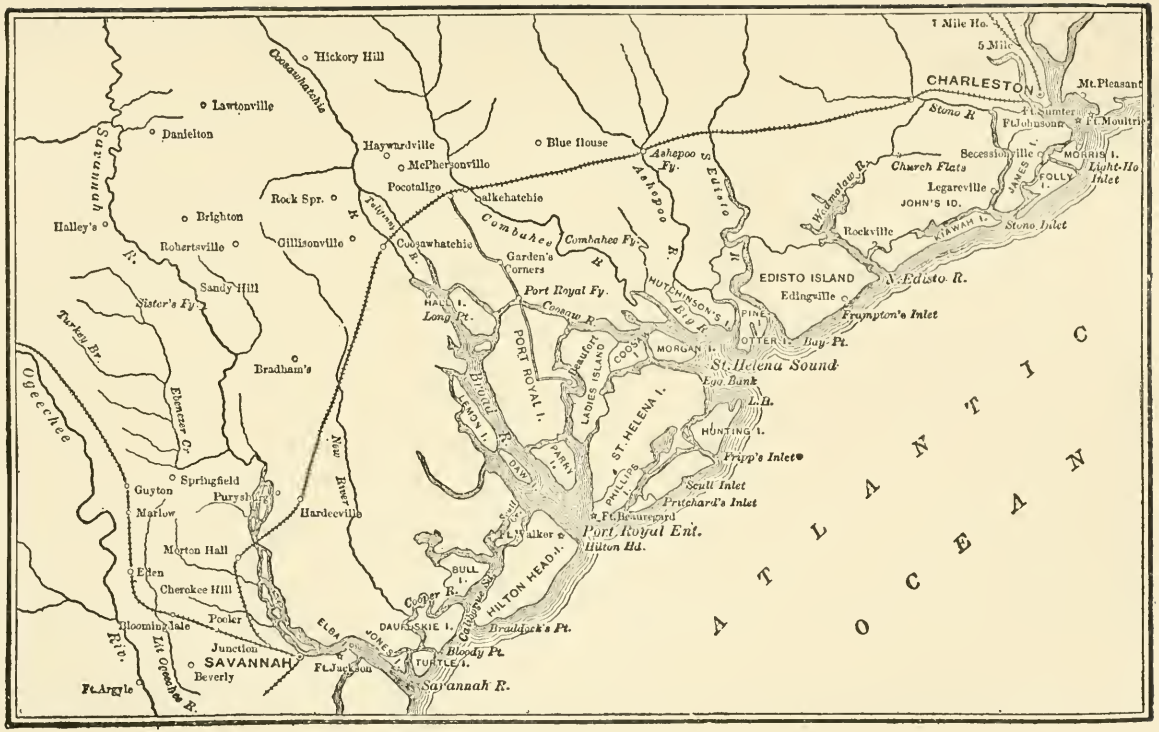
meet Gen. Stevens at Annapolis, and it was whispered our destination was to be some place on the Southern coast. I thereupon pocketed all affronts, gave up all thoughts of a leave of absence, and resolved to be resigned to the painfulness of my position, and to perform any duties that might be allotted me. A few days ago I was appointed officer of the day. The duties of the day were arduous, and for twenty-four hours I had no sleep. It was about $7\frac{1}{2}$ in the morning and my duties had nearly expired, when Gen. Stevens desired to see the officer of the day. I supposed it was to perform some business in connection with my position. On reporting myself he said, "Mr. Lusk I wish to have a few words with you." "Yes," said I, "but be quick as my time has nearly expired." "Oh!" said he, "I only wish to tell you that you are appointed my Aide-de-camp. You know my peculiarities, and if we are satisfied with each other I think you will have no reason to repent of your appointment." I thanked him, told him I was proud to accept the appointment. So now, Mother, with best love to all the dear ones at home, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate son,
CAPT. W. T. LUSK,
Aide-de-camp to Gen. Stevens,
Sherman's Division.

THE PORT ROYAL EXPEDITION

"Life of General Isaac I. Stevens," Vol. II, p. 341.

"The force which General Sherman was fitting out at Annapolis was destined, in conjunction with the navy, to secure a harbor on the Southern coast to serve as a base for the blockading fleets. General Sherman was a veteran regular officer of artillery, who had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista, a thorough soldier, a strict disciplinarian, devoted to his profession, and moreover a man of ability, sound judgment, and true patriotism, but perhaps somewhat deficient



PORT ROYAL AND SEA ISLANDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

(From "Life of General Isaac I. Stevens")

in enterprise. He personally applied for General Stevens, for whom he entertained great esteem, as one of his brigade commanders. His force numbered some twelve thousand, all new, raw volunteers, except two regular batteries and the Highlanders, who, having fought at Bull Run, were looked up to as veterans by the other troops."

Page 342. "The Highlanders arrived" (at Annapolis) "on the 18th" (October) "and the next day the troops were taken off in small bay steamboats to the large ocean steamships anchored two miles out, and embarked upon them. The largest of these vessels, and second only to the Great Eastern, was the Vanderbilt, a noble side-wheel ship of three thousand tonnage, which had recently been given the government by Cornelius Vanderbilt." Gen. Stevens and staff and the Highlanders were among those on this steamer.

Page 343. "The General appointed as his first Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. William T. Lusk, of the Highlanders, an educated and high-toned gentleman, who had abandoned his studies in Germany to fight for his country, and who proved a brave and excellent officer, and has since achieved distinction in his profession as a physician."

"The transports sailed on the 20th and reached Fortress Monroe the next day. Here were awaiting them a fleet of thirty war ships, under Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, and a large number of sailing vessels laden with munitions and stores. The expedition lay here at anchor for a week, completing the necessary preparations."

[Naval Engagement at Port Royal, Nov. 7, 1861]

Headquarters 2nd Brigade,
Hilton Head, Nov. 9th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

It is a long, long time since I have heard from home — nearly three weeks I think since we have been blessed with news by mail, and all this time I am wondering how you are all faring in New-York. Well, when a mail bag does come, may it be crowded with all sorts of good news. Now we have good news to report, for we are now enjoying ourselves in the pleasant climate of South Carolina.

We have been many days on shipboard, 1700 of us all together, on board the good ship "Vanderbilt" which bravely rode the storm, while other good ships foundered

in the sea. But the storm abated, and the winds went down, and we were lying off the coast of South Carolina. Then we thought that a death struggle was about to commence, for were we not to lock arms, and wrestle, with traitors at the very headquarters of rebellion? We lay off Beaufort Harbor some sixty hours in idleness, waiting for the ball to open. That navy though is a slow affair, and we abused it mightily, being impatient to decide the fate of the expedition. Our naval commanders — Commodore Dupont and Secretary of Navy Welles — received most unflattering notices. Why would they not begin? Finally the old concern got a working — the "Wabash" led off, and was followed by a whole fleet of minor vessels. They sailed into line, and soon were sharply engaged with the forts protecting the entrance to the Harbor. For four hours shot were poured thickly into the defenses of the besieged, and nearly as long a time the besiegers sent destruction among our ships. But the terrible explosions of our shell, the steady broadsides poured from the Frigate "Wabash," and the sure-aimed missiles sent from the little gunboats that would run up close to the shore, ensuring thus accuracy of aim — all these things were terrible in their effect upon the foe. At last a white flag floated from the parapet of their fortification, and quickly a white flag was despatched from the "Wabash" to the shore. Hip, Hip, Hurrah! We see — ay — we rub our eyes — is it really true? We see the American banner once more floating on the soil of South Carolina. All this time we were looking on, silent spectators of the scene. But now the harbor rings with the shouts of applause, with which we greeted the great naval victory. We forgot for a moment how slow Secretary Welles is, and how dreadfully slow are all the operations

of the Navy. And now we vile Yankee hordes are overrunning the pleasant islands about Beaufort, rioting upon sweet potatoes and Southern sunshine. Hilton Head is a sandy island but beautiful with palmetto leaves, cotton fields, magnolia and orange groves, and plantations of sugar cane. Here lived the Pinckneys, the Draytons, and other high-blooded Hidalgos, whose effervescing exuberance of gentlemanly spirit have done so much to cause our present troubles. Alas! Yankee hordes, ruthless invaders—the vile Hessians—infest their splendid plantations. One poor fellow was taken prisoner; afterward we learned there was in our hospital a brother of his, dying from disease, a young man who was too ill to retreat when his comrades fled precipitately. The brother first mentioned ventured to request that they two might remain together. To his surprise the request was willingly granted, and they seemed to feel that we had shown them a great kindness. The effects left by the South Carolinians in their flight show that there were many young men of wealth among them, who, feeling obliged probably, to do their duty as soldiers, selected the neighborhood of Beaufort, which is a kind of Southern Saratoga. But if the flower of South Carolina youth, it is to be regretted that the flower never paid more attention to the spelling-book. A letter written them from a friend exhorts them to remember that they are "of gentilmanly blud." As a sort of memento I send you enclosed a "poem," the brilliancy of which will make it pay for the perusal. I saw William Ely yesterday. It is long since I've seen him before, and he has changed so that I did not recognize him until he gave me his name. If I had time I would write pages more, but I am full of business now. Oh a thousand times love and oceans of kisses for sisters

and little ones, with less demonstrative but very warm regards for all friends.

I remain Affec'y.,

Will.

Can't stop to correct what I've written so excuse mistakes.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 344.

"It was a fine, bracing autumn afternoon, October 29, when the great fleet sailed out of the Chesapeake in two parallel columns a mile apart. The giant warship Wabash lead the right column. . . . The third day a furious storm struck the combined fleet and scattered it far and wide." . . . The Vanderbilt was among the first to arrive at Port Royal on November 3d, and by the 6th, nearly all the ships had assembled. The loss of life was 7 drowned and 93 captured.

Page 345. "Port Royal was defended by earthworks on each side of the entrance, Fort Walker on Hilton Head, on the south side, and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point, on the north. These were strong and well constructed forts, with heavy parapets, traverses, and bomb-proofs, mounted forty-one guns of large caliber, and were garrisoned and defended by three thousand troops."

"*Rebellion Record*," *Vol. III, p.* 104 *of Documents.*

Part of General Thos. W. Sherman's Report, Nov. 8th, 1861.

"Our original plan of coöperation of the land forces in the attack had to be set aside, in consequence of the loss during the voyage, of a greater portion of our means of disembarkment, together with the fact that the only point where the troops should have landed, was from five to six miles, measuring around the intervening shoal, from the anchoring place of our transports.

"It was therefore agreed that the place should be reduced by the naval force alone. . . . I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and manoeuvering of our fleet against that of the rebels and their formidable land batteries was a master-piece of activity and professional skill that must have elicited the applause of the rebels themselves as a tactical operation. I think that too much praise cannot be awarded to the service and skill exhibited by the flag officer of the naval squadron, and the officers connected with his ships. I deem the performance a masterly one, and it ought to have been seen, to be fully appreciated. After the works were reduced, I took possession of them with the land forces."

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II*, *p.* 349.

"Immediately after landing, General Sherman held a conference with his general officers as to undertaking an offensive movement. The enemy was evidently demoralized, and either Charleston or Savannah might fall before a sudden dash, and offered a tempting prize. But the general opinion was that a movement upon either involved too great risks, and that the first duty was to fortify and render absolutely secure the point already gained. General Stevens alone dissented from this view. He strenuously urged an aggressive movement inland to the mainland, then, turning to right or left, against one of the cities. In answer to objections, he declared that the overpowering naval force rendered Hilton Head already secure, and it could be fortified at leisure. The navy too could support an advance, and cover a withdrawal in case of need. The country was full of flat boats used by the planters for the transportation of cotton. Hundreds of these could be collected. . . . But the cautious counsel prevailed, and General Sherman reaped the reward of his lack of enterprise by being superseded a few months later, after rendering faithful service. Certainly he lost a great opportunity. With such subordinates as Generals Stevens and Wright, and the navy to assist, he might have taken Savannah, and could not have been badly damaged, even if repulsed."

Page 351. General Stevens writes to his wife from Hilton Head, December 5th:

"My brigade is still at work on the entrenchments. They have done an immense amount of work, much to the satisfaction of General Sherman. . . . Our mess consists of the brigade Quartermaster, Captain Lilly; the brigade surgeon, Dr. Kemble; my aide-de-camp, Lieut. Lusk; Hazard, and myself. We have a most excellent cook, brought from New York, and a good dining-room servant picked up here. . . . How long we shall remain here I cannot form an idea — probably some months."

Headquarters Second Brigade,
Hilton Head, S. C.
November 13th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I am delighted, after several busy days, once more to have an opportunity to quiet the uneasiness of your anxious heart, and assure you of my continued welfare. We are now fairly ensconced on South Carolina soil. Our headquarters are at an old wooden building innocent

of paint, but rendered interesting by a large hole in the side, caused by the passage of one of our shot. These were pleasant places that the planters have abandoned us, and though conscious that our victory has been glorious, and that a heavy blow has been struck, would to God that this war had never visited us, and that the planters were once more peacefully cultivating their pleasant homes. The country for many miles around has fallen into the hands of our armies, and, unhappily, victors are apt to be ruthless in destroying the property of conquered enemies.

However, the season of pillage is almost over. Our camps are being well guarded, and the opportunities for the escape of straggling parties of marauders have ceased. Every effort has been made to check wanton excesses, and it has been made for a few days past almost the sole duty of the Aides to scour the country for the purpose of intercepting parties wandering about without proper authority. In this manner I have come to see something of neighboring plantations, which are among the wealthiest in South Carolina.

I wrote you before that here lived the Pinckneys, the Popes, a gentleman named Jenkins-Stoney, and others whose names may, or may not be familiar to you. Their houses are in the old fashioned Southern mansion style, and show evidences of luxury and comfort.

By-the-way, I saw a letter from a Secession soldier named Lusk the other day, which dilated much on the justice of the Southern cause, and the certainty that God would give the South the victory. I hear there is, or was previous to our arrival, a large family of Lusks at Beaufort, a few miles distant. I regret to say that the letter I have mentioned, did not show the writer to have displayed

any great diligence in studying his spelling-book in the days of early youth. The weather here is warm as summer. Oranges hang still in ripe profusion on the trees, the cotton remains unpicked, and the corn remains for us to gather. Negroes crowd in swarms to our lines, happy in the thought of freedom, dancing, singing, void of care, and vainly dreaming that all toil is in future to be spared, and that henceforth they are to lead that life of lazy idleness which forms the Nigger's Paradise. I fear that before long they have passed only from the hands of one taskmaster into the hands of another.

All this long time I get no news from home, and am eagerly, *impatiently*, awaiting the advent of the mail which is to recompense for the long weeks of waiting. I may write very irregularly, as my time was never so little my own as now. I think, when the "Vanderbilt" returns, you will see my old school friend Sandford, who will bear you news of me. Sandford is a young fellow, of the family of the name, so extensively engaged in shipping interests. I mention this as possibly Uncle Phelps may know of them. Have Lilly and Tom any intention of soon being married? I send by Sandford, a hundred dollars of my pay home to be delivered to Uncle Phelps, and would like $25.00 of it to be expended in buying Lilly, when the wedding day comes, some remembrance from brother Will. I enclose in this letter a $5.00 bill to be especially employed in the purchase of toys for the children. I would like much to see little Willie and Turlie once more. If I possibly can, I shall try and get a leave of absence about Christmas time, though I hardly expect to be successful. Walter, I suppose, is fairly home by this time. I would have written before, congratulating him upon the arrival of his little boy, but have been

waiting to get hold of the letter which announces it. Beyond the fact that he is a father I know nothing.

Give love to all my friends, and all who feel an interest in me. I would like to see you soon again, which, in fact, is the burthen of all the Southern letters we have intercepted. There is one thing very conspicuous in all letters from Southern soldiers. I refer to the deep religious vein pervading them. Their religious impressions seem to be warmer than those of our troops. One poor fellow fears their cause is doomed because of the fearful immorality in their ranks. "Why," he writes, "I even hear that officers have been known to curse the men under their command."

Good-bye,

Very Affec'y.,

Will.

Headquarters 2d Brigade,
Hilton Head, Dec. 2d, 1861.

My dear Mother:

A real Southern storm is without — the rain falls heavily, thunder rolls in the distance, the fly of my tent flaps noisily — yet here within all is peace and quiet, loving not stormy thoughts. Let us look about my tent a little. The bottom is boarded and covered with straw; a washstand occupies the corner; a bed, comfortable with blankets, extends along one of the sides; from the tent-poles hang my sword, sash and belt, my military coat, and such clothes as are needful for daily wear. Then I am sitting on my valise (Lieut. Elliott's name is upon it), and am writing at a table of rude construction — an old shutter, robbed from a Secession barn, laid upon a box—yet, covered with the beautiful blanket

which came a gift from Hunt, it has a fine, jaunty look, and we think ourselves elegant in the extreme, especially when we put our new coffee-pot upon it, and sit writing at it for the purpose of spinning a yarn. A circular yarn I call it, for I intend it for all the kind friends whose loving thoughts were so abundantly manifest in that box of "goodies" which the "Bienville" brought me. There's one thing that I've been keeping back all this time — the cunning rogue that I am. Its a big, blue Secession chest, a good deal battered and worn, but I have only to throw open the lid — and *presto* (in the excitement I had nearly written *prestidigitato*) — I feel, see, think all sorts of things — things around which cluster pleasant memories.

Let us see! Come, oh bottle of Abreco, out of thy hiding place, for thou must distil for me dainty fancies warm as the sun that ripened the grapes out of which thou art made! Ay, and a cigar I must have too — a real Havana — Santa Rosa is inscribed upon it. Why that was the name of a little Jew maiden whom I once knew, and concerning which Miss Ellen Dwight with her superior worldly knowledge, whispers in the ear of Sam Elliott, "Oh strange infatuation!" But no matter. Let the fragrant clouds arise; clouds bearing fair, friendly, earthly visions! Stop though! There the cap of blue and white, knit by small, slender fingers. Dear Lilly, I put it on now, and now I take it off and look at it. It has a pretty maidenly appearance about it, and suggests indefinitely kisses from red pouting lips, and the sort of romantic dreams in which sentimental youths indulge. Some such articles as this, probably, Penelope spun while waiting her Lord's return from Troy. Is Penelopė quietly spinning for me still? Or is the yarn

run out, and does she now bend a willing ear to new suitors? If so, why then, bother take Penelope; let us look at the stockings! They have a jolly comfortable aspect. They bring one from visions of "airy, fairy Lilians" of poet fancy, to the substantial bread-and-butter sentiment of Germany. They are the work of comfortable middle-aged Penelopes, I fancy. I can commence at the toes of them, if I choose, and unravel them slowly, and each time the yarn makes a circuit, I can feel sure that I am unravelling a kind thought — perchance a tearful memory, that the loving ones wove into their work, as they sat knitting around the fireside. "Sweet home" — it is long since I have known thee, yet, when the labor is done, how eagerly will I clutch the promises the words "Sweet home" contain! I have some studs in my shirt. They are made of Sarah's hair and they tell me home has changed somewhat since I knew it. I asked General Stevens the other day if he had known General Garnett. He said, "Yes. Well?" and almost in the same breath added, "He had such a lovely wife who died in my territory." They two have bidden us farewell, and grief is deadened at the thought of their present happiness. I look again into the box, and I see there gifts from Hunt and Thomas. They have been good brothers to me. They two and Walter have always given me a full, hearty brother's love. I am not an humble man, and am proud in many ways, but there is naught of which I am half so proud as my own true valued friends. As I think of them, they are not few; as I look into the box, I see this; as I remember all the kind acts they have done me, I feel this; and when I call to mind the goodness of the Almighty, I know it. Dear mother, dear sisters, dear brothers, I can hardly

keep back the tears when I ask you to accept the thanks for your exceeding love. There are the little ones too, and they are never forgotten. I must add Walter's boy to the list now — that wondrous boy, so different from all other babies, and yet so like all others in the striking resemblance he bears his papa. Tell Cousin Lou that I am using the ink and paper she sent me, to express to all my friends my thanks. Does Cousin Lou think I am such a savage — so delighting in secession blood — that I would not extend my hand to help any one in trouble? And does she not feel sure that a duty would become a pleasure when it would be to assist her friends? Let her never doubt that should any of her relatives fall into our hands, I will not forget either my duty to them nor my love to her. The gift from Uncle John I felt, and accept with that pleasure which not only springs from affection, but from the honest respect I have for his fearlessness of character in vindication of the right. Thank Uncle Phelps and Aunt Maria. They have never faltered in their friendship toward me. Thank my Aunts. I trust I may never disgrace them. Thank Mrs. Tyler, Cousin Lizzie and Aunt Elizabeth. Their gifts were timely and acceptable. I trust I have omitted none of those to whom I am indebted. If so I would thank them too, and in conclusion I can only thank God who has given so many friends — friends so faithful, so kindly, and so true.

Affec'y.,
Will Lusk.

Headquarters 2d Brigade,
Port Royal District, Dec. 10th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I am still much busied — still find it difficult to cull even a few moments from multifarious duties, even to write my dear mother. I would like much to have a chance to write you a good long letter, yet must wait until more leisure shall fall to my share. We have the last few days been more than ever busy, owing to our formal occupation of Beaufort, where we are now pleasantly living. All sorts of comforts are at our disposal. The house occupied by the General is one belonging to Rev. (I think) Mr. Smith, an extremely elegant one. The portrait of Bishop Eliot looks down benignantly from over the mantel while I write.

I wish the owners were back in their old homes, notwithstanding they have relinquished all their old home luxuries to us. I do not, I think, possess quite enough of the Vandal spirit, for anything like predative warfare. I have spoken of the extreme pressure of duties, and this you will understand when I tell you I often ride thirty miles, visiting posts, arranging pickets, and in the examination of doubtful points, during the day, besides performing many other duties, such as may fall to my share. I must say night generally finds me weary and after evening work is done, disinclined even to write you.

All things seem to thrive with us so far. What we still need is a sufficiently efficient organization to enable us to strike with rapidity. Here we are, nearly five weeks in possession of this point, and as yet we have hardly been able to get the stores ashore, which we originally brought with us. And all this time too we read in the newspapers

of the great zeal and activity displayed by Captain —— who has charge of these things. By this time we ought, considering the great fear that filled the inhabitants on our first landing, to have been able to follow up our first successes by a series of determined blows, placing the entire State at our disposal. Still we are young at war, and cannot hope to learn all these things at once. We have however done something. Immense quantities of cattle, corn, and provisions have been gathered into the commissary stores, Hilton Head has been securely fortified, and some cotton saved, though much of the latter has been burned by the South Carolinians to prevent its falling into our hands. I think Cousin Louisa's favorite, Sam Lord, is in the Army awaiting us on the mainland. At least I heard such to be the case from a negro driver on one of the plantations, who seemed to know him. The Pringles lived somewhere in this neighborhood too, so I am brought almost face to face with old friends.

Believe me,
Very Affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk.

The Occupation of Beaufort

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 353.

"Scarcely were the works at Hilton Head completed when General Stevens was ordered, early in December, to occupy Beaufort, as an advanced post threatening the mainland, and affording protection to the negroes on the islands." . . . Beaufort "was a place of fine mansions and houses, almost wholly exempt from the poorer class, the seat of wealth and refinement, and often styled the Newport of the South. . . ."

When the appalling news of Dupont's victory reached Beaufort, "the whole white population fled in terror. . . . From all the islands the flight of the planters was equally hasty." There were at least 10,000 negroes left on the different islands, who "flocked into Beaufort on the hegira of the whites, and held high carnival in the deserted mansions, smashing doors, mirrors and furniture, and appropriating all that

took their fancy. . . . After this sack, they remained at home upon the plantations and revelled in unwonted idleness and luxury, feasting upon the corn, cattle, and turkeys of their fugitive masters."

Page 355. "General Stevens . . . reached Beaufort at seven in the morning on December 11,[1] landed, and threw out a strong picket on the main road across the island, known as the shell road. . . . The next morning the remainder of the troops landed, and General Stevens advanced across the island on the shell road to Port Royal Ferry on the Coosaw River, with two regiments and Ransom's guns. The rebel cavalry, falling back without resistance, crossed the ferry. . . . A small, square ferryhouse stood at the end of each causeway, and the one on the further side had been strengthened and converted into a blockhouse, and from it the enemy fired on the Union advance. But the first shell from the 3-inch rifled gun went crashing through the extempore blockhouse, and sent its brave defenders scampering up the long causeway. Two adventurous soldiers then swam the river and brought back a boat in which a party crossed over, demolished the blockhouse, and returned with the ferry scow and paraphernalia.

"A strong picket line was posted along the river, a good force left in support at a cross-road some miles back on the shell road, and the general with the remainder of the party returned to Beaufort.

"Gen. Stevens at once cleared the blacks out of town, and established a camp in the suburbs for the temporary reception of refugees and vagrant negroes. He placed the troops under canvas in the outskirts, and prohibited their entering the town without a permit, and strictly forbade all plundering, or even entering the empty houses. Guards were posted over a fine public library, the pride of the town, which, however, had been thrown about in utter disorder; patrols were kept scouring the streets, and the strictest order and discipline were enforced."

"*War of the Rebellion*," *Series I, Vol. VI., p. 199.*

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF PORT ROYAL,

BEAUFORT, S. C. December *10, 1861.*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHERMAN,

Commanding Expeditionary Corps:

General: Lieutenant Ransom and the section of Hamilton's battery under his command moved at 3 o'clock this morning, and I followed with two members of my staff, Acting Aides-de-Camp Lusk and Taylor, of, respectively, the Highlanders and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, a half hour afterwards. We reached the ferry at daylight. I found, however, on careful examination, that the Confederates had not commenced the erection of any works since our occupation of the island. After

[1] Dec. 9 would conform with the other records.

an examination of the country adjoining the ferry, especially of the old ferry at Seabrook, a mile and a half to the westwood of the present ferry, I determined to take positive possession of both sides of the existing ferry, especially as an effort had been made during my absence at Seabrook, to fire the ferry building on the island side. Lieutenant Ransom, bringing, under my direction, his battery into position at Stuart's place, fired four shots and dispersed the enemy's pickets, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brenholts, commanding the detachment at the ferry, advanced immediately a picket of 12 men to the ferry, and took possession of both banks, with some four boats. These have since been secured. A small blockhouse commanding the ferry on the main was destroyed. . . . I have, with the assistance of my aides and scouting parties, examined nearly all portions of the island to-day. The conduct of the troops is exemplary, and there will be considerable additions made to our stock of quartermaster's stores.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours, most obediently,

Isaac I. Stevens,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, S. C.
Beaufort, S. C. Dec. 20th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

Here it is almost Christmas, but there is no hope of dining with you all at home on that joyful day. Still I will try to make myself cheerful here, as that alone is a comfortable philosophy. Duties are a bit lighter to-day—the result, I suppose, of great exertion for a few days back. I received last night three letters from you and one from Horace. Let me thank you, dear mother, very much for the photograph you sent me. It gives me much gratification, and now occupies a conspicuous place in my room. I shall look impatiently for the photographs likewise of my sisters and the little boys. It would do me much good to see Hunt's good-looking face, if he does feel too logy to favor my whims. You write me for my photograph, as though I was living at the seat of civilization, and the abode of elegance. Well, to be sure, I am;

but then everything is in Southern style, which does not admit of such vulgar things as tradesmen, much less of itinerant shadow catchers. I have grown immensely aristocratic since in South Carolina. There is something in the air that's infectious. A few more weeks here, and I'll be able to stomach even a Bostonian, which — Oh! I had almost forgotten how soon Hall's wedding comes off; the 25th of December, Walter writes me. Do for Heaven's sake give the bride something from me. I enclose $10.00 to make the purchase. There is nothing one can possibly buy down here. Pay-day is not far off again, and I hope to be able to remit something handsome to Uncle Phelps, which may make him cry, "Oh, provident youth!" Until then Walter's baby must go without the coral and bells destined him by his affectionate Uncle William. Tell Horace I took into consideration the request he made with regard to writing a few lines to Saml. Lord, assuring him of the welfare of Miss Mintzing, concluded to do it, have done it, and think the communication will reach him.

We are quite active here at Beaufort, giving the good people on the mainland all sorts of starts. The other night a young Lieutenant crossed to the mainland with a small party, caught six of their pickets, and brought them safely back as prisoners. A captain takes a boat, glides along the shore, gets fired upon, returns the fire, and, it being his first fight, he has the agreeable sensation of seeing the enemy run. The fact is, though the people of respectability are many of them rampant, the poor whites think the war a hard thing, which they do not like to bear. So much we gathered from the prisoners taken the other night. They say that all who do not volunteer are drafted into the army, and the difference made is,

that volunteers receive $25.00 for clothes, and are treated with respect, whereas drafted men get nothing but abuse. Therefore it is not difficult to see how popular volunteering must be in the South.

You will be pleased to hear that my friend William Elliott has gained perhaps the most brilliant reputation for cool courage and daring, of any man in the Army down here. He is a rare hero, and is bound to make his mark.

Give my best love to all, dear mother.

Affec'y.,
WILL.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 356.

"In order to protect the negroes and keep the enemy within his own lines, General Stevens strongly picketed the western or exposed side of Port Royal and Ladies' Islands, guarding all the landing-places, and watching the Coosaw and Broad rivers for twenty-five miles. Knowing the difficulty of maintaining so long and exposed a line of outposts against an enterprising enemy, he threw him on the defensive by the boldness of his advanced line, and by a succession of well-planned and daring raids upon his pickets on the opposite shore. Thus Lieutenant Benjamin F. Porter, of the 8th Michigan, on the night of December 17th captured a picket of six men on Chisholm's Island, and on several occasions small parties were thrown across the Coosaw in boats, the enemy's pickets were driven off, and the buildings from which they fired upon the Union pickets, were destroyed. So successfully was this policy carried out, that the enemy made but one counter-attack during the six months that General Stevens occupied the islands, . . . and that was repulsed without loss on our side."

December 30th, 1861.

My dear Mother:

I hardly know what you all think at home — Hall gets married, and I send no word of congratulation; Walter sends me a beautiful present, and I return no word of thanks; Horace writes me a letter full of kindness, and

it lies still unanswered; your letters come with such regularity, and yet are hardly better treated. You have been waiting, I suppose impatiently, to receive some news, but I have been obliged to be silent, for I have been quite ill with a fever. I am better this morning, so I write to set your mind at ease. I am under the charge now of Dr. McDonald, who is excessively kind and supplies me with every comfort a sick man could desire, such as clean sheets, cheerful faces, currant jelly, easy chairs, etc. I do not feel much like writing I must say, and, after I've told you I am now getting along very comfortably, you will excuse me from making this letter a long one.

With best love,
Very Affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk.

Headquarters 2d Brigade,
Beaufort, S. C. Jan. 9th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

It is with great pleasure I am able to write of my rapid recovery from a somewhat severe illness. I caught the fever prevalent in this country, and lost all those pounds of flesh of which I have boasted, but am thankful to be again restored to health, if not to full strength, and am gaining rapidly. There is little chance of obtaining a leave of absence, for, though delightful as it would be to see you all again, it is not well to look back when the hand is once put to the plough. You will ere this have received an account of our New Year's call over on the mainland of South Carolina. It was very successful, but I was unable to be present, as excessive exhaustion, the result of the fever, kept me con-

fined in bed. The weather down here is charming now, the sun is as warm as summer. I think of you suffering from cold. I would be willing to exchange the warm sun of Beaufort though, for a couple of weeks in the chilly North where there are warm hearts ever ready to welcome me. I am going to enclose to you a copy of a Secession letter which may afford you some amusement.

I have not received either my trunk or sword yet, though they undoubtedly are at Hilton Head, but the express agency is a slow working affair, and I must abide their time patiently. Yesterday was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. In the evening the General had a reception, at which many patriotic speeches were made, and a general feeling of jollity prevailed. There is little news to communicate. Your letters come regularly. I have received Hunt's photograph, which is capital. I hope gradually to get the likenesses of the whole family.

There is at present as far as we can learn, a general feeling of depression among the South Carolina troops, which possibly may eventually develop into a Union sentiment. The feeling the soldiers express is: "We have no negroes to fight for, while the slave-owners have all taken good care to retire to the interior of the State where they can live in safety." The question is beginning to pass among them, "Why should we stay here to be shot, when those who have caused the war have run away?" This is dangerous talk, and, we are told, officers have great difficulty in maintaining the organization of their Regiments. At least these are stories brought by the negroes who are continually escaping to our lines, and the unanimity of their reports seems to lend the appearance of truth to them. The fact is, the frightful effects of the explosions of the 11 inch shell which some of our gun-boats carry,

have produced a great panic among the land forces of South Carolina. Negroes from Charleston report the city in a great fright, the inhabitants making preparation to leave at the sound of the first note of alarm. I hope we may catch old Tyler.[1] It would do me a deal of good to see the traitor sent North to be dealt with properly. There is a strong contrast between the treatment of our prisoners, and that received by the unfortunates who fall into the hands of the "chivalry." The prisoners we have here are certainly as well treated if not better than our own soldiers. As I see them, on passing their place of confinement, with their legs hanging out of the windows, smoking their pipes, lolling about, enjoying fires when it is chilly, I cannot but think of a poor fellow named Bück, a German in my company and a capital fellow, who was captured at Bull Run and taken prisoner to Richmond. Once he ventured to put his head out of his prison window, and in an instant the guard shot him dead. I remembered too an amiable practice of the chivalrous youth of Richmond, who, when drunk, were in the habit of discharging their pieces from below, sending the bullets through the floor of the prison. This piece of pleasantry they termed "tickling the legs of the Yankees!" Well, we are not barbarians, and the other day a poor fellow whom we took prisoner at the battle of the Coosaw, as he lay grievously wounded, but receiving every kindness and attention at our hands, said: "Ah, there's a mistake somewhere. We think you come here to murder, and burn and destroy." It will take time, but we believe by making ourselves dreaded in battle, but using kindness to all who fall into our power, even South Carolina may learn the lesson that there is a mistake somewhere.

[1] John Tyler.

There, I think I have written a long letter. With much love to all, I remain,

Your affec. son,

WILL.

ACTION AT PORT ROYAL FERRY, JAN. 1, 1862

This was the "New Year's call" mentioned in the preceding letter.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 358.

"Impressed with the importance of dislodging the enemy and keeping the river open, Gen. Stevens laid before Gen. Sherman a plan to that end, which the latter promptly approved. It was simply to throw a sufficient force across the river several miles below the ferry, advance up the left bank, beat any force that might be found covering the work, and take it in the rear. Three light-draught gunboats were to coöperate in the movement. . . . Nearly every plantation on these islands was supplied with large flatboats, used chiefly for the transportation of cotton. Ever since his occupation General Stevens had been quietly collecting these scows at Beaufort, with a view to using them in future operations."

Page 360. "At one a.m. New Year's morning the embarkation commenced."

Page 362. "At 1.30 p. m. Gen. Stevens formed his order of march, and moved forward for the fort, marching parallel to the river." The movement ended by a complete victory, and the enemy made a precipitate retreat.

Page 366. "This action was almost the first Union success achieved by the army since the disaster of Bull Run, and the thanks of the government were extended in general orders to Gen. Stevens and his command."

Page 367. "After the action of Port Royal Ferry, General Stevens continued to hold Beaufort and the neighboring islands for five months, without the occurrence of any military event of importance, chiefly occupied in thoroughly drilling and disciplining his troops."

COL. ADDISON FARNSWORTH MADE COLONEL OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

"*The 79th Highlanders, p. 116.*

"On the 17th," (Jan.) "Col. Addison Farnsworth of Albany, N. Y., arrived and assumed command of the regiment . . . a veteran of the Mexican war. . . ."

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p. 426.*

"Col. Farnsworth . . . joined his regiment at Beaufort, but was absent on leave during the James Island campaign, at the close of which he returned to it."

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE S. C.
BEAUFORT, S. C. Jan. 19th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I am so accustomed to commence all documents in an official form, that even in a letter to you I find myself employing the customary heading. I regret very much that this letter will not reach you by the "Atlantic," but it is too late — the steamer sailed a day sooner than at first reported. But I trust Walter has told you I am well, that Uncle Phelps has reported my purchase of a new horse, and that Capt. Wm. Elliott, who has returned home with your address in his pocket, will relieve your mind of all anxiety as regards the effect of my late illness. But tell Walter that all my fretting and fuming on two points was in vain. After writing as I did about the sword, I went to the express office to make a last inquiry. The office was closed, so I despatched my letter. On going to dinner a few hours later, one of the officers spoke up: "By the way, there's a package for you at the express office, about three feet long and four or five inches deep." My sword after a long delay at Fortress Monroe, at last had come. I am charmed at Walter's forethought, and I promise to wear it with double pleasure, for the great love we bear each other.

Then the matter of the 79th officers sent out with commissions from Gov. Morgan, although not having a pretext of a claim for recognition — well, my efforts, somewhat Quixotic, and decidedly mutinous in character, were of no avail. I had set my heart on seeing Wm. Elliott in a position which every man who knows him, acknowledges to be his due. The Lieut.-Colonelcy was vacant, the Colonelcy too; one of these offices the Gen-

eral declared he should have, but the Governor of New-York had to attend to his friends and so William lost his promotion. I was indignant, outraged. I tried to get all the officers to resign, sooner than submit to imposition. Luckily for me, the men I sought to influence were "Canny Scotch" — the promotion of Elliott had no material interest to them. They could say that it was a shame, but losing the liberal pay the U. S. Government allows, was too much of a stretch upon their sense of justice, so I was saved a deal of foolishness which must have ended disastrously. Necessarily in the army a great amount of temporary injustice is done, but in the long run merit will rise. And so I satisfy myself that Wm. Elliott will yet be a Colonel or something more, but he must bide his time. I meant to have written ever so much more, but just hearing the "Baltic" sails directly, I halt abruptly, hoping this may catch her.

Love to all.
Affectionately,
WILL.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 377.

Around Beaufort "this intrepid officer" (Captain Elliott, of the Highlanders), "made trip after trip within the enemy's lines, explored the whole region, and examined every bridge between the Coosawhatchie and the Ashepoo, located the enemy's posts, ascertained their forces, intrenchments, guns, etc., and gleaned much information in regard to the roads, approaches, and country. . . . The service . . . was so well performed that it is doubtful if the Confederate commander himself was much better informed as to the state of things within his lines than was his opponent."

"*The 79th Highlanders*," *p. 493.*

Captain William Elliott became Major of the Highlanders May 12th, 1862; he was severely wounded at Chantilly, Sept. 1st, 1862.

BEAUFORT, S. C. Jan. 26th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Another Sunday has come around, time slips quietly by — still nothing striking has taken place. We are all impatiently awaiting the advent of some steamer, bringing us news from the Burnside Expedition. Is our country really so prolific in great Commanders? Is there a Napoleon for each one of the dozen armies that compose the anaconda fold? Ay, ay, it would be a sad disappointment if the fold should happen to snap somewhere! Things look like action down here, and that not long hence. We have been gathering our troops gradually on the islands about the mouth of the Savannah river. Thither have gone our Connecticut friends, and yesterday three more steamers, loaded, took the remainder of Gen. Wright's Brigade with them. We are left here quite unnoticed on Port Royal Island, in seeming safety, though there are many troops around us. An army, boasting much, awaits us on the mainland, but an army having still a wholesome dread of Yankees. I made them a sort of visit the other night (25th), passing up Hospa Creek in a light canoe, hidden by the darkness and the long grass of the marshes. A negro guide paddled so lightly that, as we glided along, one might have heard the dropping of a pin. It was fine sport and as we passed close by the enemy's pickets we would place our thumbs to our noses, and gracefully wave our fingers toward the unsuspecting souls. This was by no means vulgarly intended, but as we could not speak, we thus symbolically expressed the thoughts that rose in our bosoms. We pushed on until coming to a point where a stream like a mere thread lay before us. Here we paused, for this was a stream we wished to examine. At the mouth of the

stream stood the sentries of the enemy. We could hear their voices talking. We lay under the river grass, watching. Soon a boat pushed across the little stream to the opposite shore. We shoved our canoe far into the marsh, and lay there concealed. Then all was still and we thought it time to return, so back we went, and returned home unnoticed and in safety. Such little excursions give a zest to the dulness of camp. I have not yet been able to give Miss Mintzing's letter to any one who could send it to her friends, yet I hope such an opportunity will speedily come. What is Tom Reynolds now doing?

The paymaster has not visited us this long time, and I have but fifty cents in my pocket. However, when one has nothing to spend, he feels quite as happy down here, as money can buy but few luxuries in camp. We don't starve though. Secession cows give us milk, speculators bring us butter, and the negroes sell us chickens.

Jan. 27th. We find all sorts of communication with home fairly cut off. Gen. Sherman has been long planning some expedition against Fort Pulaski. At length it has started from Hilton Head, and Gen. Sherman, with his characteristic caution has closed all communication, fearful that otherwise, through letter, or in some other manner his plans might be revealed. I trust when the embargo is raised, the same steamer that carries this to you, will bear accounts of some new success from our expedition.

I am sorry Uncle Phelps is disappointed that he did not have the pleasure of reading my name in print. Why, I read the other day (in the *Herald*), how I commanded an enterprise at which I was not even present. So much for newspaper glory! After Bull Run, numbers who never left New-York, had themselves puffed for gallant conduct

by a mercenary press. Pooh! Mother, your reputation outside the circle of those who can see, is not worth the words that picture it. I have to laugh when I think of Brig.-Gen. —— of the Irish Brigade, and the affrighted Captain beating a quick retreat from Bull Run, swearing that the South had fought well and deserved its independence — that it was useless to resist a free people, and the sooner we recognize the South the better. Since then —— —— has become a great hero, by the mighty powers of quackery.

Well, dear Mother, Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

W. T. Lusk.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, S. C.
Beaufort, S. C. Feb. 6th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

. . . I have received the little prayer-book from Nannie Day and thank the dear soul many times for a remembrance that by no means is needless to a soldier. You may tell her that I have several times carried it in my pocket, when circumstances have been such as to prevent my using the larger book which was packed in my trunk. I must not forget now either, Tom's photograph which I display with pride along with those of Hunt, Uncle John, and my own mother. To-day the "Ellwood Walter" arrived at Beaufort where the Connecticut battery is to be landed. I went on board immediately, hoping, notwithstanding his illness, Captain Rockwell might be aboard, but learned he would in all likelihood arrive by the next steamer. The "Atlantic" is looked for now hourly, and I trust he may be aboard. I was not a little disappointed to learn from the officers of the battery, that not a man

of them all, except the Captain, had ever fired a gun (cannon) in his life, for I had boasted much of the Connecticut battery which was to be sent to Port Royal. Any time the good Governor of Connecticut, or the sons of the worthy state, see fit to honor me, I am open to anything like promotion. So goes the world. I have only held as a secure and settled thing, my position as Captain about three weeks, when I talk of something better. I will confess to you now, that though, since deserted by Lieut. (now Captain) Sam Elliott,[1] I have held command of a company of Highlanders, and though I had been led to suppose for a time (on my first being transferred to the Staff) I held it as Captain, under which supposition I wrote you, stating the same, my real title to the rank of Captain has only dated since the short time I have mentioned. But having made the mistake once, there was nothing left for me to do but to try to get a Captaincy as soon as possible, and now that I have received the congratulations of the Regiment and Brigade, I think I may mention the matter candidly. Dear old Walter, I shall be glad to hear from him. I have lately written Hall, and trust he will forget my neglect in times past. There is going to be a "Nigger shout" to-night, which a number of the officers are going to attend. As I have no definite idea of the character of the performance except that it is a relic of native African barbarism, I shall attempt no description. Give my best love to all my dear friends at home. I do not forget their kind words, or wishes, though I do not often mention them.

Your Affec. Son,
W. T. Lusk.

[1] Lieutenant Samuel R. Elliott resigned from the 79th Highlanders Sept., 1861. He subsequently served as Surgeon in other regiments, up to the close of the war.

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE, S. C.
BEAUFORT, S. C. Feb. 16th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Pleasant land of South Carolina! Roses blooming in the gardens, mocking birds whistling sweet notes in the forests, trees green and beautiful as dense foliage can make them — quite different from the cold winter you are spending—but Ugh, how the wind does blow here to-night though! It makes little difference to us here in the house, for the bright wood-fire blazes cheerfully, and around it is gathered by no means a dejected party smoking cigars, and good-naturedly cursing the slowness of the campaign. Out of door, the pickets perhaps, blowing their fingers, may be using deeper expressions, and may be having different motives for wishing the war to wag along a little faster. Would that our little General with his big shaggy head, were in command! I think he would set them dancing over on the mainland to the merry old tune of Malbrook, but Sherman is slow and cautious, and the biggest figure he allows us to execute is a sort of *dos-a-dos* performance at best.

So our little General, with nothing better to do, contents himself with having the best managed Brigade in the Command, lectures us young men occasionally on Strategy, and at times, in sheer despair, reads novels with the same energy and vigor with which he conducts his operation on the battlefield. He is, indeed, a prodigious little man, and it would rejoice many a one, were he to receive a larger, and more splendid field of action — such a one as his talents demand.

Dear, dear! I am impatient to hear from home, but our transport vessels are needed elsewhere, and we have no idea when we are to receive another mail.

Brigadier-General Isaac I. Stevens

I see Captain ———— quite often. He is like Sherman, very slow. I try to give him some hints about flying around more, and I trust experience will teach him the necessary lesson.

By-the-by, who is George Martin, now Quartermaster of the 79th Regiment, who talks about "Uncle Lusk" and "Uncle Olmstead" and "Uncle Thompson" and "Henry G.," etc? He heard me say I was from Connecticut — "What, you don't belong to the Enfield Lusks?" I explained my relationship. . . . Wishing to ascertain the relationship existing between us, I found he was born somewhere in Suffield, and that his using the title of "Uncle" was merely intended to show that he was accustomed to mingle familiarly in the Aristocratic Circles of Enfield. Indeed we kept up quite a running talk about Enfield. While talking rapidly upon the topics suggesting themselves, on finding our "relationship," we were somewhat interrupted by a loud haw-haw from a bed in the corner of the room. Then a voice, deep and gruff, cried: "Haw-haw! Oh Lord, haw-haw! One would think there were no people in the world except those that come from Connecticut, haw-haw!" This proceeded from a drunken Captain, who was so amused at his own wit, that he continued to laugh, and roll, and shake his fat sides until the room was in a roar, and as I left, way down the street you could hear the same "haw-haw" from the jolly drunken Captain.

Love to all.

Affec'y.,

Will.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 367.

While at Beaufort, General Stevens's "attention, moreover, was largely taken up with other matters, not military. . . . He caused the public library . . . with several fine private libraries added to it, to be put in order, restored to the shelves and catalogued, and thrown open for the use of the troops. . . . He intended that the library, thus preserved, should be cared for and kept in the town where it belonged, and restored to the inhabitants when they resumed their allegiance and returned to their homes. But one day the treasury agent, Colonel William H. Reynolds, presented himself, and demanded the books as captured rebel property, to be sold for the benefit of the government, a demand which General Stevens indignantly and peremptorily rejected." General Stevens protested to General Sherman, but the latter "was unwilling to take such a responsibility and there was no alternative but to give up the books."

Page 368. General Stevens heartily approved taking measures to induce the negroes to plant crops, but he seriously doubted the propriety of teaching them the elementary branches, "pointing out that to educate the blacks and raise hopes of freedom in their breast would make their condition doubly hard in case, on the suppression of the rebellion, they had to return to their masters."

Page 375. "At this time" (March, 1862) "General Stevens wrote Professor Bache a memoir to be laid before the President, giving his views of the military policy and operations to be undertaken. Dr. Lusk, who, as his aide, copied the letter from the rough draft, declares that he urged the very movements that were afterward adopted, and was greatly impressed with the ability and prophetic foresight of the memoir.[1] Unfortunately, no copy of it has been found."

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE S. C.
BEAUFORT, S. C. March 2d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

In the short letter I wrote you last week, I mentioned that I would not encourage your visiting Beaufort, and will now state my reasons more at length. In the first place, we have here some four thousand men on the island, of whom the best are long separated from the refining influence of home, and, in consequence, the two or three ladies who are visiting here are subject to a deal of coarse remark, to which I would not be willing that any woman should be subjected, where it lay in my power to prevent.

[1] Dr. Lusk often in conversation reiterated this statement.

Again, it would be quite impossible to provide you with such accommodations as would enable you to spend a few days without more suffering than you could well bear. It is all well for Quartermasters, who are not liable to be removed from this Post at a moment's notice, to provide themselves with bedding and comforts from the North, suitable for lady friends, but this cannot be the case with those of us who are liable to an order to move at any moment, and to whom only a certain number of lbs. of baggage is allowed. We are not, moreover, so absolutely secure from the probability of an attack, that it is with perfect safety a lady may venture here. Should an attack take place, there would be a double duty to perform, the one to place my mother in security, and at the same time to assist in providing for the safety of the Brigade. I fear it would be hard to combine the two. However, I will say this, a hotel is soon to be opened here. If it has the effect to draw many lady visitors to Beaufort, I would not then say nay to your coming, but I imagine it will become more the resort of topers than of fine ladies. Well, dear mother, let us trust that there will soon be some way opened to us by which we may meet happily.

I tell you what I think would be a capital idea though — that is for Hunt or Walter, or both, to make me a flying visit one of these days. I think that would really be capital.

I was round to dine with Alfred Rockwell to-day. He is certainly a real good fellow, and if I have not given him the credit for rapidity of action, he certainly is doing what he attempts exceedingly well. His whole soul is absorbed in his battery, and he makes a better officer every day. I wrote Horace a few days ago, and trust he may receive my letter. We are getting, in indirect ways,

glorious news from the North concerning the capture of Fort Donelson, and are now impatiently awaiting the arrival of a steamer with particulars. We can hardly credit a report now current, regarding a convention to be called by the Governor of Tennessee to repeal the Secession Ordinance in that State. Our latest dates are Feb. 16th, and here it is the 2d of March.

There was quite a funny affair happened last night among the pickets. Fresh meat has long been scarce in the Command, and we are forced to await the arrival of a steamer from the North before we can indulge in such a luxury. This morning, among the "Reports" sent in to these Headquarters from the "Advanced Posts," was one containing the following remarkable account: That about 1 o'clock last night, the pickets guarding a causeway were startled by the steady tramp of advancing footsteps. On looking in the direction whence the sound came, they saw — Oh wonderful! a cow marching steadily toward them, a secessionist grasping her by the tail, and five men following in single file, protected from harm by the flanks of this redoubtable cow. Our pickets, instead of running, fired upon the foe. The cow fell groaning to the earth, and the secessionists fled and were seen no more. I hardly need add, that those pickets had fresh meat for breakfast, and though the laws against killing cattle are very stringent, in such a case nothing could be said. Capt. Elliott has not yet arrived, so I am not yet in receipt of the wine Uncle Phelps has been kind enough to send me. Still I thank him very much for his kind remembrance.

It is getting late, so many kisses, mother, and good-night.

I am very affec'y., W. T. Lusk.

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE, S. C.
BEAUFORT, S. C. March 10th, 1862.

My dearest Mother:

The "Atlantic" brought Wm. Elliott who had much to tell me of you all, and I gladly learned of your happiness and good health. The letters with the latest news and Lilly's *carte-de-visite*, likewise came to hand. I must thank Lilly a thousand times for having undergone the ordeal of being photographed for my sake. Only let Molly go and do likewise. As for the little boys, I fear their moustaches will grow before their mother will consider them lovely enough for the occasion. Pshaw! As though a photograph could represent a red nose or a cold in the head!

Well, I thank Uncle Phelps most heartily for the wine he sent me, which has been much commended by judges of the article. Aunt Maria's crackers were a welcome addition to our mess for which I am this month acting as caterer.

I received a long, long letter from Sam Elliott, for which I am most grateful. Tell him, if I do not answer as speedily as it deserves, he will nevertheless always remember how much I prize his friendship. I am very glad you did not accompany "the excellent females" whom the "Atlantic" brought hither for the purpose of regenerating the negro race. They have been having a most royal time of it I assure you. Some of the ladies are from Boston, and do not wish to associate with ladies from New-York. Indeed, some of the Boston ladies have been creditably informed that the New-York delegation is composed of nothing better than milliners. The New-York ladies say that they have volunteered

their services while the philanthropic Boston women are receiving $20.00 a month — in fact are paid wages for their charity. And so the battle rages high. In fact the most of the combatants are heartily sick of it. They supposed they were coming here to occupy the superb mansions of the wealthiest of Southern Planters — such mansions as you read of in Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's picture of Southern life. They have come, however, and found an old-fashioned town with crumbling old-fashioned houses, all run to waste in piazza — very picturesque to look at to my eyes — "but then they are so different," the ladies say, "to what we are accustomed about Boston." With the men of the Association there has been no little fun. They are strictly non-combatants, and have indeed a sort of superior feeling to those who are brutally employed in bearing arms. For this they have been punished by being made the recipients of the most marvellous "canards" imaginable. They are kept in a continual state of alarm by reports of a speedy attack from overwhelming forces. They are comforted by the coolest assurances that the enemy would in no case regard them as prisoners of war, but would hang them without compunction to the nearest tree.

But I have told scandal enough. We were reviewed a week ago by Gen. Sherman. Our brigade made a fine appearance, and I am glad to particularize our Conn. Battery which really reflected very creditably on its captain. I met a young fellow a few days ago, named ————————, who says he knew you and Lilly when you were at the Wauregan Hotel. I believe he had a class in Sunday-school then, though somewhat anxious to play the fast boy now. Well, it seems we are making rapid progress in the war, and who knows but that I may be

home by next 4th of July, instructing Mary's boys in firing off crackers and other noisy nuisances incident to the occasion.

Good-bye, my dear, darling Mother. Love to you and all of my friends, to sisters and the little children. You must report progress too about Walter's boy.

By-the-by, you addressed me some time ago in a most mysterious manner. Reading over the letter lately, I have concluded to answer with equal mystery—"Precisely!"

Your affectionate son,

W. T. Lusk,

Aide-de-Camp.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 369.

"But the generals were only wasting time in discussing the negro problem, for by the next steamer, early in March, there descended on the Department of the South, like the locusts on Egypt, a swarm of treasury agents and humanitarians, male and female, all zealously bent on educating and elevating the 'freedmen,' as they immediately dubbed the blacks. The irreverent young officers styled these good people the 'Gideonites,' and were disposed to make all manner of fun of them; but among the number were persons of the highest respectability and purest motives, and they undoubtedly accomplished some good. They met with a cold and ungracious reception from Gen. Sherman, who declared that their coming was uncalled for and entirely premature, and incontinently packed them off to Beaufort to the care of General Stevens. . . . The latter treated them with the utmost courtesy. . . . He took a real interest in their mission, talked and advised with the chiefs, and exerted a decided and salutary influence in modifying some of their crude and extravagant ideas."

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE, S. C.

BEAUFORT, S. C. March 24th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

The steamer arrived last night, bringing a long letter from you, one from Horace and one from Walter, affording of course much pleasure, but the tone of all occasion-

ing much surprise. Indeed, in the midst of all our victories and astonishing successes, it is to me inexplicable why McClellan should be attacked with such a savage spirit! I had no idea that the spirit of malevolence could carry men so far, but I am confident that McClellan will stand justified on the pages of history for preferring to ensure victory where reverses would have been well nigh fatal. The plan of the present grand campaign may not entirely have originated with McClellan, but undoubtedly he had the total arrangement of it. It seems to me to be as wise and perfect a one as was possible, considering the magnificence of its proportions. Of course, people will cry: "Why was not all that has been done, done long ago?" But I honor him the more that he had the moral courage to wait. It is well enough to talk about the immense army at his disposal, but if the army is a mere mob without cohesive power, a Napoleon might lead them, and see them fly from earthworks that would excite a soldier's derision. I believe now we have an army of soldiers, and believe we will win victories at every turn. I do not forget though the lesson of Bull Run, and more than that, it is not many months ago I can remember that our army, despite every effort of its commanders, was a poor, cowed, spiritless thing — a good army to get killed in, but a poor one to look for the crown of laurel. I say McClellan has done a glorious thing, and shame on his detractors! A few short weeks ago when Elliott was off recruiting, he met with few recruits, but many a coward tongue eloquently detailing our reverses. And now I suppose they would rob those who have borne the burden and heat of day, of the poor praise which they had hoped for when the fruit of their labors had ripened, and the reapers were ready to gather a har-

vest of glory. I have heard many say that they do not pretend to have any military knowledge, but they do pretend to be governed by a little common sense, and common sense teaches them so-and-so. Now, dear mother, be sure, when you hear men talk thus, that common sense means simply pure ignorance. It was this common sense, *alias* ignorance, that forced the battle of Bull Run. It was a little military knowledge that has made the opening of the year 1862 a glorious one for our Union Army. Enough! I have had my say — have expressed my disgust — and may now change the subject.

My dearest Mother, it will be a sweet thing for us all to see peace once more restored, and I do not doubt that no one prays more earnestly for it than yourself. I cannot but feel that a Higher Power has guided us of late to victory and do not fear for the result, yet bloody battles must be fought in which we must all partake, before the olive-branch is possible. I hardly think that the impatient ones at home, who are clamorous as to the inactivity and want of efficiency of our army, will have in the end any reason to complain that blood enough has not been shed to compensate them for the millions they have expended on it.

Many think that before July the war will be ended. How pleasant a time it will be when I can honorably return home. There is no sweeter anticipation than the joy I know my return would bring to your heart. I have been called away to attend to some business. Very much love to my dear sisters and the little ones.

Affec'y.,

Will.

I wrote the above shortly after reading my letters. Since then I have been diligently reading the papers, and perhaps must modify my opinions somewhat, but as the mail leaves in a few moments, you must take the first outburst, or none. You offer me a flag; send it, dear mother, by all means. It shall be carried when we advance.

Lovingly,

Will.

Headquarters 2d Brigade, S. C.
Beaufort, S. C. March 31st, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I hear the "Atlantic," which has just arrived, will return at once, so I do not feel willing to lie down without writing a few lines, though it is full bedtime now. Gen. Hunter was here this afternoon. I saw too little of him, however, to form any judgment with regard to him, as his visit was brief. Poor Sherman must betake himself to the Mississippi, and forego for the future the sweets of unrestrained authority. Sherman has doubtless done a good work down here, though he has gained no glorious victories. This, however, was not expected by Government which never once thought of supplying him with the force requisite to active operation. To be sure his force comprises nearly 20,000 men, but it must be remembered this is not a great force when the line extends from Dan to Beersheba. I am no special admirer of Sherman, but still do not think it worth while to join in abusing him as bitterly as most do, for not attempting what did not lie in his power. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I hardly think it probable Gen. Hunter will do much

better than his predecessor unless properly reinforced. Few Generals, I find, have that taste for fruitless slaughter common to civilians, and most shrink from sacrificing life where nothing definite can be gained. My friends frequently write, asking me if I am not disgusted at the utter inactivity of the Command, and at times I have written strongly, still I could not but know that we were so from necessity. We were sent here by Government simply to defend a Harbor where our blockading squadron could ride in safety. This object has been accomplished, and not only this, but the whole remaining coast as far as the Gulf of Mexico is occupied by our troops. More than this has been done, but I pause, for there will be much to tell when the war is over, which one may not mention now. I do not wish you to understand that Savannah and Charleston might not have been ours had our leader been a greater man than is generally vouchsafed to armies, but we must give him credit for accomplishing reasonable possibilities. Stevens, I think, would have accomplished impossibilities, but *quien sabe.*

We have all been much amused in reading the papers brought by the last mail, at the editorials of Bennett on "Our Only Son." It is necessary to see "Our Only Son" to appreciate the feeling remarks of the tender parent.

Do not suppose that, because I felt some little amusement at the early experience of the "Brethren" down here, I am in any wise inclined to join in the vulgar abuse so common with the multitude. I sincerely trust, indeed, their efforts may be attended with success, and certainly know some extremely pleasant people among them. I do not like Mr. —— though, and am inclined to doubt the sincerity of a few.

Had I been up North I should have tried to have got Gen. Tyler to make me his Adjutant-General, being able, I believe, to give satisfactory testimonials of capacity for the detail office-work of a Brigade, but I am too far away to heat my own irons, and, indeed, I suppose it is much better to wait down here, until something has been done by our Command. Write me if Frank Bend is to occupy the position I have mentioned. He could fill it well.

I have got quite well acquainted with two of General Tyler's old Aides now on Gen. Sherman's Staff and both fine fellows. I give the names, O'Rourke and Merrill, as Mrs. T. may have been acquainted with them.

Well, my dear mother, I write a deal that I would not like to have repeated.

My clothes, though quite lately new (December), are beginning to grow rusty. I think it would be a good plan to have a new suit made for me. I shall need it before it reaches me. I am greatly in need of shirts (3 will do me). You know I left home with a small valise. My wardrobe has since been diminished by Bull Run, by washerwomen, by thieves, and by natural wear and tear, so that I have become almost as much an object of charity as the contrabands. I have been under the hallucination ever since leaving home, that a good time would come when I would be able to return again, and fit myself out properly for a campaign. Not having seen the time yet, it was lucky that the box you sent me supplied me with the means of sustaining myself to say the least.

Now, my dear mother, fearing that you may exaggerate my needs, I will confess candidly that all I want are 3 or 4 shirts and a few pairs of stockings. Handkerchiefs and towels I have in abundance. I would like everything as plain as possible, for anything that has a tinge of red,

or yellow or blue, it is impossible to prevent the negroes from appropriating to their own uses.

Before two months are over, the time for military operation down here will have passed, so we have every reason to suppose that the time has come when our Command will commence a victorious career. When the summer heats shall prevent any further movement, I trust, dear mother, I may be allowed to spend a few days with you. That would be so delightful. Good-bye, kiss all around, sisters, little ones and all. Love to Aunt Maria and Uncle Phelps. Tell the latter I will send him a check by the earliest opportunity.

Yours affec'y.,
WILL.

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE, S. C.
BEAUFORT, S. C. April 3d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

The steamer has not yet gone, so I seat myself once more to write you a few lines. With regard to getting myself a new suit of clothes I have changed my mind for the present, having been fortunate enough to obtain a light flannel suit for every day wear, from one of the officers just returning from the North. This will be fully sufficient with my old suit, until I shall have an opportunity to return home — a thing not to be anticipated for the present — when I wish to appear as fine as possible. Mrs. Gen. Stevens returns by the "Atlantic," it having been thought best by our new Commander to send home all officers' wives. The order has not yet been issued, but Mrs. Stevens wishes to leave in time to anticipate it. On arriving at New-York, she will stop at the St. Nicholas Hotel for two or three davs. If you can manage to see

her, you will be much pleased with her, as she is extremely lady-like and agreeable.

I told Alfred Rockwell of your congratulations, at which he seemed much pleased. Love to all.

Affec'y.,
Will.

Beaufort, S. C. April 10th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I was glad to get your photograph, as it does not look, as did the other one you sent me, as though you were the last inhabitant without a friend left in the world. This one is a thousand times more agreeable, though I have to make allowances for those very extraordinary expressions which play about your mouth, when photographically tortured.

The bombardment of Pulaski has begun to-day. Full accounts, I hope, of the "fall" will be taken North by the steamer bearing this. We can hear the guns booming in the distance, but our Brigade, with the exception of the 8th Michigan Regiment, is condemned to remain at Beaufort. So I shall see nothing, but hope soon to hear the fort is ours, and, indeed, so secretly, yet so securely have preparations been made, that we can hardly fail of success. It is dangerous though to make predictions, so often have I read similar sentences in "Secesh" letters written just previous to a defeat.

The atmosphere is most delightful to-day. I wish you could breathe such balmy, though invigorating air. It is hard to realize that it soon will change to an atmosphere deleterious in character.

It is strange to think how ordinary dangers lose all terror in these war-times. I have been almost constantly

LIEUT W T LUSK LIEUT. A COTTRELL MAJOR G. S KEMBLE

CAPT. B.F. PORTER CAPT HAZARD STEVENS GENERAL STEVENS LIEUT. B.R. LYONS

GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS AND HIS STAFF

exposed to smallpox, yet never have so much as thought of the matter further than to assure myself that the vaccination was all right. It is wonderful too how perfect a safeguard vaccination is. Although smallpox has been so prevalent, it has been wholly confined to the negroes and young children, and a few backwoodsmen, to whom modern safeguards were not accessible, or who had neglected the common precaution. I think there has not been a case among our vaccinated soldiers. It is quite a relief to feel that this is so.

I am glad to hear of all my friends wheeling so enthusiastically into the service of their country. As far as I can ascertain, the position of an Allotment Commissioner is one that requires an earnest determination to do something, to tempt any one to accept it, and yet it is really a philanthropic act to perform its purposes.

I wish Charley Johnson would come down here. I would give him the best reception I know how, and this is a pleasant season to visit Beaufort. You ask for my photograph dear mother, and I meant long since to have gratified you, having had myself taken alone, in company with the Staff, and on horseback with the Staff—in a variety of positions, you see, to suit everyone. But I know not how it is that I have never been able to get a copy since they were first struck off, although we have had promises enough that they will soon be ready. I intended to surprise you, but despairing of success, I write the matter that you may not think I have not tried to gratify your wishes.

I am suffering great torments from the sand-flies which abound. These are the peskiest little creatures you ever saw, completely forbidding sleep on a warm night, and defying such flimsy obstruction as mosquito bars.

I wrote Sam Elliott a few days ago. Wm. Elliott has returned looking well, and disgusted with leaves of absence. He is really about the most efficient man in the Brigade. His education has given him great habits of self-reliance, which are invaluable in his profession. Give my love to Mrs. Walter Phelps, and tell her I expect she will send me a photograph of that precious baby of hers. Capital idea photographs are!

Love to all my dear friends.

Affec'y.,

Will.

(To Horace Barnard)

Beaufort, S. C. April 12th, 1862.

I hardly know how, writing from peaceful Beaufort, I can find themes so exciting as to gratify the tastes of the public, used to tales of victories purchased at bloody rates; yet the importance of the work now quietly being wrought at Beaufort must not be underrated.

Here too, as well as on the splendid fields of the West, the spirit of John Brown is marching on. Toward the close of last autumn our troops entered Beaufort, then deserted by its inhabitants, and looking sad and desolate. Now the winter has passed away and the spring is far advanced. Nature has put on her most lovable hues. The dense dark foliage of the pine and the magnolia harmoniously mingle with the bright new leaves of the forest. The streets of the city are once more busy with life. Vessels float in the harbor. Plantations are being cultivated. Wharves are being built. Business is prosperous. And the *quondam* proud resort of the proudest of Aristocrats is being inundated with Yankees acquainted with low details regarding Dollars and Cents. There

are all sorts of Yankee ventures in town, from the man with the patent armor recommended by McClellan, which no one buys, to the enterprising individual who manufactures pies in the old Connecticut style, and who has laid the foundation of an immense fortune. Even the "one only man of Beaufort," catching the spirit of trade, displays a few dingy wares in a shop-window. "But why," the impatient public asks, "is our Army so far away from Savannah?" "Strategy, my dear public," I answer. Can anything be more beautiful than the strategy of our Leaders, which strips war of its terrors and makes it so eminently safe? Tell me, if Mars chooses to beat his sword into a ploughshare, and devote himself to the cultivation of sea-island cotton, and invites live Yankees to assist him therein, ought not the satire of the thing to please the restless spirit of John Brown and excite it to renewed efforts in its great performance of marching on? Now there is no doubt that our Army ought long ago to have been in possession of both Charleston and Savannah. Common sense teaches us that much, although we know nothing whatever of military affairs forsooth, and still less of the peculiar circumstances which happen to govern the action of our Generals. Well, when we see matters in this condition, common sense teaches us that the proper remedy is to decapitate incompetency, and to put the "right man in the right place." The proper time for doing this is when, after long and earnest labor, a Commander is seen to be ready to strike a blow. Then is the moment to clamor loudly for his dismissal, and insist that another be put in his place, and when this one shall reap the harvest his predecessor sowed, we will all nod our heads approvingly at such evidence of our own ineffable wisdom. This is decidedly the most pleasant

mode of proceeding for a public unacquainted with military matters but governed by common sense, and it is so satisfactory to all parties concerned, excepting perhaps the poor devil that gets decapitated. This, however, is a digression, intended possibly as a sort of "hæc fabula docet" derived from the recent capture of Pulaski. . So, to return —

Oh, darn it all, my dear Horace, I'll send the subscription price of the *Evening Post* without further delay. Here I've been floundering around, using up whole reams of paper trying to work up a newspaper style, but I have only succeeded in getting together a vast amount of material to kindle fires with. I thought I was doing beautifully when I commenced this, but, becoming disgusted with myself, I have concluded to give you the benefit of the production and spare the public. Thanks many times for your long, kind letter. You don't know how enjoyable it was. It has got to be late at night and soldiers must rise early you know. I have just been reading over this epistle and see that I have been making a feeble effort to be funny. Prithee forgive me. I didn't mean to. Give my love to Cousin Lou, Miss Hattie, Anima Mia, Miss Alice (if it be proper), and friends upon Murray Hill.

Very affec'y.,
Will Lusk.

Beaufort, S. C. April 15th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Not wishing you to be exposed to disappointment, I must write a few brief lines by the mail that I have just learned will leave here in a short time. I have hardly anything to write beside the delight at the news received

by latest advices. The fall of No. 10, the battle at Corinth, and the surrender of Pulaski are a rare combination of good things to come at one time. I can give you no particulars regarding the bombardment at Pulaski, as it was expected to continue several days, and the General consequently postponed visiting the scene of action until it was too late. The newspapers, however, will be full of the matter, I suppose, and will be loud in their praises of General Hunter, though he had really nothing whatever to do with it. The whole affair was prepared under the Sherman *régime*, and to it belongs the credit. The one immediately deserving of credit is General Gilmore who has had the direct superintendence of the matter.

We are hoping for reinforcements soon from the North, feeling, as we do, unwilling to enter into summer without having contributed something to the glory and success of our cause. But we are half relinquishing the hope that the Government considers our little post in other light than a good field for emancipation experiments. I am sorry to say I do not feel great sympathy in the efforts made at present in that line — not that I do not feel the necessity of the question's being settled, or do not feel the same interest that others do in the question itself. I am delighted to think that the time has come when slavery has lost its power, and something is to be done for the regeneration of the negro, but believe the question to be one of such delicacy, and requiring in its solution such rare wisdom, that I can not but be filled with extreme disgust at the character of the agents employed. I do believe that there is hardly one of them who would have the slightest chance of success in anything but professional philanthropy. A more narrow-minded pack of

fools I rarely ever met. Instead of showing the necessary qualities for the position, they seem to care for nothing but their miserable selves. There is undoubtedly some good leaven in the mass, but, could you see them, the men especially, I do not think they would command your sympathies much. I suppose such preliminary experiments have to be made though, before any systematic plan can be adopted for the general amelioration of the mass. I do wish though there were more unselfish ones among them, and a few more acquainted with worldly matters. The ladies are by far the best part, for they mostly came down under excitement, or determined to do good. Here's a pretty dish of scandal, truly, but I get exasperated sometimes.

I am much obliged to Hattie for her kind offer to make the flag for me. Any such evidence of kindly feeling is appreciated, I assure you, down here.

A steamer lies embedded in the sand a short distance from the shore. I think it has some mail matter aboard, so I watch it impatiently.

Good-bye, dear Mother, love to all and believe me,

Affectionately,
Your son,
WILL.

"*Rebellion Record*," *Vol. IV, p.* 441 *of Documents.*

Gen. Sherman's reconnoissance on the Corinth (Miss.) road occurred April 8th.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, pp.* 378 *and* 379.

"With the thorough knowledge of the enemy's defences he had so carefully gained," (through scouts — Captain William Elliott and Captain Ralph Ely) General Stevens conceived the plan of destroying the railway between Charleston and Savannah, and then with Sherman's

coöperation, "to strike for Charleston by the inner waterways . . . thus completely turning the heavy harbor and sea defences which protected the city against a front attack. . . . General Sherman decided to adopt and carry it" (Stevens's plan) "out as soon as the fall of Pulaski should free his whole force for the operation. Commodore Dupont also heartily entered into the plan."

Page 380. "Fort Pulaski fell April 11th. With due allowance for preparation and delays, the railroad should have been destroyed and our army in possession of Church Flats" (14 miles from Charleston) "by May 1st."

Page 383. "But this promising movement was nipped in the bud by the untimely and unexpected arrival of Major-General David Hunter to supersede Sherman. Brigadier-General H. W. Benham accompanied Hunter as a kind of second in command. In fact, both officers were *enfants terribles*, whom the administration exiled to South Carolina to get rid of. Hunter had just been relieved from commanding in Missouri, for an act of insubordination in issuing an emancipation proclamation in defiance of orders; and Benham, fresh from skirmishes in West Virginia, was in Washington, claiming everything in the way of credit, and loudly importuning the government for high command, when they were ordered to South Carolina."

"Sherman turned over the command of the department, and sailed North April 8th. Three days later Pulaski fell after a day and a half's bombardment, and Benham made haste to claim the credit of the achievement due to Sherman and Gilmore."

A clipping from a Norwich newspaper of April 24th, 1862, entitled "From Hilton Head" and giving news of the Connecticut troops under Major-General Hunter, includes the following:

"Capt. Wm. T. Lusk, of the Seventy-ninth N. Y., (late of this city), now on Gen. Stevens's staff, is located at Beaufort. There is no one who surpasses him in reputation for gallantry, and soldierly qualities."

Beaufort, S. C. May 2d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

May has opened charmingly in Beaufort. The air is warm but not oppressive. We are luxuriating in green peas, strawberries, blackberries, all the early vegetables, and the fig trees, loaded with fruit, will soon supply us with an abundance of green figs. Fish are supplied by the rivers in great plenty. Indeed we are well supplied

with all sorts of good things, so we have little of which we can complain, except inaction. It is now fifteen days since a mail has reached us from the North. Telegraphic news in the columns of the *Charleston Mercury* dated the 26th, speaks of the city being in great alarm from the advancing army and fleet of Genl. Butler. A sailing vessel occasionally brings us a newspaper from the North. Otherwise we would be quite separated from the rest of mankind, and would be compelled to consider the North as having regularly seceded from us.

I have received the beautiful flag you sent me. I gave it to the boys of the Company, who were delighted. The other companies are quite envious. Thanks, dear Mother, a thousand times, for the expression of your love.

I think after all I must have that new suit of clothes I wrote for before. Notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, my old suit will persist in growing daily rustier, and more unseemly in the seams. So if you will please have the suit ordered, I shall find good use for it full as soon as it shall be ready for me.

Tell Mr. Johnson I had a right pleasant time with his friend Bronson, and add too that Sloat's men produced such an effect on the 79th Regiment, that it is *impossible* to persuade them that the whole affair of allotment is anything more than a Jew swindle. I am looking forward with great delight to the next steamer arrival, anticipating a heavy mail after so long neglect. There is so little of interest to write. I believe I wrote you there was quite a charming lady, a Mrs. Caverly, stopping at the General's. Her husband is dying with consumption and has come here to try the effect of the climate. You can imagine that a pretty and lively lady makes quite a difference in the house.

You do not know how inexpressibly indignant I feel at the attacks made on McClellan. They are certainly most scandalous, and calculated to ensure his defeat were he in any wise what his enemies represent him. It is the height of folly to suppose that men are going to sacrifice their lives, unless they have good reason to suppose that they are to be brought at the right moment to the right spot to play their part in gaining a victory. You have only to convince them that incompetent men are putting them in positions to occasion a defeat, and they will run before a shot is fired. It would seem that the enemies of McClellan are doing their utmost to produce that sort of spirit of distrust in our troops, so as to lead to new disasters. I am sick and tired of these howling politicians who would be willing to see everything we consider holy destroyed, provided they could only under the new *régime* get the Governmental patronage of the devil.

Affec'y. your son,

Will.

Flourishes supposed to indicate genius.

Headquarters 2d Brigade.

My dear Mother:

The "Atlantic" has just arrived bringing me two letters from which I judge all is going on well at home. I had heard from Mr. Johnson that Lilly would soon be married, but I did not give the matter much thought, willing to wait until I should hear the story from the best of all sources of information — herself. I must say I cordially approve of the measure. Prudence is without doubt most commendable, and Mr. Matthus is certainly theoretically right, still, luckily for the happiness of young couples,

I believe that it is generally conceded that it is in the shop of Care and Responsibility that the best kind of prudence gets fabricated. I go in for the wedding at any rate. Shall make myself merry on the occasion if allowed to attend, and have some romantic notions that trouble is not so hard to bear when there are two to share the burden. Anyway let Lilly write me, and give me her mature reflections on the subject.

I was very much gratified to think you took the little parcel of money I sent home last. It makes me feel quite proud to think I could be of any help in such a way. I do hope Dr. Grant will get sent to Congress. He would be such an honor to my native State, and would know how to keep his political garments clean, even in a cesspool such as our National Capitol.

Of course we are all hurrahing for the evacuation of Yorktown. It so happens that the rebels have no place its equal in strength in the whole confederacy. Yet that wretched puling sheet, the ——, while professing pleasure, is covertly pursuing McClellan as usual, declaring that the work had been greatly exaggerated, and that we might have had Yorktown a month ago. My dear Mother, I have had the pleasure of seeing and knowing the pack of vagabonds that follow our armies in the employ of newspapers for the purpose of criticising our movements, and I know that truth, fairness and principle in description go only so far as the politics of their respective sheets allow. It would make you indignant could you see the characters who take upon themselves the censorship of our military movement. Such a thing as any reasonable acquaintance with what they prate about, is unnecessary and probably would interfere too much with the style of their criticism.

You may see Wm. Ely, who is now North. He is one of our Conn. boys who does his state great credit.

We had a concert here a few evenings ago, so I will enclose the programme.

Good-bye. Much love to all.

Your affec. Son,

Will.

Beaufort, S. C. May 18th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I am going to write you a short letter to-night, as there are some rumors of business on hand this week, which may not leave me much time for correspondence. If it should turn out a false alarm, I will try and write again shortly. Time is slipping by rapidly, as my clothes testify especially, and unless I soon receive a reinforcement to my stock, I shall look like a "Secesh" after a twelve-month blockade. My present suit, after standing by me nobly for several months, seemed all of a sudden to give out all over, as you know clothes will do at times. Fact is, I supposed I should have been home for a few days long before now, but a favorable moment does not seem to turn up ready made to suit my case exactly. If you have a chance, please send me a cravat, as my own, under the influence of the weather, after passing through a thousand varieties of color, has finally settled into such rueful hues, that I have concluded to beg for another. Any lady that will make me a present of a new cravat, shall receive in exchange the old one as a specimen of what things come to after having been through the wars. A box of tooth-powder would likewise be acceptable as my teeth are getting quite shabby. Never mind, I will come home and get tinkered up one of

these days, a thing I am mightily in need of. I wonder whether opening the Port of Beaufort will bring hitherward a large installment of the commerce of the world; if so, never mind about the tooth-powder.

We have all been pleasantly excited by the cunning escape of the negroes from Charleston with the Steamer "Planter." The pilot, Robert, is the hero of the hour, and is really a most remarkable specimen of the dusky sons of Africa (*alias* nigger), never using a word of less than three syllables when an opportunity offers.

We all were in the habit of abusing Genl. Sherman in old times, but with customary fickleness, wish him back again now. This last batch of General officers with the "Great Superseder" (Hunter) at the head, is poor trash at best, so that there are few who would not rejoice to have "Uncle Tim" (Sherman) back again, notwithstanding his dyspepsia and peripatetic propensities. This is *entre nous*, and quite unofficial, for as my superior officer, I must recognize in the "Great Superseder" a miracle of wisdom, forecast and discretion. Oh my, what an ill-natured letter! Never mind, behind it all there is lots of love in it for those whose eyes it is likely to meet, and kisses too for my mother, sisters, nephews and others where they would be at once desirable and proper.

The "Connecticut" has arrived, but the mail has not been distributed yet.

Yours affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 374.

The following is taken from a letter written by Gen. Stevens to his wife, dated May 18th.

"Above is a view of the steamer Planter, a despatch boat of Gen. Ripley in Charleston Harbor, which was run off by the pilot Robert

and the black crew last week. It is a very remarkable affair, and makes quite a hero of Robert. She was tied up at the wharf close to Ripley's office. Yet he slipped out of the harbor unobserved, and gave the steamer up to our blockading fleet. The Planter lay at Beaufort from Thursday morning to this morning. She was run off on Tuesday, May 13th."

BEAUFORT, S. C. May 28th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

After 12 o'clock at night, and the certainty of a fatiguing day to-morrow, to be followed still by days in which sleep will be but stingily indulged in — so I must write briefly. At length a prospect is before us of active service. The long dreamed of time has arrived, and the word "Onward to Charleston" has been spoken. Unless a steamer arrives to-morrow from the North, which shall utterly change all plans, on Friday we will make our start. The same steamer that takes you this will likewise make known to you my fate. I trust I may write you from Charleston. The plan of attack is Benham's. Hunter only suffers it. Capt. Elliott is off to-night to destroy the railroad communication between Charleston and Savannah. He is our principal dependence when anything desperate is to be wisely done.

Multitudes of farewell kisses for yourself, sisters, the little boys, and others claiming love, and the kindest remembrances to Hunt, Tom, Walter, Horace, Sam and others.

Good-bye, dear Mother.

Affec'y.,

WILL.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 387.

"Benham was greedy to signalize himself. His dense egotism and self-sufficiency rendered him almost incapable of listening to any suggestions, or even information, that did not originate with himself. The

movement planned by Gen. Stevens with so much care was rejected off-hand by Benham."

Benham conceived a plan of sending a force upon Charleston by way of James Island.

Page 388. "The plan was entirely practicable, but marred from the start by Benham's unfortunate talent for blundering. . . . General Stevens pointed out to him that he was not allowing time enough for Wright to make the movement required of him, and reach James Island simultaneously with the other division. . . . Benham took this friendly advice in dudgeon. The orders were not changed, and Wright was just one week behind the appointed time, as predicted.

"As soon as he was informed of the intended movement, General Stevens earnestly urged Benham to inaugurate it by sending him to break up the railroad, as he had so long and so well planned, or, if not with the heavy force and thoroughness approved by General Sherman, at least to permit him to throw his own brigade upon it. . . . Finally he" (Benham) "would only consent that a demonstration might be made by the single regiment that was to be left to garrison Beaufort, the 50th Pennsylvania, stipulating, moreover, that it was to be back the same day it started on the raid. Accordingly the 50th, under Colonel Christ, supported by a company of the Highlanders . . . and a section of Rockwell's battery, advanced on May 29 to Pocotaligo, had a brisk skirmish with the enemy, driving him from his position, with a loss of two killed, six wounded, and two captured, and returned. The Union loss was two killed and nine wounded. How different this mere demonstration from the bold and crushing onslaught planned by General Stevens!"

HEADQUARTERS 2d BRIGADE,
NOR. DIST. DEPT. OF THE SOUTH,
JAMES ISLAND, June 4th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I must write a few lines to inform you of my continued welfare, although we are now actually in the field. We have had much skirmishing the past few days and some small losses. I got in a bog yesterday, lost my horse, and had a hot time of it escaping. I will give you the particulars, when I have time to be minute. I cannot say how soon the engagement will become general. We have a young prisoner with us named Henry Walker, who was a Lieutenant in Sam Lord's Company. He reports Capt.

Lord on the island. Alfred Tyler is also here. Tell Cousin Louisa, Lord is still by no means rabid in his secession sentiments. He talks still of some Northern cousin of his, older than himself, and with children now almost old enough for him to marry, but who was an old sweetheart of his, and for her sake he has a kindly feeling toward all the people of the North. He does not think he cares to hang all Yankees, but credits them with virtues not generally admitted by devotees of secession. Lord has lost a cousin lately — a Mrs. Walker, I think — only a short time married. I do not doubt that all this will interest Cousin Louisa and Horace.

This letter is short, but I trust satisfactory, as I have good health and spirits to communicate. I have received Lilly's letter, and will send no messages to her until I can answer it at length. May she be very happy though, should the chances and perils of war forbid our meeting again. Good-bye, many times good-bye.

Love to all the dear friends who have always been so kind to me.

Next I shall hope to write from Charleston.

Very affec'y.,

WILL.

LANDING ON JAMES ISLAND

"Life of General Isaac I. Stevens," Vol. II, p. 390.

The troops were landed on James Island, June 3d. "They were put on shore in small boats, which were insufficient in number, and made the landing slow and laborious. As soon as a few companies were ashore, Gen. Stevens advanced with them, drove back the enemy who were in considerable force, after a sharp action captured three guns which they were moving back to their inner line, and established his permanent picket line two and a half miles from the river, running diagonally across the island from Big Folly Creek to the Stono near Grimball's."

HEADQUARTERS 2d DIVISION,
JAMES ISLAND, June 10th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I saw a few moments ago a mail-bag walking off — hailed it, and learned that it was going home, and persuaded it to wait a few seconds until I could inform you that I was still safe in limb and life, though we have brisk times in our new position. Genl. Stevens you will notice now has charge of a division. It is a temporary arrangement arising out of the necessities of the case, but I hope it may result in his confirmation as Major-General. I cannot yet say if we are surely to reach Charleston, but hope so. The fact is, I believe Gen. Rosecrans was not far wrong when he charged Genl. Benham with cowardice, drunkenness, and lying. He was Court Martialed and acquitted, and sent down here to take charge of our little army. Right or wrong all despise him. No one trusts him. If we take Charleston it will not be his fault. This is rather bitter, but it is a shame to put such men in command.

Please send Horace $9.00 as my subscription for the *Post*. I agreed to write an occasional letter for that journal, but have never done so. I shall feel better when it is paid.

When this matter of taking Charleston shall be either brilliantly consummated, thanks to Wright and Stevens, or shall have fizzled out through the folly of Hunter and Benham, if still safe in life and limb, I trust I shall see you once more, but *Quien Sabe*. We have fighting every day now and new victims swell the list of the battlefield.

Give my best love, my darling mother, to my sisters and all my dear friends.

Your affec. and sleepy son,

WILL.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 393.

"In a letter to his wife, dated June 11th, General Stevens gives expression to his disgust at the incompetents set over him:

"'I am not in very good spirits to-night, for the reason that I have two commanders, Hunter and Benham, who are imbecile, vacillating, and utterly unfit to command. Why it has been my fortune to be placed in positions where I was of little account, and to be subjected to such extreme mortification and annoyance, is beyond my imagining. . . . No proper use is intended to be made of me, and as everybody is in the humor to speak highly of my abilities, I shall be held in part responsible for the follies of others. Benham is an ass — a dreadful man, of no earthly use except as a nuisance and obstruction.'"

A few days later he writes:

"We are now attempting an enterprise for which our force is entirely inadequate. The want of a proper commander is fearful."

[Battle of Secessionville on James Island]
(To John Adams)

Headquarters 2d Division,
James Island, June 17th, 1862.

My dear Uncle:

I write to impose a solemn duty upon you, which involves the lives of thousands of brave men.

Brig.-Gen. Benham is a native of the State of Conn., and I understand it is to his native state he owes his present position. There is only one way for the State to atone for so fatal a blunder — only one way to wipe out the obloquy the State deserves at putting such a man in power — and that is to give its weight to his immediate removal. Let there be no mercy shown to one who shows no mercy. He must be crushed at once, or we are all lost, and even as it is, God only knows whether his folly may not involve us in destruction before any action can be taken. I will not enumerate half the examples of imbecility he has shown, or the wickedness of which

he has been guilty. The last act is too real. His folly has culminated in one damning enterprise which must make him eternally infamous.

You will learn from the steamer conveying this, of the shocking battle of the 16th. There will be a struggle to suppress the truth, to call fair names, and to shift the responsibility, but the blood of the murdered men cries out for vengeance. This is no rhetoric. It is solemn truth. The ill-fated enterprise to this island has been characterized by the grossest mismanagement, and the men — poor dumb creatures — have had to suffer privation, exposure, and death, where no excuse can be pleaded in extenuation.

On the night of the 15th, Genl. Benham assembled his officers in council. Generals Wright, Stevens and Williams were present. He unfolded to them his plan of taking the Enemy's Battery by storm. It was in vain that the other officers entered their earnest protest against a needless work of slaughter. It was useless to suggest that his object could be effected in other ways. His decree was absolute that the work must be stormed in front — and for what? Because visions of another Donelson or Newberne had smothered in his breast every sentiment of mercy. A success would be but little gain to the country, but the *éclat* might make Benham a Major-General. Men might die to win a needless victory, could only his foolish vanity be gratified.

His orders were obeyed, and the next morning's work attests their folly. But even then all might not have been lost, had not his conduct in the field been marked by weakness, vacillation, and imbecility.

When the action was over, Genl. Benham tried to say that it was only a reconnoissance. If this be so, then

let us have a General in command, who can reconnoitre without the sacrifice of an eighth of the force engaged. 700 killed, wounded, and missing! Let the dead who died nobly have a voice, I say. Let the wounded lying on their beds of pain, plead their sufferings. Let those who lie in the prison houses of the enemy cry all shame, shame to a General who makes such a reconnoissance! We are growing weary of patriotism. We, who would have liked to have died to show our love to our country, begin to sicken at the thought our country loves us so little, as to leave our fate to the control of a man, already branded . . . It is as true as Holy Writ, that our bravest men will never fight again with Benham in command.

Don't be deceived by printed reports of what took place on the 16th. It was a terribly disastrous affair, and remember the author of it.

I wish the public safety would allow me to publish to all what I write you. I do not fear the consequences if it be shown boldly to Benham himself. But I beg of you to do what you can in this matter. Press it with Governor Buckingham. Get Dr. Grant to help you. Let the influential men help you, and for God's sake act *quick*, or the army here is sacrificed, and we will begin to investigate too late.

I remain,

Affec'y. but sadly, Your nephew,

W. T. Lusk,
Capt. & A. D. C.

[Battle of Secessionville on James Island]

James Island, June 17th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Yesterday was for us a hard, cruel, memorable day, memorable for its folly and wickedness, memorable for the wanton sacrifice of human life to gratify the silly vanity of a man already characterized . . . You have heard already from rebel sources, I doubt not, of yesterday's disaster. I can only say that the plan of the attack was ordered by Gen. Benham in direct defiance of his subordinate Generals' opinion. Gen. Wright, Gen. Stevens and Gen. Williams pronounced on the evening of the 15th, the project of storming the battery attacked, as conceived in utter folly. They entered their earnest protest against the whole affair. But Benham was excited by stories of Donelson and Newberne, and would not yield. Had the fort been taken, it would have done us no good, except that we could have spiked the three guns it contained, but had it been taken, the *éclat*, perhaps, would have made Benham a Major-General, and for this contemptible motive between six and seven hundred men strewed the field, dead and dying. I do not know how I escaped unhurt — it must have been your prayers, mother — but this I know, that sixteen boys of my company were killed or wounded, fighting nobly, fighting like heroes on the parapet of the work, but fighting vainly to give a little reputation to . . . Mother, when I see their pale fingers stiffened, their poor speechless wounds bleeding, do you wonder at the indignation that refuses to be smothered — that my blood should flow feverishly to think that the country which our sol-

diers love so well, loves them so little as to leave them to the mercies of a man of . . . I can give you no particulars of the affair now — you will read of it in the papers. I must busy myself to-day to assist in getting the requisite information for Gen. Stevens's report.

I do not know whether I can return in July. It hardly looks as though I should be able to leave before Charleston is taken.

A thousand kisses for my dear sisters. May Lilly's life be very happy. Ever so much love for the children. Bless them.

Tell Walter that when galloping across the field yesterday I saw a sword and scabbard lying in my path. I looked instinctively at my side, and found, when or how I cannot say, my sword-belt had been torn or cut, and the sword was gone, but you can understand the pleasure I experienced at discovering the sword in my path was Walter's gift, which I strangely recovered.

Good-bye. I have much to do to-day. Capt. Rockwell's Battery did excellent service yesterday.

Lovingly and thankfully,

Your son,

WILL.

BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE ON JAMES ISLAND, JUNE 16th, 1862.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II*, *p.* 399.

"Benham . . . had received positive orders from Hunter not to fight a battle . . . General Hunter returned to Hilton Head for a short visit. In his absence, in an evil hour, General Benham took it into his head that he might take the Secessionville fort."

Page 412. "The confederate loss all told was 204. The Union loss aggregated 685, of which Stevens's column suffered 529; Williams's Brigade, 152; Wright's Division, 4. . . . The Highlanders lost 110 out

of 484, notwithstanding which they withdrew in good order, and brought off 60 of their wounded, some of their dead, and their two prisoners."

Page 414. "The chief reason for the failure was the deadly fire from the woods and cover behind the fort."

Page 415. "For his wrong-headed and disobedient conduct Benham was placed under arrest by General Hunter and sent North."

"Rebellion Record," Vol. V, p. 211 of Documents.

General Stevens's Report.

"The strictest orders were given to maintain the most perfect silence, for each regiment to follow the preceding regiment within supporting distance, and to rely exclusively upon the bayonet in encountering the enemy, resorting to firing only in case of manifest necessity.

"At the first break of day, or about 4 o'clock, it being a dark and cloudy morning, the entire command was in motion. . . . My Aide-de-Camp, Captain William T. Lusk, guided the 28th Massachusetts. The command pushed forward, surprised and captured the pickets at the house occupied by them, entered the fields beyond, and as they came within the effective range of grape and musketry, pushed forward into line of battle. . . . The Highlanders, led by Morrison, seeing the hot fire to which the Eighth Michigan was exposed, pushed forward at the double-quick . . . gained the parapet . . . and shot down the enemy whilst serving their guns. . . . The front on which the attack was made was narrow, not over 200 yards in extent, stretching from the marsh on the one side to the marsh on the other. It was at the saddle of the peninsula, the ground narrowing very suddenly at this point from our advance. . . . The whole space at the saddle was occupied by the enemy's work, impracticable abatis on either hand, with carefully prepared *trous de loup*, and in front a ditch seven feet deep, with a parapet of hard-packed earth, having a relief of some nine feet above the general surface of the ground. On the fort were mounted six guns, covering the field of our approach. The whole interior of the work was swept by fire from the rifle-pits and defences in the rear. . . . It will thus be seen that the whole front was scarcely enough to deploy a single regiment. . . . It was during a period of less than one-half hour — from five to half past five o'clock — that the greater portion of the casualties occurred. . . . The remainder of the regiments were gallantly lead . . . that of the Highlanders by their gallant Lieut.-Col. Morrison, who, wounded in the head on the parapet, seemed only the more eager to lead on to the assault. . . . Not a fugitive did I observe passing from the battlefield. . . . My troops were then withdrawn in good order. . . .

"To my own staff I am under the greatest obligations. . . . My assistant Adj.-Gen., Capt. Hazard Stevens, was in all parts of the field carrying my orders and bringing me information, to the great exposure of his life, as was Aide, Capt. William T. Lusk. . . . Capt. A. P.

Rockwell, of the Connecticut battery, deserves particular mention for his gallant bearing and skilful handling of his guns on that field. I desire, in this official report, to place on record my objections to these early morning attacks. They are justifiable, in my humble judgment, only under extraordinary circumstances. The troops get necessarily but little rest the night before, and they go to the work fatigued and excited. . . . I must confess that the coolness and mobility of all the troops engaged on the 16th surprised me. And I cannot but believe, had proper use been made of the artillery, guns from the navy, and our own batteries, fixed and field; had the position been gradually approached and carefully examined, and the attack made much later in the day, when our batteries had had their full effect, all which, you will recollect, were strongly urged by me upon Gen. Benham, the evening of the conference, the result might have been very different."

The following is taken from a description of the Battle of James Island in a *New York paper:*

"Troops never fought with more steadiness and determined bravery than our men did yesterday. Their pluck and obedience to orders are worthy of the highest commendation. Captain Lusk, Aide-de-Camp to General Stevens, led and placed in position the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts at the edge of the abatis, and had a horse shot under him."

Editorial in "Norwich Bulletin" of June 30, 1862.

" It is cheering to know that under the terrible fire of the rebel battery our own Conn. 7th, under the gallant Col. Hawley, stood bravely up to their work, and never faltered or wavered, while our Conn. Light Battery under Capt. Rockwell performed all the work assigned to them with the greatest skill and bravery. The Conn. 7th, Michigan 8th, and New York 79th were in advance, and did the heaviest of the fighting and suffered the heaviest losses. Conn. has no reason to be ashamed or blush for the conduct of her sons before Charleston."

"Norwich Bulletin," July 1st, 1862.

" Capt. Wm. T. Lusk, formerly of this city, a grandson of the late Richard Adams, Esq., was, in the late battle on James Island, acting Aide-de-camp to Gen. Stevens. He is mentioned in the reports for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field. Letters from Hilton Head received since the battle, speak in the most glowing terms of his bravery and disregard of danger. One letter says 'He seemed omnipresent.' He was Lieut. in the N. Y. 79th until promoted to a position on Gen. Stevens's staff, and was with that Regiment at the Battle of Bull Run where he distinguished himself also by bravery and coolness, and received honorable mention from his superior officers."

HEADQUARTERS 1st DIVISION,
BATTERY ISLAND, June 25th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I have received your kind letters with their urgent requests from both you and Lilly to be present at the great affair which is to take place in July. How I would like to be there, you can well divine, yet the fates never seem to favor my leaving my post. With all quiet in Beaufort I had my hopes, with all in turmoil here my chances seem but small, and yet there are some who have not been half the time in the service I have, who have visited their homes once, twice, and are now going home again. That is a sort of luck some people have, a sort of luck which does not favor me. Yet there will be a time I suppose when it will be pleasant to remember I was never absent from duty, though I cannot see that strictness in such respects is held in any special honor now. You must tell Lilly I will think of her with all a brother's feeling of love, when the day comes. I will see that I am properly represented at the table which bears her marriage gifts. I will dream of the orange flowers that bind the brow of the bride and will wish them — the bride and groom— God speed. I will wish them a brave career, and will rejoice that they do not fear to face the future together. I have no patience with that excessive prudence which would barter the blessings of youth and happiness and love, for some silly hope of wealth, and the happiness wealth can give to hearts seared with selfishness and avarice. If misfortunes come, will they be heavier when borne together? And are men less likely to prosper when they have something more than themselves for which to toil? And when one man and one woman are

brave enough to show they have no fear, but are willing to trust, "Bravo!" say I, "and God grant them all that they deserve."

My coat and pants have come. All very well, only the coat is about six inches bigger round the waist than I am. There are tailors around the camp though who can remedy so excellent though rather ungraceful a fault.

I have had a letter from Hall lately, who seems quite happy. On this island, dear Mother, there are secret, hidden, insidious foes which undermine one's happiness. We are truly in the midst of enemies which give no quarter, whose ruthless tastes blood alone can satisfy. Now I am not alluding to the human "Seceshers" — they are only mortal — but the insect kingdom. What a taste they have for Union blood! Mosquito bars are useless. They form breaches, and pierce every obstruction imagination can invent, when they once scent Union blood. Flies march over one in heavy Battalions — whole pounds of them at a time. Mosquitoes go skirmishing about and strike at every exposed position. Sandflies make the blood flow copiously. Fleas form in Squadrons which go careering over one's body leaving all havoc behind. Ticks get into one's hair. Ants creep into one's stockings. Grasshoppers jump over one's face. You turn and brush your face. You writhe in agony. You quit a couch peopled with living horrors. You cry for mercy! — In vain. These critters are "Secesh." They give no quarter. You rush wildly about. You look for the last ditch. Until utterly exhausted you sink into unrefreshing sleep. Then begins a wild scene of pillage. Millions of thirsty beings, longing for blood, drink out one's life gluttonously. Enough! Why harass you with these dismal stories?

Benham has been sent home under arrest. The last thing he did on leaving Hilton Head was to lie. He doubtless has not discontinued the practice since.

My love to Mary and Lilly, the little boys (how I would like to see them), and all my dear friends. I have been several times with a flag of truce to the enemy, concerning our prisoners in their hands. In all these interviews I heard of Sam Lord. I wished to see him very much, but permission was not granted. I was allowed, however, to write him concerning Miss Alice Mintzing's welfare. The Colonel of his Battalion — Lamar — was badly wounded in our late engagement. Genl. Stevens has mentioned me handsomely in his official report of the fight, but he has done the same to all his staff.

Very affec'y. your Son,

WILL.

"*War of the Rebellion*," *Series* 1, *Vol. XIV*, *p.* 358.

HDQRS. U. S. FORCES NORTH. DIST. DEPT. SOUTH,
JAMES ISLAND, S. C., June 20, 1862.

General Isaac I. Stevens,

Commanding Second Division, James Island, S. C.

GENERAL: I have received yours of this date, stating that no arrangement has been made with the Confederate officers regarding cessation of operations on account of flags of truce, and that you had sent Captain Lusk for instructions as to further proceedings.

I have seen Captain Lusk, and from what I learn from him and from the letter of General W. D. Smith, which Captain Lusk delivered to me, I do not see that any further action is necessary, unless it may be in regard to exchange of prisoners. I do not know what instructions you may have had from General Benham on this point, but you are no doubt aware that exchanges are prohibited by War Department order except under instructions from the Secretary of War.

Please send me copies of any instructions in this matter you may have received from General Benham, or if they were verbal, then of your letters on the subject.

I send you copy of a letter from General Hunter to General Benham, directing the latter to turn over the command to me and return to Hilton Head.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. G. Wright,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Headquarters,
U. S. Forces en Route to F. Monroe,
July 12th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

When I wrote you a few hurried, peevish lines, by the last steamer, I then had little thought we were so soon to be summoned to a different sphere of action, and that, had my longing to see you at home been really gratified, I would have returned only to be mortified by being absent from duty at a time when every man should be standing steadily at his post. So you see my lucky star is always dominant. Just when I thought my fate intolerable, I was merely being providentially detained that nothing might prevent me from the fulfilment of my duty. Ten Regiments from the Department of the South, six under Stevens and four under Wright, are ordered to Fortress Monroe, we know not yet whether to reinforce Pope or McClellan. Few of us regret to leave this unholy soil and wretchedly mismanaged department, where we have been sure only of mismanagement and disgrace. I am sorry Rockwell could not go with us. He would have liked to have done so, but a demand was made for infantry alone.

It is a good thing for me that I have escaped from the Southern climate, having been long enough exposed to feel as though every fibre of my body was involved in a malarious atmosphere. A change of climate and a per-

sistent employment of quinine, the Doctor says, are all I need, though were times less stirring, he would probably prescribe in addition a few days at home. I shall probably lose the letters you will write relative to Lilly's wedding, but you must not forget to let me know all about it in whatever new sphere I may be placed. I suppose you had better address the first letter to the care of General Stevens near Fortress Monroe, and so soon as may be, I will let you know a more definite address.

I enclose the $25.00 for Lilly's bridal gift. I could not enclose it in my last, as it was then some time since I had seen the paymaster. I hope I may have an opportunity to see you all this summer, but it looks dubious. Next to Lilly's wedding, I was very anxious to be present at my class meeting, which takes place the end of this month. Hall will be there and many old friends. It will seem strange enough to get among civilized people once more, and there will be so many changes too. Walter, an aged *paterfamilias*. Lilly and Hall, both old domestic bodies. Hunt in a new house. Horace alone will be left unchanged.

Are any of my friends desirous of making a profitable speculation? A sure and magnificent fortune may be realized from the sale of ginger-pop at Hilton Head. Blind Dennis is doing a flourishing business in the lemonade line, and will certainly before long be putting up a superb house on Washington Street, in Burdick's best style. The ginger-pop trade, I predict, will be one of the most remunerative branches of business ever opened at Port Royal. It even bids fair to prove as handsome a thing as negro-philanthropy, which in shrewd hands has proved a most capital paying business, and then the sale of ginger-pop is eminently more respectable. At

any rate it is a pet idea of mine, and I would like to see the experiment tried.

Well, good-bye. I hope to hear good news on arriving at Fortress Monroe. Love to all.

14th. Still on shipboard but near Fortress Monroe.

Lilly's wedding day. Miles of friends — little children's voices — church bells — sweet thoughts. I shall feast to-day for all that though, on hard tack and salt horse with a quinine pill by way of dessert. So goes the world.

Good-bye, my dear Mother. Blessings on you all.

Lovingly,
WILL.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 421.

"On Benham's arrest General Wright succeeded to the command as next in rank, and field-works to protect the camps were commenced, and considerable work done upon them, when General Hunter wisely decided to withdraw from James Island."

Page 423. General Stevens and his command "reached Fortress Monroe on the 16th" (July), "debarked at Newport News, and went into camp. . . . General Burnside had just arrived here with 8,000 troops from North Carolina, and the ninth corps was organized from the two commands, . . . General Burnside commanding the corps."

"The transfer to Virginia was the very movement that General Stevens recommended to the President in a letter dated July 8th, in which he wrote: '. . . The crisis of the war is in Virginia. There throw your troops. There signally defeat and destroy the enemy. You strike Charleston and Savannah by striking Richmond. . . .'"

Page 422. Stevens wrote to his wife July 14th: "McClellan has unquestionably met with a very serious check. . . . The army should never have been divided, and the route should not have been by Fortress Monroe. . . . I am afraid the Confederates will by a rapid countermarch fall upon Pope with overwhelming force. I think, so far as I can gather the facts, that Pope should be largely reinforced, and that he should wage the campaign. It has also occurred to me that the wisest plan would be to withdraw McClellan from his present position, send him to the Potomac, unite him with Pope, and commence anew."

Page 424. "The very movements he mentioned as best in his letter to his wife, were precisely the ones adopted immediately afterwards, viz: the withdrawal of McClellan and reinforcement of Pope."

HEADQUARTERS STEVENS'S DIV.
BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
July 20th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I rode over yesterday to Fortress Monroe in my old clothes. Maj. Elliott, now Act'g. Inspector-General of our Division, and others, were of the party. On reaching the Fortress we found a man who for the sum of fifty cents, gives you half a dollar's worth of likeness — a "Cheap John" style of man — and him we concluded to patronize. I send you the result. If it has defects, I have no doubt there is fifty cents worth of truth in it. The moustache and imperial in the picture I consider an improvement of the original, the most considerate of mirrors being unable to conceal the fact that these articles of beauty are in reality a bright plinthic red. Next week the "Cheap John" style of man says he will have an apparatus for taking *carte-de-visite*. If so, I will put on my best clothes, get taken, and forward myself to you in a more presentable manner.

I have received a couple of letters from you, one of the 5th, the other of the 9th, both of which took first a trip to Port Royal. I hope my telegraphic despatch may prevent any more from traveling so far in vain.

I am much obliged to my friends for their kind thoughts and words regarding me. I'll tell you what, I think I ought to have a place in the Field of one of the new Conn. Regiments, not that I feel myself peculiarly competent for such a position, but because I think I'll do better than those they are likely to select. I have been the longest in the service of any of my friends. I have been oftener in battle and been subject to more vicissitudes, yet they

CAPTAIN LUSK IN HIS "OLD CLOTHES"
TAKEN BY THE "'CHEAP JOHN' STYLE OF MAN"

all outrank me. Matteson and Doster are Majors. Ely commands a Regiment. Harland commands a Brigade. Charles Dodge has a Regiment. Rockwell commands a battery, and so on all through the list. Somehow or other I've not been so accustomed to bringing up at the tail end as to fancy it now. I am delighted, to be sure, at the success of friends. I feel no envy, but would like to be a little more upon an equality with them. To be sure, by crawling along slowly, I have risen from the Junior Lieut. of my Regiment to rank as the 2d Captain — that is to say, from the 30th position in the line to the 2d. Still I would like a Major's position in one of the new Regiments. However, where I now am, I have responsibility enough, I suppose.

Benham being disposed of, my letter to Uncle John has proved uncalled for, but I was very indignant at the time of writing it. . . . You may have read something of his letter relative to Gen. Stevens. It is unnecessary to characterize the whole as a malicious falsehood. I will only mention one thing. Benham quotes a letter from Stevens to prove that he (Stevens) approved the reconnoissance Benham projected. I happen to know personally the note quoted was written by Stevens with regard to a reconnoissance proposed by Stevens himself. This plan of a reconnoissance was agreed to by the Generals in Council in opposition to the plan proposed by Benham. Benham at first consented to this, but finally ordered the attack of the 16th to be made as he had originally proposed. The letter then of Gen. Stevens written regarding the Stevens plan of reconnoissance, is used by Benham to show that the Benham plan met with Stevens' approbation.

Benham had an unaccountable aversion to Rockwell.

When Rockwell was sick, and stopping on board the steamer with the amiable General, Benham growled so much about it, that Gen. Stevens was obliged to advise (privately) Capt. Rockwell to return to his company, though he was still pale, weak and unable to do duty. After the battle of the 16th, Benham wrote his report complimenting Capt. Hamilton of the Regular Artillery, omitting all mention of Rockwell, though Alfred's Battery had been the most exposed, and had done nobly. This made Gen. Stevens very angry, so he informed Benham that he must alter his report, that his Command should have justice, that Rockwell had acquitted himself as well as Hamilton, and that he should have the credit he was entitled to. (Somewhat mixed way of expression, but comprehensible I believe). Gen. Stevens being an unpleasant man to deal with when angry, Benham got frightened and altered his report.

Since commencing this letter I have received one from you regarding dear Lilly's wedding. I could not be there, but you all know how I feel. You speak of $100.00 having been spent on Lilly's wardrobe by you in my behalf. I only mention it to have it fully understood that that money must never be returned to me.

Tell Mrs. Tyler, information I afterward received at James Island, renders the presence of Alfred there, to say the least, very doubtful.

I am tired, so I will close. Love to all.

Affec'y. your son,

W. T. Lusk.

HEADQUARTERS STEVENS' DIV.
July 25th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Your letter has just reached me. I have only to say that it has long been my earnest desire to serve with the troops of my native state where there are so many who feel an interest in me. I have many times sought an opportunity to change to the troops from Old Connecticut, but the mutiny in the Highland Regiment, then being sent to S. Carolina, and other things have prevented. Should I be selected for the position of Major in one of the new Regiments, I think I can bring the necessary testimonials to my fitness. As a staff officer I have been too long employed in teaching field officers their duty, to feel many scruples about accepting the position, if offered me. I will see Gen. Stevens, and ask his advice. The mail is about closing now, so good-bye.

Lovingly,
WILL.

HEADQUARTERS STEVENS' DIV.
BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION,
July 28th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I have received no further news from you since your last short communication hurriedly informing me of an improvement in my prospects. I only hope your intimation may be true. I asked Genl. Stevens' advice. He told me "unequivocally to accept." I trust the appointment may soon be made, as I must have some little change before I return to life in unhealthy swamps. My experience in South Carolina has not specially fitted me to

resist climatic influences here. It will be of incalculable advantage to me if I can get North three or four weeks this summer. I received a letter from Walter yesterday. He seems to feel the present critical condition of our country very much. Ned Harland is a near neighbor of mine now. Once I have met Charley Breed. I saw Henry King at Fortress Monroe a few days ago. We met and parted as though we were in the habit of seeing one another every day. Halleck was here day before yesterday. I was greatly disappointed in his appearance. Small and farmer-like, he gives a rude shock to one's preconceived notions of a great soldier. He is a striking contrast to Genl. Burnside who is rather a Chevalier Bayard in appearance and accomplishments. One has opportunities on the staff of seeing a great deal that is interesting, still staff officers are simply satellites of the General — if anything else, they are no use.

I see good accounts of recruiting in Connecticut. I trust this is so, for we must have those troops drilled and ready for the field as early as possible. It is not pleasant to think of dragging through another winter in quarters. These troops in Burnside's corps are really splendid, deserving indeed the name of soldiers. The Army looks very different now from what it did last fall, previous to our expedition down South.

I have really nothing to write, except that I am impatient to see you all, and that I remain as ever, with love to sisters and dear ones at home,

Affectionately,

Will.

HEADQUARTERS STEVENS' DIV.
9th ARMY CORPS, NEWPORT NEWS,
Aug. 2d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

As General Burnside's Corps is being transferred to other scenes, and as our turn to go on shipboard will come to-morrow, I take this opportunity to inform you of our intended change of Camp. I cannot tell you where I am going. I hope and think we are to join Pope. So soon as we shall have arrived at our destination, I will let you know. I fear a letter or two may be lost, but hope not.

The Governor of Connecticut made a most excellent appointment in Wm. Ely to the Colonelcy of the 18th R. C. V. Cool, decided, brave, enterprising and experienced, he will fill that position with honor to himself and to his native State. —— —— will find he has made a great mistake if he has entered this new Regiment with a view to playing a high-handed insubordinate part. There are ways of bringing fractious officers and soldiers to a sense of duty now, that were quite unknown at the time of the three months' service. The news in the papers of yesterday relative to drafting if the contingents are not filled by Aug. 15th, if true, must occasion quite a panic in the North. I am glad of it. This bounty business is simply disgusting. If there is so much spare money to be thrown away, it is better that it should be given to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, than to those who enter at the eleventh hour. It speaks badly for the patriotism of the North, if the bribes must be increased now to induce men to serve their country in the hour of its extremest peril. I say it is a poor sys-

tem, and believe in the draft — the rich to serve with their wealth, the poor with their muscle, and the patriotic of both classes the best way that lies in their power. By-the-way, I enclose for your album a capital likeness of Col. Farnsworth, of the 79th Regt.

Aug. 3d, early in the morning. I trust by the time this reaches you, you may ascertain through the papers our destination. I am quite in the fog, but cling to the fancy that it must be to join Pope. I am much obliged to my friends who are urging my appointment in the new Regiment. Of course for the present I can only hold my tongue. You cannot long to see me more than I do you. I certainly would give six months' pay for one month's rest. It is a good deal wearing to be kept steadily at the wheel which seems never to stop turning. However, I shall hope for a few days to recruit myself, if appointed to the 18th. It is really remarkable though, how my health continues. I am beginning to have strong faith in my vitality. If there be no other chance, why, I shall have to wait until next winter. I think had I received a short leave of absence this summer my usefulness would have been much increased. I could not have it, though many have been home ten months out of the twelve. Of course I shall feel the prouder for it in the end. Good-bye. A thousand kisses judiciously dispensed among dear ones at home.

Affec'y.,
Will.

HEADQUARTERS STEVENS' DIV.
9th ARMY CORPS,
STEAMER "ELM CITY," Aug. 5th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Here we are at length at Acquia Creek. Our destination is Fredericksburg. Please direct your letters to that place in future. We are exchanging at every move disease for health. Our present position is one of the healthiest in Virginia, so dear Mother, give yourself no alarm.

I received two letters from you previous to leaving Newport News, one written after Lilly's marriage, which had travelled down to Hilton Head, and the other a letter containing an account of the kindly manner all speak of me at home. For the latter I am grateful indeed, though I feel a little puzzled at its extent. The first day I landed at Newport News, as I was riding toward our camping ground, a nice, handsome-looking young fellow stopped me, saying, "How are you Will?" I stopped, examined his face, talked, and tried to discover who my friend was. After running through the probabilities, I said, "Why this is Charley Breed!" "Yes," said he, "you are a good deal changed, but I recognized you at once." So we parted, promising soon to meet again. But duty intervened, and the other day I read that he was dead.

I received likewise a letter from Edward Stedman, via Hilton Head, with kind words of encouragement for me. I have nothing more to write. Don't mind —— ——. Instead of "Speed the Plow," "Speed the Bayonet," and all will be right again. *Vive la guerre* and down with the rebellion. If the South wishes to secede, they must wait

until they ask it of the North, not with threats, but in fear and trembling.

Good-bye, dear mother,
Truly your affec.
Will,
Capt. & A. A. A. G.

which means that the Assistant Adjutant-General is sick and has gone home, and that I am acting in his place until his leave of absence expires.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 425.

"The military authorities having decided to throw Burnside's troops up the Rappahannock to reinforce Pope, Gen. Stevens sailed from Newport News on Aug. 4th, debarked at Acquia Creek on the 6th, and reached Fredericksburg the same day."

Norwich, August 16th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

After having received intimations from various sources of the almost certainty of your appointment to the Lt.-Colonelcy of the Eighteenth, you may imagine the crushing disappointment produced by the order from the War Department forbidding the removal of all officers from their present positions. Col. Ely is very anxious to have you with him. Ned Tyler told me that Ely said to the Gov.: "If you will appoint the officers I wish, I will be responsible for the reputation of the Regiment. If however you put in mere politicians I cannot." I feel the sickness of "hope deferred" this morning, and my heart is very heavy. Well, I cannot resist all influences, and though I have brave hours, I have times of bitter struggling. Well, this is useless as well as discouraging to you. Par-

THE HOUSE AT NORWICH CONN
IN WHICH WILLIAM T. LUSK WAS BORN
THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD

don me, my son. I shall soon recover from this unworthy despondency. I am much gratified by the interest shown by your friends here. Mr. Johnson (Charlie's father) told Lillie the pressure upon the Gov. from Norwich people on your behalf had been very great, the matter was now decided, and you would probably be with us next week, still he said, we must not be too sure, for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." For Gen. Tyler's affectionate interest, I must always be very grateful. He has returned to Connecticut to take charge of the Regiments now preparing in the State. He has taken great interest in you always. Perhaps I am unreasonable in my disappointment at not seeing you, but I do feel you might have been appointed earlier, before these orders were issued.

We are all well, and anxiously watching for news from Burnside. I have sent to New-York for a flag to wave from our old home, the home of your childhood. I intended it to greet your return. I shall place it over the front entrance so that all who pass in or out, must walk under its folds. Hunt just passing the door called out, "give my love to Will." All are interested and excited about the new Regiments. The Twenty-second goes into camp in Norwich, on the Fair Grounds. Eating, drinking, or sleeping, our thoughts are on the war and the precious lives at stake, as well as the great issue involved. Bromley is Captain of a Company, and young Merwin his first Lieutenant. Morton Hale is a Lieutenant in one of the companies; he is to be married next Tuesday to Emily Huntington. Her sister Hannah was engaged to Charlie Breed.

Good-bye my own dear, dear son. My whole trust is placed in the mercy of God to whom I earnestly pray

for your deliverance from all evil. God bless you wherever you may be is the cry of my anxious, loving heart.

Always lovingly,
Mother.

New London has furnished one private and an Adjutant —wants a field officer besides. They have sent four hundred men to the Fourteenth. I have just heard that perhaps the staff officers are not included in this order from the Department. Gen. Tyler will be at home this evening when I shall learn.

Headquarters Stevens's Div.
9th Army Corps,
Fredericksburg, Aug. 19th, 1862.

My dearest Mother:

Here we are, occupying a fine house in the pleasant town of Fredericksburg, with the thermometer standing ever so high in the shade among a people whose glances are at zero in the hottest of this summer sunshine. I have seen nothing like this before, except in the single City of Venice where the feeling is so intense toward the German soldiery. Yet it is not strange when one thinks that there are few left beside women. The men are away fighting in the pride of sons of the Old Dominion, and many a family here is clad in sombre colors, for the loss of dear friends who have lost their lives at the hands of "Yankee Invaders." So a military occupation of a disaffected town is less pleasant than the tented field. We will not remain a great while though. We are now on the eve of great events. God only knows what the

morrow has in store for us. I cannot say where I may be when I next write, but continue to direct to Stevens' Division, 9th Army Corps, and the letters will reach me. I am sick at heart in some respects, and utterly weary of the miserable cant and whining of our Northern press. It is time that we assumed a manlier tone. We have heard enough of rebel atrocities, masked batteries, guerillas, and other lying humbugs. Pope's orders are the last unabatable nuisance. Are we alone virtuous, and the enemy demons? Let us look at these highly praised orders of Pope which are to strike a death-blow at rebellion. We are henceforth to live on the enemy's country, and to this as a stern military necessity, I say "Amen!" But mother, do you know what the much applauded practice means? It means to take the little ewe-lamb — the only property of the laborer — it means to force from the widow the cow which is her only source of sustenance. It means that the poor, and the weak, and the helpless are at the mercy of the strong — and God help them! This I say is bad enough, but when papers like the ——, with devilish pertinacity, talk of ill-judged lenity to rebels and call for vigorous measures, it makes every feeling revolt. We want vigorous measures badly enough to save us in these evil times, but not the measures the —— urges. The last thing needed in our army is the relaxing of the bands of discipline. And yet our Press is urging our soldiers everywhere to help themselves to rebel property, and instead of making our army a glorious means of maintaining liberty, would dissolve it into a wretched band of marauders, murderers, and thieves. If property is to be taken, let the *Government* take it. That is well — but I would have the man shot who would *without authority* steal so much as a fence rail, though

it were to make the fire to cook his food. I would have no Blenkers and Sigels with their thieving hordes, but a great invincible army like Cromwell's, trusting in God and marching on to victory.

Well, Mother, it is late. I am thankful we are under a commander who is a noble, high-minded, chivalrous man. Honor to Burnside! He is as generous as he is brave! Honor to my own dear commander too, who has a heart to pity as well as the nerve to strike.

Kisses and love in liberal doses, prescribed in liberal doses to his absent loving friends,

By your most Affec.

Dr. Lusk.

Norwich, Aug. 23d, 1862.

My own dear Son:

Startling and conflicting rumors from the army in Virginia render us very uneasy to-day. I will not dwell upon them, but wait patiently until a reliable statement comes to us. The 18th took its departure yesterday. . . . Col. Ely, I am told, is not at all pleased. . . .

Mrs. Tyler was here last evening. I told her I regretted extremely ever having written you what I had heard of the efforts made by your friends for you. She replied, "I am glad you did, and tell him I say his friends are full of indignation, and my husband says that he will never again propose an officer to the Governor." . . . Our whole attention is so absorbed by army movements I have scarcely anything to tell you. . . . Charlie Johnson, Mrs. T. tells me, is very indignant in your behalf, as well as Ned T., Ely, and several others. . . . It is now eleven days since I heard from you, my heart beats anxiously, nervously. I can only pray for your safety and trust in

the mercy of God. . . . My heart cries out in constant prayers for your safety. Oh! God be with him everywhere, defend his body and his soul.

Always very lovingly,

MOTHER.

Aug. 26th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I have an opportunity to smuggle a letter through the lines letting you know that I am well, and, in the stoppage of all communication with the army, assuring you that you must comfort your heart with the thought that "no news is good news." If any accident should befall me, rest assured you will hear of it soon enough. If you hear nothing, then, dear Mother, rest content. I am still performing the duties of an Asst. Adj.-Gen. I saw today in the papers the arrival of the 18th Regt. C. V. in Baltimore, and saw too that my name was not printed in the Field. Never mind, these are too important times for the indulgence of mere petty ambitions. I am content to serve my country in my present position, and have all the responsibility I desire on my shoulders. We are very busy. I must not tell how we are employed.

Write me as usual. Occasionally your letters will reach me when an opportunity occurs, remaining in the meantime at Washington. Good-bye. Many, many kisses, and a deal of affection for you all at home. God bless you all. If I could only see the children, my sisters and my own dear mother! Still I am getting along swimmingly. Love to all.

Yours affec'y.,

WILL.

[Battle of Chantilly]

Headquarters 1st Div. Reno's Command,
Near Alexandria, Sept. 4th, 1862.

Dear Mother:

Once more, after a lapse of nearly five weeks, am I able to write you again. During this time we have been cut off from all communication with our friends, we have been busily employed, and have suffered much. I have lost my good friend, Genl. Stevens, who has been sacrificed by little men who can poorly fill his place. Whenever anything desperate was to be performed, Stevens and Kearny were always selected, with this difference though, that Stevens rarely was credited with what he did, while Kearny's praises were properly published. On Monday's fight, the General's son and I were walking together in the rear of the 79th Regiment, when Capt. Stevens was wounded. Finding that young Stevens was able to move off without assistance, I continued to follow the Regiment. Soon the General came up on foot. "Have you seen your son?" I asked him. "Yes," said he, "I know he is wounded," and then added, "Capt. Lusk, I wish you would pass to the left of the line, and push the men forward in that direction." I did as I was ordered, and on my return, found the General had been killed, and the troops badly slaughtered. The General you have read was shot while holding the flag of the 79th Regiment in his hand.

There were five shot holding the same flag in about twenty minutes time. I found the sixth man standing almost alone at the edge of some woods still clinging hopelessly to the colors. I drew him back to the crest of a hill a couple of hundred yards back and gathered a few of the 79th about it. Kearny then came riding

up, and asked the name of the little band. On being told, he said, "Scotchmen, you must follow me." They told him they had not a round of ammunition left. "Well," said he then, "stand where you are and it may be you will be able to assist my men with the bayonet." The soldierly form moved on, and it too soon was dust. Stevens was a great man and Kearny a courageous soldier. It is not every man of whom this last can be said, though the country may have placed him high in power. I suppose I must not tell all I have seen in the last few days fighting, but I have seen enough to make it no matter of wonder at the extent of our disaster. I have read little truth as yet in the papers, though I see the people are beginning to feel the truth. So long as the interests of our country are entrusted to a lying braggart like Pope, or a foolish little Dutchman like Sigel, we have little reason to hope successfully to compete with an army led by Lee, Johnston and old "Stonewall" Jackson. Carl Schurz, our lately returned minister to Spain, I found blundering horribly. Schenck was a laughable instance of incompetence, and so with others. You must be careful to whom you repeat these things, and yet there is much which it were better were known, for our soldiers are not deceived by lying reports. They feel whom they can trust, and are not willing to fight for men like McDowell and *that ilk*. McClellan's reappointment gives great satisfaction to the soldiers. Whether right or wrong they believe in him.

I expect to get my back letters to-day, and then what a treat. I am still very much fatigued by the last month, and like to rest all I can.

Good-bye. Kisses and love to all.

Affec'y.,

Will.

SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN,
AUGUST 28, 29, AND 30, 1862.

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 431.

"The Confederate Army under Lee numbered — Longstreet, 30,000; Jackson, 22,000; Stuart's Cavalry, 3,000; total 55,000."

Pope's strength was estimated at 60,000.

Page 442. "Pope's army was well positioned for a determined attack upon Jackson the first thing the next morning by McDowell and Sigel, with the right coming up early to support. . . . And it is clear that Pope's only chance of 'bagging' or beating Jackson was lost on the 28th by the dilatory, disconnected, and purposeless marches of McDowell's wing."

Page 448. "Then Stevens's division marches up the pike to the crossing of the Sudley road, where Sigel is receiving Schurz's and Milroy's cries for aid. . . . Sigel, with the consent of Reno, as he claims, immediately scatters this fine division. . . . Reno's division, which next arrived, was dissipated in like manner . . . Hooker's division on its arrival was also divided. . . .

"It was not an uncommon thing during the war, as many an officer knows from dear-bought experience, for commanders of troops in action to beseech support, usually claiming that they were out of ammunition, or their flanks were being turned, and, when the reinforcements reached them, to put the newcomers into the front line and withdraw their own troops to the rear. This was what Sigel did with the divisions of the right wing as they reached the field. Thus these fine troops, second to none in condition, discipline, and *morale*, which, led by their own generals and thrown in mass upon the enemy, would have struck a mighty blow, were frittered away over the field, simply relieving other troops, and adding but little to the extent or strength of the battle line. Schurz, ever mightier with the pen than the sword, evinced a marvellous capacity to absorb reinforcements. And Sigel, having demonstrated his talents as a strategist and a marcher the previous day, now proved his ability on the battlefield by so scattering the 17,000 troops of the right wing as to deprive them of their own able and tried commanders, and reduce them to the least possible weight upon the fighting line.

"His division being thus scattered, Gen. Stevens led up the pike the brigade which was to reinforce Schenck. This consisted of only a regiment and a half."

Page 450. "Longstreet's wing was fast arriving, and by noon four of his divisions were in position."

453. "General Pope arrived on the field about noon. . . . All the afternoon he was expecting Porter's and McDowell's column to fall upon Jackson's right and rear, for he had worked himself up to the belief that Longstreet would not be up for another day, and nothing short of disastrous defeat could change his dogged belief."

Page 455. "Unable longer to control his impatience, General Pope began about 4 p. m. sending peremptory orders to attack, first to one command, then to another, as he could get hold of them, accompanying the orders with assurances that the enemy was being driven by some other command, and that Porter was about to fall, or was falling, on his flank and rear, and using him up."

Page 458. "The rattle of musketry is still echoing in the forest, and Kearny's fugitives are pouring out upon the open, when an officer in hot haste conveys Pope's order to General Stevens to advance into the woods and attack. The only troops left him were a regiment and a half . . . only seven hundred strong. . . . The scanty line enters and sweeps through the woods, encounters the enemy now holding the railroad, delivers and receives for fifteen minutes, which seem hours, a heavy musketry fire, and then, with the enemy swarming past both flanks, is forced back through the woods to the open ground, where the men at once halt and reform. Both the regimental commanders and Colonel Leasure, commanding the brigade, were severely wounded, and the loss was about two hundred. Gen. Stevens's horse was shot under him. . . . It was remarked that when his troops emerged out of the woods, almost the last one was a short man in a general's uniform, followed by a tall orderly bearing a saddle on his shoulder. With this attack the fighting on the right came to an end that day."

Page 459. "The following incident, which illustrates the evil effects of scattering commands, is related in the history of the 79th Highlanders by Captain William T. Lusk, one of the General's aides:—

"'I was directed to find Farnsworth; was sent by Sigel to Schurz, and by Schurz to Schimmelfennig. The gallant German, when at last found, exclaimed, "Mein Gott! de troops, dey all runned avay, and I guess your men runned avay, too!" General Stevens was indignant, and used some pretty strong language, when I carried back this report, and ordered me to find the missing regiments, and not to return until I brought them with me. I started, therefore, for the old railroad embankment. Luckily, I found Farnsworth just on the edge of the woods. He said he was waiting for orders, but had none since I left him in the morning.'

"But the day was not to close without one more useless slaughter of brave troops. . . . Pope . . . ordered McDowell to push it" (the division) "up the road in pursuit of the enemy, declaring that he was in full retreat. . . . The other three brigades . . . fired by the lying promises of success . . . hastened up the road with high hopes . . . but the disparity in numbers was too great for the Union troops. . . . Night put an end to the unequal struggle.

"This ended the fighting of the 29th. The Union arms were outnumbered and repulsed in every encounter, and lost ground on both wings. Sigel's dilatory and timid advance consumed the morning hours until, with Longstreet's arrival, the chance of attacking Jackson's

right was lost. Sigel, too, may be censured for his importunate and unsoldierly demands for aid which so frittered away the weight of the right wing. But Pope on his arrival could have rectified this. Pope, and Pope alone, ordered the hasty and disconnected attacks of the afternoon, wasting the blood and impairing the *morale* of his best troops. . . . All that afternoon Lee was master of the situation. His army was united. Pope's was divided; over twenty thousand of his troops out of reach and beyond his control."

Page 463. The following day, Aug. 30th, "at noon, Pope issued an order, the most astonishing in its fatuity ever given out on a battlefield." The order was one to pursue the enemy, "and press him vigorously during the whole day."

Page 464. "But the officers charged with the execution of the order never attempted to carry it out according to its terms. . . . The pursuit feature of the order was ignored by all, and instead of it a strong column of attack was organized against Jackson's center."

Page 476. "Under the leadership of a Sheridan, a Grant, a Meade, or a Thomas, his" (Pope's) "gallant army would never have retreated from the field, and might have inflicted a deadly blow upon its antagonist. How bravely and even desperately the Union troops fought is best attested by the Confederate reports, and the nine thousand Confederate losses in killed and wounded. The union loss, including that of the 28th, amounted to fourteen thousand. That at the end of the battle there was disorder and demoralization among some commands it were idle to deny, but it has been grossly exaggerated."

"*The 79th Highlanders*," *p.* 204.

Todd, in speaking of the retreat at Second Bull Run, says:

"Without haste and without the least confusion, the batteries limbered up and moved back to the Sudley road . . . Ricketts' division followed and then ours. As soon as we began moving back, the enemy flocked out of the woods in considerable numbers, and pressed so hard that twice we formed a partial line and delivered a few volleys which retarded their advance. The second time, and just as our brigade was forming line, and the rear of the other regiments were filing past out of our front, we heard the exulting shouts and yells of the enemy, who had gained the position just left by us. At that moment too, and just as the early twilight rendered objects indistinct in the woods, a one-armed horseman galloped up followed by some straggling infantry; we recognized Gen. Kearny. 'What — — are you — cowards running away for?' he exclaimed. A regiment on our right had broken, and the General no doubt thought that a stampede was about to take place. Some one replied that we were not running away very much just then, and that if he wanted to know why we had left our position, he could 'go and see.' Turning to his men he shouted: 'Come on boys! We'll show these

fellows how to fight!' It seemed but a moment, before we heard a terrific volley of musketry, the bullets whistling over our heads, and a moment later the gallant Kearny came dashing back through the woods, his men following at his heels in great disorder. ' — boys, its hotter than — there!' he exclaimed, and disappeared with his men. The enemy followed, yelling and firing at the retreating troops, but Stevens' veterans stood firm. Captain Lusk says: 'Capt. Stevens, our Assistant Adjutant-General, realizing the necessity of presenting a bold and determined front to the enemy, caused the Highlanders and another regiment on their right to again halt for a few minutes, and to pour so well aimed and heavy a volley into the faces of the exulting enemy that they in turn fell back into the heavy woods.'"

The Battle of Chantilly
Sept. 1st, 1862

"*Life of General Isaac I. Stevens*," *Vol. II, p.* 477.

"General Stevens now" (Aug. 31st) "received orders from General Pope to act as rear-guard." It was a "duty, the most important and responsible in the army at this juncture. . . . Contrary to expectation, the enemy did not press on after his victory, although he appeared in force, advanced his skirmish line in plain view, and opened briskly with his artillery, to which ours as briskly replied. . . . At night General Reynolds and his division relieved General Stevens. He criticised some of the latter's dispositions, which called out a sharp rejoinder. . . . Then he said the enemy might attack at any moment. But General Stevens did not share his apprehensions, and remarked to him, 'I think it most probable that the enemy will move around and strike us under the ribs.'

"After being relieved, the division moved to Centreville, and bivouacked on the heights half a mile south of the hamlet. The following morning, Monday, September 1st, the officers straightened out their commands and took account of their losses. . . . Half of the division" (Stevens's) "had fallen in battle, or on the march, since leaving Fredericksburg a fortnight before."

Page 479. "While the beaten and distracted Union commander was trying to straighten out his forces huddled about Centreville, uncertain whether to risk further conflict or to fall back to the defences of Washington, Lee was moving his whole army in one column, to fall upon his enemy's line of retreat and rear. . . . On this Monday morning Jackson was marching down the turnpike with Longstreet and his whole wing following closely in support, thus turning the Union Army at Centreville, and moving to fall upon its only line of retreat. . . . Pope had taken no steps to anticipate or guard against this fatal flank movement. He was groping in the dark, utterly at a loss what course to pursue, and consequently he did nothing until noon, when startling news

forced him to decision and to action. . . . At one p. m. two cavalrymen dashed up to General Stevens's headquarters. They bore orders to him from General Pope to march immediately across country, guided by the two troopers, to the Little River pike, and there take position and hold in check a column of the enemy reported advancing down that road. . . . General Stevens soon had his division under arms. . . .

"After proceeding across country several miles, . . . the little cavalcade at the head of the column was suddenly surprised by the sight of a rebel skirmish line deployed across the fields in front and cautiously advancing toward it, and the more because the Little River pike . . . was still some distance away. . . . At the first glance General Stevens realized what that rebel skirmish line portended. It portended an attack in force upon the turnpike, the only line of retreat. Full well he knew that the movement must be arrested, or the line of retreat would be broken, the army cut in two while widely extended along the road, and a great disaster inflicted. Instantly he threw forward two companies of the Highlanders, under Captains William T. Lusk and Robert Ives, to drive back the enemy's advance and uncover his movement. Deploying in skirmish order, they ran forward, exchanging a sharp fire with the opposing line and driving it back, crossed the hollow, surmounted a graded railroad embankment which traversed it, and pushed on after the rebel skirmishers into the farther fields."

Page 483. "While the Highlanders were thus pushing back the enemy, General Stevens, without halting or retarding the march of his troops an instant, was forming them as fast as they came up, in a column of brigades on the hither side of the fields beyond the hollow. . . . Lusk's company now rejoined its regiment."

Page 484. "The column now advanced, Benjamin's guns firing shells into the woods in front. . . . There was nothing to be seen but the open field, extending two hundred yards in front and closed by the wall of woods, with an old zigzag rail fence at its edge. 'There is no enemy there,' exclaimed Captain Lusk to Captain Stevens, as they were marching side by side; 'they have fallen back; we shall find nothing there.' Even as he spoke, the enemy poured a terrific volley from behind the rail fence. Captain Stevens struck the ground, . . . shot in the arm and hip, and as he struggled to his feet saw the even line of the Highlanders pressing firmly and steadily on. . . . The enemy was smiting the column with a terrible and deadly musketry. The men were falling fast. General Stevens now ordered Captain Lusk to hasten to the 50th Pennsylvania, which was hesitating at entering the cornfield, and to push them forward. . . . The troops, under the withering hail of bullets, were now wavering. . . . Five color-bearers of the Highlanders had fallen in succession, and the colors again fell to the ground. At this crisis General Stevens pushed to the front, seized the falling colors from the hands of the wounded bearer, unheeding his cry, 'For God's sake, don't take the colors, General; they'll shoot you

if you do!' and calling aloud upon his old regiment, 'Highlanders, my Highlanders, follow your general!' rushed forward with the uplifted flag. The regiment responded nobly. They rushed forward, reached the edge of the woods, hurled themselves with fury upon the fence and the rebel line behind it, and the enemy broke and fled in disorder. The 28th Massachusetts joined gallantly in the charge, and the other brigades as gallantly supported the first. . . . General Stevens fell dead in the moment of victory. A bullet entered at the temple and pierced his brain. He still firmly grasped the flagstaff, and the colors lay fallen upon his head and shoulders."

Page 487. "Jackson, judging from the fury of the attack and the numbers of his men running in disorder out of the woods that he was assailed by a heavy force, . . . hurried Hill's infantry division forward to maintain the battle. . . . General Stevens's division withstood the attack of these fresh troops stoutly. It had driven back everything in its immediate front. . . . It was impossible for its scanty numbers long to resist the pressure of Hill's brigades successively rushing into the conflict. But aid was at hand.

"At the moment of ordering the fatal charge, General Stevens sent Lieutenant H. G. Belcher, of the 8th Michigan, back to the main turnpike with instructions to ask support, and to go from commander to commander until he secured it. Belcher applied to several generals, who declined to go without orders, until finally he met General Kearny. Scarcely had he made known his mission to him, . . . when Kearny exclaimed, '— —, I will support Stevens anywhere!' and at once broke the head of his column off the pike, and struck across the fields to the sound of the battle."

Page 492. "Only sixteen Union regiments . . . fought this battle against Jackson's whole corps of seventy regiments, of which at least forty-eight were in the fight. The Union force numbered 5500 effective, the Confederate at least twice as many. In this brief and fierce battle the losses on each side were from eight hundred to one thousand. . . .

"How exactly General Stevens grasped the military situation when he caught sight of the rebel skirmish line, and instantly decided to stay Jackson's impending advance by an attack that would throw even him on the defensive, is clearly shown by the Confederate leader's objective, and the dispositions he had made of his troops to accomplish it."

Page 493. "It lay wholly in Jackson's will and power, advancing but little over a mile, to hurl this mighty mass, seventy regiments strong, upon Pope's only road and his retreating troops and trains. . . . At the very instant of launching the thunderbolt, Jackson learns that the enemy is advancing upon him, his skirmishers are driven in, his center division is hurled headlong from its position, the fugitives pour out of the woods, he hurries his artillery to the rear, is forced to throw the whole of his right division into the fight, brigade after brigade, and to withdraw his left division for his last reserve. The possibility of striking his enemy

is gone. . . . And the troops that General Stevens led to this desperate and victorious charge were the same who, but ten weeks since, suffered the slaughter on James Island, and had just lost half of their number in the bloody encounters on the plains of Bull Run. Can more be said for the gallantry and devotion of the soldiers, or the hold upon them of their heroic leader?"

Page 494. "Had General Stevens remained on the defensive and given time — and time counted by minutes — for Jackson to advance, disaster were inevitable. How long could his scanty force of nine regiments, outflanked and overborne, have resisted the avalanche? . . . The closest study of the situation strengthens the conviction that General Stevens that day saved the army and the country from an appalling disaster."

Page 498. "The Highlanders reverently and tenderly bore away the body of their beloved commander. . . . At the very moment of his heroic death General Stevens was being considered by the President and his advisers as commander of the armies in Virginia. . . . General Stevens was buried in the Island Cemetery in Newport. . . . The City of Newport erected beside his grave a massive granite obelisk."

Headquarters 1st Division,
9th Army Corps,
Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C.
Sept. 6th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Now that our General is dead, a Colonel commands the old Division temporarily, and I continue to superintend the office, running the old machine along until different arrangements can be made, when I suppose I shall be set adrift with no pleasant prospects before me. I would resign, were I permitted to do so, and would gladly return to my medical studies this winter, tired as I am of the utter mismanagement which characterizes the conduct of our public affairs. Disheartened by the termination of a disastrous campaign — disasters which every one could and did easily foresee from the course pursued — we find as a consolation, that our good honest old

President has told a new story apropos of the occasion, and the land is ringing with the wisdom of the rail-splitting Solomon. Those who were anxious and burning to serve their country, can only view with sullen disgust the vast resources of the land directed not to make our arms victorious, but to give political security to those in power. Men show themselves in a thousand ways incompetent, yet still they receive the support of the Government. Politicians, like Carl Schurz, receive high places in the army without a qualification to recommend them. Stern trusty old soldiers like Stevens are treated with cold neglect. The battle comes—there is no head on the field —the men are handed over to be butchered—to die on inglorious fields. Lying reports are written. Political Generals receive praises where they deserve execration. Old Abe makes a joke. The army finds that nothing has been learned. New preparations are made, with all the old errors retained. New battles are prepared for, to end in new disasters. Alas, my poor country! The army is sadly demoralized. Men feel that there is no honor to be gained by the sword. No military service is recognized unless coupled with political interest. The army is exhausted with suffering—its enthusiasm is dead. Should the enemy attack us here however, we should be victorious. The men would never yield up their Capitol. There is something more though than the draft needed to enable us to march a victorious host to the Gulf of Mexico. Well, I have been writing freely enough to entitle me to accommodations in Fort Lafayette, but I can hardly express the grief and indignation I feel at the past. God grant us better things in future.

I had said my own prospects are somewhat gloomy. When the changes are made in this command, and new

hands shall take charge of it, I will have to return to the 79th Regiment — a fate at which I shudder. The Regiment has been in five large battles, and in ten or twelve smaller engagements. While adding on each occasion new luster to its own reputation, it has never taken part in a successful action. The proud body that started from the city over a thousand strong, are now a body of cripples. The handful (230) that remains are foreigners whose patriotism misfortunes have quenched. The *morale* is destroyed — discipline relaxed beyond hope of restoration. The General and all the true friends of the Regiment were of the opinion that it should be mustered out of the service. After performing hard duties in the field for fifteen months I find there is nothing left me, but to sink into disgrace with a Regiment that is demoralized past hope of restoration. This for a reward. I am writing this from the old scene of the mutiny of last year. A strange year it has been. God has marvellously preserved my life through every danger. May he be merciful to my mother in the year to come. My old friend Matteson is dead. He was a Major in Yates' Regiment of Sharpshooters which distinguished itself at Corinth. He died at Rosecrans' Headquarters, of typhoid fever.

We are going to move from here to-morrow, but your safest direction will be Capt. W. T. Lusk, A. A. A. G., 1st Div. 9th Army Corps, Washington (or elsewhere). All the letters sent me since I left Fredericksburg have miscarried, and I am very anxious for news.

Affec'y.,
Will.

Norwich, Conn.
September 9th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

I am half sick, very sad, grieved, and troubled on your account, yet very thankful for the wonderful preservation of your life through so many dangers. I cannot but feel that a life so cared for, has been saved for the accomplishment of good and wise purposes, which will be wrought out in God's own time. Take courage, and strengthen your heart, my own precious son, in the remembrance of what He has done for you, through the whole course of your life, and especially for his goodness amid the dangers of the past year. Well may we all lament the loss of your General. I feel, and mourn as for a personal friend, and the nation too late acknowledges the want of appreciation of one of its greatest men and ablest military commanders. Gen. Kearny's staff, I noticed, returned with his body, and so we have hoped that, sad as the journey might be, you would be permitted to accompany your General's remains to their last home.

I have just received two letters from you, one of the 4th, the other of the 6th. May God be with you, my dear son, to comfort and guide. A dark cloud seems to have gathered around you; may it soon pass and the brightness shine again. The *Herald* and *Times* have contained little regarding Gen. Stevens, but the *Tribune* correspondent sounds his praises, and dwells upon his memory. There was a statement in yesterday's *Tribune*, that while he was engaged in his last battle, prominent men, though political opponents, had decided to request that he might command the Army of Virginia, his splendid fighting on Friday and Saturday, having at last awakened

the remembrance of his superior abilities, and his distinction at West Point, as well as in Mexico, and wherever he had opportunities to show himself. The *Express* says he was sacrificed to political opinion.

Do write as often as possible, my son. My nerves are greatly shaken, although my health is far better in most respects than it used to be, yet I feel sensibly this strain upon my spirits. I cannot write as long a letter as I wish to-day, but I intend in future to write a little every day, to always have something ready for you.

The Lt.-Col. of the Eighteenth is not all that could be desired, and Ely I am told regrets that you are not with him. Political interests are paramount everywhere. Alfred Goddard called on us last night. He said he had followed your course, and everywhere heard your noble conduct spoken of. I will write again to-morrow. I am very sorry you have lost your back letters which have gone from my pen, as well as one from Lillie. All are well at home. Poor Matteson, how you must lament for him! Major Elliott I see is wounded.

God bless you my own dear son. In Him is our only trust. Would that we could meet if only for one short hour.

Your sisters send love and warmest sympathy. We all feel for you, and I pray earnestly to God for His help and blessings.

Lovingly and anxiously,

MOTHER.

Hunt's suggestions are dictated by his kind heart, but I think you deserve and must receive a higher appointment than that of Aide.

(From E. F. Lusk to Horace Barnard)

Norwich, Sept. 10th, 1862.

Dear Horace:

I received your letter on Sunday morning. I am satisfied that you will manage the business intrusted to you as well as may be during these horrible times, and hope for a better future. I am sad, sick, despairing. Fifteen months ago I gave my son, my only one, to serve his country as he best might. How faithful he has been his General has testified. He has fought in five large battles and in ten or twelve small ones, not a day's respite, always at the wheel, full of hope, full of energy, sacrificing home, University honors in Berlin, all that made life lovely, to serve his country in her hour of need. Look at the result. Gen. Stevens, his good friend, the best, the bravest, the truest patriot, the courageous soldier, the great man, is sacrificed, while blundering little men who can never fill his place are for political reasons reaping honors. My son is still performing the duties of an Assistant Adjutant-General, trying, as he says, to keep the concern in motion, but with gloomy prospects when the command passes into new hands. His regiment, the 79th, is reduced from its proud array of 1000 men to a regiment of cripples — only 230 men are left, wholly, I fear hopelessly, demoralized. Oh, my God, has he not one friend who can lift a hand to help? Are his services of no value? Loyal as I have ever been, loyal as I am still, now that his kind appreciative General is gone, I would, if I could, withdraw him from the army, where the faithful servant is unnoticed, and the scheming politician receives the honors.

I have received two letters since the battles on the

Rappahannock, in all of which he was engaged, through which, my God, "The God of the widow," preserved him alive. He was "Acting A. A. General," full of love and admiration for his General, and honored in return by his loving confidence. I now quote from his letter regarding his last battle: "Whenever anything desperate was to be performed, Kearny and Stevens were always selected, with this difference though, that Stevens was rarely credited with what he did, while Kearny's praises were very properly published. On Monday's fight, the General's son and I were walking together in the rear of the 79th Regiment, when Capt. Stevens was wounded. Finding that he was able to move off without assistance, I continued to follow the Regiment. Soon the General came up on foot. 'Have you seen your son?' I asked him. 'Yes,' said he, 'I know that he is wounded,' and then added, 'Capt. Lusk I wish you would pass to the left of the line, and push the men forward in that direction.' I did as I was ordered and on my return found the Gen. had been killed, and the troops badly slaughtered. The General you have read was shot while holding the flag of the 79th Regiment in his hand. There were five shot holding the same flag in about 20 minutes time. I found the sixth man standing almost alone at the edge of some woods, still clinging hopelessly to the colors. I drew him back to the crest of a hill a couple of hundred yards, and gathered a few of the 79th about it. Kearny then came riding up, and asked the name of the little band. On being told, he said, 'Scotchmen you must follow me.' They told him they had not a round of ammunition left. 'Well,' said he then, 'stand where you are, and it may be you will be able to assist my men with the bayonet.' The soldierly form moved on and it too, soon was dust.

Stevens was a great man, and Kearny a courageous soldier."

If these incidents would interest the public, and Mr. Godwin is inclined to publish them I have no objection; you may do as you like. I wish the country knew all that occurred on those battlefields. The truth is beginning to dawn. I have written a long letter. Will is still at the Headquarters of the 1st Division, Reno's Command. He shudders at the thought of returning to his Regiment. The General and all the best friends of the 79th felt that it had suffered so much from constant active service, was so terribly decimated, and so demoralized from the loss of officers, it should be recalled from the service. If my son has friends who can help, beg them to think of him now—his General killed, his intimate friends wounded, Major Matteson, his tried friend, dead of typhoid fever—his cup is more than full, and my heart is ready to burst with its grief for him.

Well, good-bye; give much love to all who care for us, and believe me,

Truly yours,
E. F. Lusk.

Norwich, Conn.
September 12th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

You see I am following out my resolution to write you every day, although I have many doubts about your receiving one half the letters I write. There is a great dearth of news. Pope's report with its censures is exciting remark, and I trust the country will demand a full investigation as soon as the public necessity will permit.

Jeff Davis' Proclamation is highly entertaining in view of past acts; however, that we care little about, his words are nothing. I wish I knew where you are, and where the last turn in the wheel has placed you. I suppose Gen. Stevens' part in the last battles, together with that of his Division, can never be known. It is specially hard, because his gallantry and the splendid fighting done by his troops, were in the first accounts acknowledged.

The death of young Matteson I feel sorely on your account. It seems as though the storm had swept over you; your General killed, friends wounded or ill. I stop and think: "What am I that God should so preserve the precious life of my son? Should guard his health, should guide his steps? May I be grateful as I ought, may I be more trustful."

We have so hoped we might see you, that Hunt and Mary have had a room furnished in the wing, hoping you would be the first to occupy it.

13th. I wrote Horace a day or two since, giving an account of Gen. Stevens' death from your letter, saying if it possessed any interest for the public he might give it to Godwin of the *Post*, and this morning I saw it published there.[1] I am glad, because so little has been said of this brave man by any of the New-York papers except the *Tribune*. I have written Mrs. Stevens a letter of sympathy for her loss. I wanted her to know, and to feel, that the Nation weeps for her illustrious dead. I wrote her I took the liberty of offering her my sympathy, because personally I felt her husband's loss most deeply for his kindness to my son.

Mr. Benedict is below in the library with Hunt. His brother, who was taken prisoner some time ago, but recently

[1] N. Y. Evening Post of Sept. 12th, 1862.

released, has been appointed Colonel of one of the new N. Y. regiments. Our Governor I hear excuses his want of consideration for you, by saying it would have been different if you had belonged to a Conn. Regiment, so I suppose you are considered as belonging to New-York. Good-bye, my own dear son. God bless you always. I thank him for your perservation.

Love from all to you, and kind words to Major Elliott.

Lovingly,

MOTHER.

[AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN]
(J. C. WYATT TO E. F. LUSK)

MIDDLETOWN, MD.
Sept. 15th, 1862.

Mrs. Lusk:

Capt. Lusk desired me to pen you a line, as he did not have the time or opportunity, informing you that he has passed through another bloody and fearful carnage and is spared and in good health. I met him this morning as I was returning to the General Hospital at this place. The enemy has been badly beaten. Our Regt. has not suffered *much* comparatively. You have reason to be proud of your son. May God bless him and protect him.

Yours truly,

JAS. C. WYATT,
Chaplain 79th *N. Y. V.*

NORWICH, Sept 16th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

I have very little reason to believe in the probability of your receiving my many letters, yet I continue to write with the bare possibility that they may some of them

reach you. Last night came the news of a glorious victory for us, but alas! also came the sad and sickening news that another of our good and able Generals was killed. In the general rejoicing my heart is heavy, for my dear son was in Reno's command when I last heard, and I am looking with fear and dread for the terrible list to come from that battlefield. How my God is trying me, and how merciful he has been to preserve my precious son through so many appalling dangers! My heart was so full of sympathy for Mrs. Stevens. I wrote her a letter a few days ago. I saw that her husband was buried at Newport, and an extract from an address delivered on the occasion impressed me wonderfully. We are all occupied by the same train of thought, deepened in intensity of course with some of us, by the danger our loved ones are in. I received a very kind letter from Horace a few days since, wherein he dwells upon the birth of your reputation; he says at twenty-four you have won honors enough to suffice for a life time. You are not forgotten my own son, my heroic boy. Many hearts are watching, eager for every word from you. The extract from your letter in the *N. Y. Post* has attracted the attention of many who know you personally, or have heard of you. They say the account is interesting, and written too, by one who observes. . . .

17th. To-day our rejoicing is somewhat subdued by the news of the surrender of our forces at Harper's Ferry. Burnside's corps is said to have fought splendidly at South Mountain; Reno's Command is highly complimented, not a man faltered. I am so longing for another letter from you. I see the 79th was in the recent engagements. It seems they are always where work is to be done. I saw too that Capt. Pier, of whom I have heard

Dr. Elliott speak, was slightly wounded. I trust you have escaped unhurt, that God's good angels have guarded you, and brought you safely through. I noticed the names of one or two from Co. K, 79th, among the wounded. Uncle John's faith in Gen. Pope remains firm. Mine is lost, yet I wish all to receive full justice, and am very glad to discover merit among our officers; our men are almost beyond praise.

Miss Abby Bond (Dr. Bond's daughter) is to be married to-day, to a Mr. Adriance from St. Louis. Nannie Day has come up to attend the wedding. Hunt is in good spirits this morning; he sends love, thinks you are doing great things, and hopes the ball now in motion, will move until the great end for which it was started, is accomplished. He says he sees McClellan has been under a chiropodist, and he is glad to see so glorious a result.

Again, good-bye, my own dear son. I pray that you, so marvellously preserved as a soldier of our country, may likewise always remain a soldier of the Cross. God bless you, guard you, guide you, wherever you may be.

With much love from all, I remain, my precious son,

Always your loving

MOTHER.

[AFTER THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG OR ANTIETAM]

Address { CAPT. W. T. LUSK, A. A. A. GEN.
1st. Brig. 1st. Div. 9th. A. C.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
(To be forwarded)

Sept. 18th, 1862.

My dearest Mother:

After the battle of South Mountain, as we were being pushed on to this point (near Sharpsburg), unable to

write myself, the Chaplain of the 79th kindly promised to inform you of my safety. Yesterday there was another fierce battle in which I took an active part, but he who lends a pitying ear to the prayers of the widow and the fatherless, vouchsafed to spare me in the time of danger. To-morrow I suppose there will be another battle, so to-night, though it is late, I write you hurriedly. Our successes in Maryland have been signal. We have been cheered for the bloodshed of the past few days by the sight of a retreating foe. God grant us such victories as may speedily end the war. All wish for peace, and so are willing to fight with desperation. Our division has done splendidly so far.

I long to hear from home. Your letter of the 25th of August, telling me that I was an unsuccessful candidate for position in the 18th Conn., is the last news I have received from home. Well, my fate is the fate of thousands. Those of us who have borne all the dangers and privations of the past, have no pretensions in comparison with such as can control a few votes in a country parish. I have taken part now in seven grand battles, and over a half dozen smaller engagements, have been constantly in service for fifteen months, have received the most gratifying expression of the esteem of my superior officers, but promotion is not the result of service according to our present system. In my old position as Acting Asst. Adjt.-General to the Division, with a change of Generals, I was superseded by a private of the 7th Regiment of New-York, who received a Commission from the President. This is perfectly right, as each General must choose his own Adjutant and form his own staff. Of the fifteen months I have held a Commission, fourteen months I have held acting appointments, that is, have

had the labor and responsibility of various positions without the emolument. I am now Acting A. A. General to the first Brigade of this division, the regular pay of which position is between $160 and $170 per month. Holding only an acting appointment I receive $120.00. There is not much encouragement in this, but still I am content to be of any assistance, or to do my duty in any position which may be allotted me. I fear my old friends who hoped for much, feel more distressed than I do. I saw Charley Farnsworth in Washington. He feels that he has done much, and has received only neglect in return. His wound troubles him still, and I think he is not sorry to make it a pretext for quitting a service where there is no glory, no recognition of service to promote and foster a soldier's pride. Charley is a fine fellow, and his parents may feel proud of him.

I have had those two bad teeth of mine extracted. Tried a Regimental Surgeon first. Surgeon breaks one of them off, and I decline to have the experiment repeated — suffer all sorts of agony for about a month. At Frederick find a regular dentist who feels confident that he can draw any tooth. I let him try first the one not already partially operated upon. Dentist puts on the forceps and crushes in one side, then cuts the gum, tries again — pleasantly assures me he can do it, and crunch goes the old tooth again. Dentist grows radiant and tells how he extracted twelve from one lady the day before, and is more confident than ever that he can do it; puts on his forceps and by a succession of wrenches breaks the crown of the tooth, lays it complacently on a sheet of paper, and says that is just what he most ardently desired; makes another effort, smashes the root, and with the face of an angel, tells me it's all right—that now he can do it. Here

human endurance failed. I objected to any further torture, took chloroform, sank into a state of insensibility, recovered minus two teeth, and all right.

Good-bye, dear, darling mother, keep up good heart. God is merciful as well as just. Love to all the dear ones.

Affec'y.,

Will.

Reinstatement of McClellan

"*Antietam and Fredericksburg*," *p.* 1.

"The campaigns in the East in the summer of 1862 were a disappointment to the North. McClellan and the Army of the Potomac not only did not capture Richmond or disable the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, but were forced back from the furthest point of their advance. Though they inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy, they suffered heavy losses themselves, in men, guns, and property of all kinds."

Page 2. "It is at this time, when the Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac were united within the lines constructed for the defence of Washington, that our story begins, on September 2d, 1862."

Page 4. General McClellan was practically without a command during the actions of the last days of August, as all or nearly all of the Army of the Potomac had been sent to join Pope.

"On the morning of the 2d" (Sept.), "McClellan says: 'The President and General Halleck came to my house, when the President informed me . . . that the army was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington. . . . He instructed me to take steps at once to stop and collect the stragglers; to place the works in a proper state of defence, and to go out to meet and take command of the army. . . .' So far as appears, this verbal order of the President was the only one by which McClellan was reinstated in command, and there does not seem to have been any order issued by virtue of which the Army of Virginia ceased to exist. . . . McClellan's talents as an organizer are generally admitted, and there is no doubt that at the date of which we are writing he was extremely popular with his men. As all pressure of the enemy was removed, as we have seen, on the day after the President directed him to take command of the army, he had a breathing-space in which to provide for the defences of Washington and to reorganize his army, but as the information which he received on the 3d led him to believe that the enemy intended to cross the upper Potomac into Maryland, it was necessary that the process of reorganization should go on while the troops were moving."

Page 16. "Lee's plan was a good one. . . . Whether he knew or even suspected how heavily the brave and loyal and long-suffering Army

of the Potomac was handicapped by the miserable jealousies, civil and military, that prevailed at the time, cannot be told."

Page 20. On Sept. 13th, Lee's order designating the movements of his several divisions, and setting forth the plan of attack on Harper's Ferry, fell into McClellan's hands.

Page 22. "The finding of this paper was a piece of rare good fortune. It placed the Army of Northern Virginia at the mercy of McClellan, provided only that he came up with it and struck while its separation continued. . . . The case called for the utmost exertion and the utmost speed. . . . Not a moment should have been lost in pushing his columns detailed for the left and right advance, through the South Mountain passes. . . . It cannot be said that he did not act with considerable energy, but he did not act with sufficient."

The Battle of South Mountain
Sept. 14th, 1862

"Antietam and Fredericksburg."

The South Mountain passes had to be crossed to bring relief to Harper's Ferry, and the author shows how McClellan, by making a night march on Sept. 13th, could have occupied this strategic position before the arrival of Lee's troops.

Page 30. "We know now that if he had marched no further than to the foot of the range that night, a distance which he ought to have accomplished by midnight, he could have passed through it the next morning substantially unopposed, and that advantage gained, the Federal army ought to have relieved Harper's Ferry or fatally separated the wings of Lee's army, or both."

Page 40. "The great fact remains that the two battles of South Mountain were tactical defeats to the Confederates, but strategical victories won by them. General Hill was right in saying, 'We retreated that night to Sharpsburg, having accomplished all that was required, the delay of the Yankee army until Harper's Ferry could not be relieved.'"

"Rebellion Record," Vol. V, p. 432 of Documents.

Despatch from General McClellan to H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, dated Sunday, Sept. 14th, 9:40 P. M.

"After a very severe engagement, the corps of Gen. Hooker and Gen. Reno have carried the heights commanding the Hagerstown road by storm. The troops behaved magnificently — they never fought better. . . . The action continued until after dark, and terminated, leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

"It has been a glorious victory. I cannot yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night, or appear in increased force during the morning.

"I regret to add that the gallant and able Gen. Reno is killed."

Despatch of General McClellan to H. W. Halleck, dated Sept. 15th, 10 A. M. p. 433.

"Information this moment received, completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army. . . . "

Part of Gen. Cox's report. p. 434.

HEADQUARTERS KANAWHA DIVISION,
NINTH ARMY CORPS,
Sept. 20th, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Kanawha division, Ninth Army Corps, Major-General Burnside commanding, in the battle of South Mountain: At six o'clock on the morning of September 14th, the division marched from Middletown, under an order received by me from Major-General Reno, directing me to support with my division the advance of Gen. Pleasanton, who, with his brigade of cavalry and artillery, was moving up the Hagerstown turnpike, toward the positions of the enemy in the pass of South Mountain. . . . It soon became evident the enemy held the crest in considerable force, and the whole division was ordered to advance to the assault of the position, word being received from Major-General Reno that the column would be supported by the whole corps. . . .

About 4 o'clock P. M. most of the reinforcements being in position, the order was received to advance the whole line, and take or silence the enemy's batteries immediately in front. The order was immediately obeyed, and the advance was made with the utmost enthusiasm. The enemy made a desperate resistance, charging our advancing lines with fierceness, but they were everywhere routed and fled with precipitation. . . . About seven o'clock still another effort to regain the lost ground was made by the rebels in front of the position of Gen. Sturgis's division, and part of the Kanawha division. This attack was more persistent, and a very lively fire was kept up for about an hour, but they were again repulsed, and under cover of the night retreated in mass from our entire front. Just before sunset Major-General Reno was killed while making a reconnoissance at the front. . . . The conduct of both officers and men was everything that could be desired, and everyone seemed stimulated by the determination not to be excelled in any soldierly quality.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. D. Cox,
Brig.-General, Commanding Kanawha Division.

General Burnside's order on the death of General Reno. p. 437.

"The Commanding General announces to the corps the loss of their late leader, Major-General Jesse L. Reno. By the death of this distinguished officer the country loses one of its most devoted patriots, the army one of its most thorough soldiers. In the long list of battles in which Gen. Reno has fought in his country's service his name always appears with the brightest lustre, and he has now bravely met a soldier's death while gallantly leading his men at the battle of South Mountain. For his high character and the kindly qualities of his heart in private life, as well as for the military genius and personal daring which marked him as a soldier, his loss will be deplored by all who knew him, and the Commanding General desires to add the tribute of a friend to the public mourning for the death of one of the country's best defenders."

"*79th Highlanders*," *p.* 233.

The Highlanders were among the troops that stormed and took the South Mountain heights, turning the right of the enemy's line.

" In order to escape the bullets which they showered on our advanced position, we lay down, some of us falling asleep while the bullets were cutting the tops of the corn-stalks above our heads."

The Surrender of Harper's Ferry

"*Rebellion Record*," *Vol. V, p.* 439 *of Documents.*

Harper's Ferry surrendered at 8 A. M., September 15, on the third day of the defence, the ammunition having become exhausted.

Page 448. Confederate General Jackson says in a despatch dated September 16th: "Yesterday God crowned our arms with another brilliant success on the surrender, at Harper's Ferry, of Brigadier-General White and 11,000 troops, an equal number of small arms, 73 pieces of artillery, and about 200 wagons. In addition to other stores, there is a large amount of camp and garrison equipage. Our loss was very small."

Battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam
Sept. 17, 1862

"*Antietam and Fredericksburg*," *p.* 47.

In attributing to McClellan a lack of expedition in his pursuit of Lee after the battle of South Mountain, Palfrey says:

"If he had used the priceless hours of the 15th of September, and the still precious, though less precious hours of the 16th, as he might have, his name would have stood high in the roll of great commanders; but

he let those hours go by, and . . . it took him forty-eight hours to get ready to deliver his main attack, and then he had to deal not only with Lee and Longstreet and Hood and D. H. Hill, but with all of them with Stonewall Jackson added with two of his divisions."

Page 53. The author says of McClellan:

"He was a man of short and solid figure, good carriage, and singularly pleasing manners. He was never in a hurry, and always seemed to have plenty of time at his command. He had shown marked ability as an organizer, and his men generally felt an almost idolatrous enthusiasm for him. . . . After Pope's defeat, the army turned to him passionately and the people hopefully, and the time was now coming that was to test the question of his talents."

Page 56. "On the afternoon of the hot fifteenth of September, while the long columns of the Federal Army were resting along the Boonsboro' Road, General McClellan passed through them to the front, and had from them such a magnificent reception as was worth living for. Far from the rear the cheers were heard, faintly at first, and gradually the sound increased and grew to a roar as he approached. The weary men sprang to their feet and cheered and cheered, and as he went the cheers went before him and with him and after him, till the sound receding with the distance at last died away. The troops moved on later, slowly and wearily, and some of them were not in position till the next morning.

"Gen. McClellan says that after a rapid examination of the position, he found it was too late to attack on Monday" (Sept. 15). "He does not say at what hour he reached the front, but . . . it was well into the afternoon. . . . So all this day, the 15th of September, Lee stood in front of Sharpsburg with the troops of Longstreet and D. H. Hill alone, while the whole army of the Potomac, excepting Franklin's command, was near him.

"Tuesday the sixteenth was a terribly hot day in its early hours, with a burning sun and no breeze. . . . It was a day of mere idleness throughout, for a large part of the army. . . .

"On the morning of this day Jackson arrived at Sharpsburg with his own division . . . and Ewell's division."

Page 119. "Tactically, the battle of the Antietam was a drawn battle, with the advantage inclining slightly to the side of the Federals, who gained some ground and took more trophies than they lost. The Confederates, however, held most of the ground on which they fought, and held it not only to the close of the battle, but for more than twenty-four hours after, and then retired, unmolested and in good order. The steady tramp of their retreating columns, like the steady flowing of a river, was heard all through the still night of the 18th of September, as they streamed along the road to the Shepherdstown ford of the Potomac. But, for an invading army, a drawn battle is a little less than a lost battle, and so it was in this case. Lee drew off successfully and defiantly, but

the invasion of Maryland was at an end. Of McClellan's conduct of this battle there is little to be said in the way of praise beyond the fact that he did fight it voluntarily, without having it forced upon him."

Page 122. "Both McClellan and Sumner exhibited their deficiency in those qualities which appear to be Grant's most valuable endowments — absolutely clear perception of the end to be attained, absolute insensibility to cost so long as the end appears attainable, and never forgetting and always acting upon the theory that when both sides are about exhausted, then is the time to push, and that he who pushes then will find the other side give way."

Page 127. "General McClellan decided not to renew the attack on the 18th. . . . Orders were given by McClellan for a renewal of the attack at daylight on the 19th, but at daylight on the 19th Lee was gone."

"*79th Highlanders*," *p.* 243.

"The next morning" (18th) "we expected to renew the battle, but all remained quiet along the line, except for the exchange of shots between the picket lines. The enemy could be distinctly seen occupying the position they held late the previous afternoon, and we wondered why McClellan did not at once press forward and secure the fruits of the victory won the day before. We all believed that a decisive victory was within our grasp, and chafed at the apparently uncalled-for delay."

"*War of the Rebellion*," *Series I, Vol. XIX, p.* 438.
Col. Christ's Report.

Hdqrs. First Brig. First Div. Ninth Army Corps,
Antietam Creek, Md., September 21st, 1862.

Sir: I respectfully submit the following report of the part borne by my command in the engagement near Sharpsburg, on Wednesday, September 17th, 1862.

About 10 o'clock a.m. I was ordered to support some batteries covering our advance near the stone bridge across Antietam Creek. During the afternoon I crossed the bridge and marched to the right, and parallel with the stream, for several hundred yards. I here deployed the Seventy-ninth New-York Volunteers as skirmishers, supported by the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, and Seventeenth Michigan Volunteers, and then moved forward in front of the enemy's battery (heavily supported by infantry), in the rear of a corn-field, on the right of the road. On reaching the crest of a hill, about 350 yards in front of the battery, I discovered that my support on my left had not come up. Deeming my force alone inadequate for the attack on both artillery and infantry, I was obliged to halt until supported on my left.

While halting under cover from the enemy directly in front, he opened a battery on my left which commanded my whole line from left to right,

and for thirty minutes we were under a most severe fire of round shot, shell, grape, and canister, and suffered severely. It was impossible to move forward for the reason before stated — no place in the neighborhood that afforded any cover — and the alternative presented itself either to retire from a good and only position from which to advance on the enemy in front, or to wait patiently until some demonstration on the left would compel him to change the direction of his fire. Again, I could not get under cover without retiring at least 250 yards, in full view of the enemy, and if there would have been the least confusion the men might have retreated in disorder, and exposed a larger and more disordered front to his fire, which would have largely increased the list of casualties. I chose the former, and was gratified by having my expectations realized.

A demonstration on the left compelled the enemy to change the direction of his fire, and my supports coming, we moved to the front, where we engaged the enemy on his left, and in about one hour succeeded in driving both his artillery and infantry from the position. I charged on the battery with the Seventeenth Michigan Regiment (this being the regiment immediately in front), supported by the Fiftieth Pennsylvania and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, but when within 100 yards of his guns (and while he was covered by a hill which prevented my advance column from shooting either his horses or their riders), he limbered up his pieces and retired. I did not deem it prudent to advance after his artillery had retired, for the reason that the woods were lined with his sharpshooters, and I would only have exposed my command to their fire without gaining anything. I retired with my charging party to my line of battle, and maintained my position until ordered to take another farther down and near the bridge, where the men slept on their arms for the night.

In this engagement it is impossible to particularize regiments, officers, or men, for, from the moment we were brought under fire until ordered to retire near the bridge, all displayed the utmost coolness and courage, ready and prompt to move forward at the word of command, and both officers and men vying with each other in the discharge of their duty. My especial acknowledgments are, however, due to my Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. William T. Lusk, for the assistance rendered me not only during this but also during the engagement of the 14th.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

B. C. Christ,
Colonel, Commanding First Brigade.

"Rebellion Record," Vol. V, p. 465 of Documents.
General Wilcox's Order.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
ANTIETAM CREEK, SEPT. 22, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 12. — It is with the greatest pleasure that the Brigadier-General commanding the First Division, announces to the officers and men of the command, his entire satisfaction with the manner in which they fought in the bloody battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburgh. No troops in Europe could have done better. The insolent enemy, flushed with the late successes, choosing their own position, and led by their most talented generals, have been met in desperate contest and hurled from the soil they had invaded.

We have borne no mean part in these victories, won for the glorious Union and Constitution without which life is worth nothing, and for the defence of which we are still ready to die.

Soldiers! In our rejoicings let us drop a manly tear for those who have fallen by our sides, and for the brave men of our division, whose spirits have fled to new scenes of glory.

The names of "South Mountain" and "Sharpsburgh," will be inscribed on the respective regimental colors.

By order of
Brigadier-General WILCOX.

HEADQUARTERS 1st BRIG.
1st DIV. 9th ARMY CORPS,
Sept. 22d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Heigh-ho! I do wish I could hear from home. We are promised a mail to-day, but I am not certain if my letters will reach me. I get piles of papers which travel down to South Carolina, make the tour of half the continent, and finally inundate me with news eight or ten weeks old; but the letters — where do they go to? I asked Genl. Burnside's Postmaster this question the other day. "Why let me see" was his answer, "there were some letters for you. I remember the name. Its a queer sort of a name. Now where can they have gone to?" Consolatory, was it not? Here I am full of anxiety, and no relief.

However most of us here stand on the same footing. We are resting now from past labors, near the mouth of Antietam Creek where it empties into the Potomac. This rest is indeed grateful to us all, for we were pretty well exhausted, ridding Maryland of its invaders. The rest can't last long though, I suppose. If possible I am going to abandon the immediate pursuit of arms, and return to medicine. Dr. McDonald, Surgeon of the 79th, urges me very strongly to accept the position as his 2nd assistant, and has well-nigh persuaded me that I could do more good in that position than anyone he would be apt to get elsewhere. I would like this first-rate, but how to accomplish the transfer from Brigade-Adjutant to Asst. Surgeon? The Government is not very obliging in these matters, and it is too difficult a thing to work, for me to hope much. I have a pretty good time now — am not too much pressed with work. The Col. commanding the Brigade treats me with flattering consideration, and I believe myself generally respected and beloved in the Brigade. I am not consequently very unhappy, am rather jolly than otherwise. Still I feel neglected, and have abandoned anything like military aspirations. It is vain to refer to long service, or to the estimation in which I have been held by commanding officers as shown on the records of the Division from the first. I cannot but feel that had I stayed at home until these last levies were raised, I might have held a much more responsible position than my present one. I have abandoned in future all care or thought of promotion, and content myself with doing simply and purely my duty. Now my precious mother, if I am querulous, don't let it trouble you. I do not mind it myself. I only write as I do to show you how it is that my feelings have so changed since

we parted. You can remember how indignantly I repulsed every suggestion as to my entering the army in connection with the medical service, and yet would very gladly do so to-day were it in my power. As for the rest, not being one of your grand and gloomy geniuses oppressed by a sense of their own merits, and the world's want of appreciation of them, although occasionally exercising a soldier's privilege to grumble, I contrive to keep up my spirits, like a Mark Tapley in the township of Eden. Bother! I would like to see you all. Master Turly must wear breeches with pockets in them. Master Will has doubtless grown large enough to bully smaller boys than himself. (Such things are possible my dear sister Mary, though I grant the improbability in this particular case). Lilly and Tom have grown staid and domestic. Walter can hear the heir-apparent talked about without blushing. Both the Ellens make charming young mothers. The old house, Hunt and Mary, and then my mother thinking of an absent scapegrace who now sits in his shirt-sleeves, having laid aside his shabby war-worn regimentals, and wants to be remembered lovingly by all his friends! Oh bother!

Affec'y.,
WILL.
Capt. & A. A. A. G.

MOUTH OF ANTIETAM CREEK,
79th REGIMENT,
Sept. 28th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I have been sitting smoking my pipe by moonlight, pleasantly chatting with my old friend Dr. McDonald,

till remembering my anxious mother, I have returned to say cheering words to that most estimable and precious lady. At last your kind pains have been rewarded. A mail-bag has arrived from Washington, and made me the happy possessor of nine letters. What a treasure! Eight from you, and one full of kindness from dear Lilly who promises moreover to write me more, though I should prove a negligent correspondent myself. Tell her to do so by all means. Such proofs of love are very delightful. I wrote you last, that I was entertaining some idea of joining McDonald as his Asst. Surgeon. We had the thing all nicely arranged — had consulted and received the approval of the Medical Director, when a young man presents himself duly commissioned for the position by the Governor of New-York. My lucky star is not in the ascendant.

Another change has taken place in my affairs. A new brigade has been formed, and the 79th Highlanders transferred to it. I was obliged to follow with my Regiment, and consequently resigned the position of A. A. A. G. to the old Brigade. The same position was offered me in the New Brigade, but, not liking the Brigadier, I declined the honor. So now I am back again, a simple Captain in the 79th, sole commander in chief of a company numbering some 20 effective men. So much for "Glory." It may perhaps console you that Col. Christ, who had charge of five Regiments in the late battles, writes in his reports: "While I have reason to commend in general the conduct of the officers of my command, my special thanks are due to Capt. Lusk for the valuable services he rendered me." I quote it (as nearly as I can remember) because in the mass of reports which are sent in, few, if any, will ever come to light again.

I am glad you proposed to visit Maj. Elliott in New London. He is a warm and true friend of mine. I wrote Horace to-day quite a long letter. Hunt's letter, recommending me to accept the position of Aide on General Tyler's staff came too late. I could not apply for it, as a Brigadier is not entitled to an Aide beyond the rank of Lieut., unless the officer receives his commission direct from the President. With Stevens I was simply detached for Staff duties. This could be done inside, but not outside, of the Brigade I may be attached to. I could therefore accept by Army Regulations nothing less than the position of Asst. Adjt.-General. Otherwise I would have fancied the thing right well, as, having consigned all ambitious project to him who is said to be the Father of them, I would like very much to see something of campaigning in the West, and the Western country. We are now resting, recruiting, and getting ready for new deeds. I trust we have inaugurated victory now, and mean to hear nothing more of Manassas.

Great must Uncle John's faith be, if he still believes in Pope. I am sure there was not a man in his army, who had any confidence in his capacity, even previous to his final disasters. We all considered him a very noisy, pretentious liar.

It is now so late that I must say Good-Bye.

Affec'y.,

WILL.

79th Regiment, 1st Brigade, 1st Div.
9th Army Corps.

79th Regiment,
Near Antietam Creek,
Sept. 28th, 1862.

My dear Horace:

Here we are, still resting at the mouth of this muddy little stream now famous and historical. Ten days have gone since the battle and yet there are no signs of bustle and busy preparation aiming at the destruction of our dirty foes on the other side of the river. I say, "Forward!" To think of hesitating before such a pitiful crew as those we have so lately beaten! You perceive our recent successes are making us forget Manassas. But McClellan is cautious, and, without intending any disparagement, does not possess that lightning rapidity which characterized the "old Napoleon." Yet we of the Army are jealous of McClellan's reputation and fear the possibility of losing him. Not indeed because we believe him equal to the command of 600,000 men — we believe him simply the best general we have got, and do not trust the judgment of old Abe in the selection of a new one. Pope, Sigel, Fremont, and the whole batch of our political Generals are objects of honest terror to every soldier in the Union Army. Stevens was a better man than McClellan. His judgment was unerring, his foresight marvellous, his prophecies sure of fulfilment. He had a power to electrify troops, and lift them at the critical moment to a degree of enthusiasm that was inspiration. He could be cautious and crafty, as well as daring. He felt himself born to hold the reins of authority, and grasped them so that the steady hand was felt by the commonest soldier of his command. Soldiers all loved him, and recognized his strength as it were by instinct. He knew how to deal a hard blow, and deal it with rapidity. He

never underestimated a difficulty, but his estimates were forestallments of history. What he possessed in an eminent degree was Power — and Power composed of rude strength and natural vigor. What he lacked was comeliness. This, culture could not give him. He needed a grand sphere in which to move. Then he would have been grand. Confined, one could detect what was gnarled and ungainly. The oak is the monarch in the midst of the forest, not in the garden. Among flowers, neat trimmed box shows to the best advantage. There was something about Stevens that offended little souls, and there were many little souls who hated him. He had such a galling way of expressing his detestation at what deserves contempt, that many felt themselves offended thereby. He had many enemies and many friends, but those who knew him best mourn his loss most deeply. The neglect and injustice shown him in his life time broke his heart. He is dead now and at peace.

To-day I received nine letters, the first I have seen in many a day. Some of them are very old, but they afforded a rare treat for all that. In one of them my mother writes she had received a letter from you, in which you wrote that I had glory enough at twenty-four to last me for a life time. Ah, my dear Horace, there was rare irony in that! I acknowledge it. I have had "glory" enough to last me for a life time. I am satisfied with what I've had of the article and am willing in future to dispense with any further accessions. See what a valuable thing it is! A few days ago I enjoyed high favor, I went into fresh battles, and the records show fresh praises from my Commanding Officers. Christ, who commanded a Brigade of five Regiments in the recent

battles writes in his report: "While the officers of my command in general conducted themselves well, my special thanks are due to Capt. Lusk for the valuable services he rendered me." Now for the rewards of service. I have to-day the command of 14 men, six of them old soldiers that grumble, and eight raw recruits who are learning the mysteries of the goose-step. *Sic itur ad astra.* There's glory for you. I acknowledge I have had enough to satisfy me for the rest of my life. I have not been persecuted in any way. The whole thing is the result of natural causes which could not be avoided. Fortune simply played me a sorry trick. Friends say, "Resign." But I am not willing to be petulant. If disgusted with "glory," I believe in a better word, and that is — duty. So I have turned to, tried to stop the grumbling of the old soldiers, and get the recruits to do the goose-step creditably. I want the fighting to go on though. I can't stand it, lying still. I want to fight the thing through, and get out of a mortifying position. After sixteen months of service I trudge around with a corporal's guard, while old friends who have been waiting favorable opportunities at home until now, prancing by me in new regimentals at the heads of Regiments, nod to me familiarly perhaps, or probably pass me unnoticed. There are no vacancies at present in the Field of the 79th Regiment, and yet any day there may be. I am the next eligible candidate at present in the Regiment for promotion, and might get the next vacancy if friends at home were only alive to the necessity of vouching for me in some way, to those who have the power to dispense Commissions. Here I see miners, tailors, carpenters and all sorts of petty tradesmen, who find no difficulty in getting friends to mention their names, and because suc-

cessful, boast much of their political influence, and yet I, a gentleman with plenty of friends, cannot boast of enough to secure me my just dues in the regular order of seniority. I do not want to be querulous. I do want Uncle Phelps though, if he knows Gov. Morgan, to remind him occasionally that he has a nephew whom Gov. Morgan might remember, &c. Well, my dear Horace, I will say no more. *Verbum sat sapienti.* I hope one of these days to get home with my duty done, and then I can laugh at my present comical situation. Do write me a long letter. I have heard nothing from you for some months, though this is my third letter. I suppose either yours or mine have been lost. Love to Cousin Lou, Hattie, your mother and the good people on the Hill.

Affec'y. but sadly,

WILL.

79th Regt. 1st Brig. 1st Div. 9th Army Corps, Washington.
(To be forwarded)

ANTIETAM IRON WORKS,
79th REGIMENT,
Sept. 30th. 1862.

My dear Mother:

I send you herewith the copy sent me to-night of Special Order No. 8 from the Headquarters of the 9th Army Corps. I trust it will afford you a crumb of comfort. Keep it, if it will be of any use in getting me recognized in Connecticut. Having always boasted of hailing from that State, I am considered as a sort of alien in a New-York Regiment. But Connecticut doesn't appear to trouble herself much about me, so I think it would be better if you should forward the document to Horace, to whom I have confided the delicate task of insinuating

to my New-York friends that I am really living still. It might be of some assistance to him.

Have nothing further to add, except that I don't fancy my old crony Hattie's marrying a widower with three children. Love to all.

Affec'y.,
WILL.

"Rebellion Record," Vol. V, p. 465 of Documents.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
MOUTH OF ANTIETAM CREEK, MD., SEPT. 28, 1862.
SPECIAL ORDER No. 8.

The following officers and enlisted men of this command have been honorably mentioned in the official reports of the engagements of the 17th inst., and their names are hereby published, as a testimony to their gallant and meritorious conduct in the field, and for efficiency in their departments:

First Division.

. . . Colonels B. C. Christ and Thomas Welsh, for the able manner in which they handled their brigades; Capt. Wm. T. Lusk, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of Col. Christ's brigade. . . .

J. D. COX,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

NORWICH, Oct. 6th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

I certainly did not intend writing you to-day, and have but little time, yet I must acknowledge the reception of Special Order No. 8 from the Headquarters of the 9th Army Corps, and the pleasure it affords me. Thomas Perkins obtained a letter from the Gov. of Conn. to the Gov. of New-York. Walter has written you the favorable result of his application so far, but of Gov. B's[1] letter I wish to make special mention. It was in the highest degree complimentary to you, and stated in conclusion that

[1] Buckingham.

had you served in a Conn. Reg't he should have promoted you long since. In fact my son, even I felt he had written as handsome a letter recommending your promotion as I could desire. So N. Y. I think is fairly the State of your adoption, and your claims rest upon her, as you have served with her sons. Should E. resign, Gov. M.[1] has promised upon proof of your being first Captain, that you shall receive the commission. However, it is best that you should keep your friends advised, and we will do what we can. I have so much to say, I wish I could talk to you. Good-bye, God will bless you, trust Him for all things.

Very lovingly,
MOTHER.

Hannah has a son three days old. I have sent Special Order No. 8 to your Uncle Phelps and Walter who will use it as they like.

(W. W. PHELPS TO E. F. LUSK)

NEW-YORK, Oct. 8th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Lusk:

I inclose Willie's letter, in hopes that it has not yet been too long at hand to be the latest from his Headquarters.

I have pleasure in announcing the result of an application at Albany, which Mr. Phelps wrote you about.

I saw the Gov.

"If the position were vacant I should give it to you now. All I can say under the circumstances is this, if the vacancy occurs, and the facts are as stated about your friend, he shall have it. I will bear it in mind."

[1] Morgan.

I wrote Will immediately that what he had to do was to get Elliott to resign, and proof that he was the Senior Captain, when he could mount his gold leaf as Major.

You can imagine how difficult it is to obtain a Commission out of regular order, from the fact that the Gov. has been trying for a month to get a simple Lieutenancy for a ward of his.

Very truly,
W. W. Phelps.

79th Regiment, Camp Israel,
Pleasant Valley,
Oct. 19th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

It is some little time since I have had an opportunity to write you, for a few days ago we were suddenly sent to Frederick for the protection of that place, apprehensive of an attack from Stuart's troopers. While there, we had no conveniences for inditing epistles, little to eat, and plenty of exposure. When I left for Frederick, I was quite ill with camp dysentery, but it left me very soon, although I have no doubt, could you have seen me lying out of doors without shelter in the cold night air, you would have predicted certain death to me. I find men don't die easy, unless they are shot. Atmospheric exposure doesn't kill. Men grow and thrive with hardship.

Well, so I am another Uncle, bless my heart! As well as the little heart of the new youngster who wouldn't be a girl for any consideration! The female sex don't seem to smile upon me, but then boys are such "rare birds," as Dr. Tyng said of Billy Willson's Zouaves.

There's some consolation in that. I think I shall accept the Uncleship of Ellen's baby, so that when I get old and a busybody, I can make a match between this last nephew of mine and little Miss Dodge. Hey! Won't it be fun! Give the small boy a good kissing, tell him I am going to arrange all his love matters for him when he gets old enough, and most charming of all, will buy him a new drum as soon as he can handle the drumsticks. For the rest I do not doubt but that he is a phenomenon of a beautiful mottled cherry color, in fact beyond comparison, unequalled by any other baby of his age living. Give my congratulations to Hunt and Mary, and tell them, like a good brother I rejoice with them, and only wish I could be present with them for a few days to share their joy.

It is raining hard to-night and we think that cold weather will follow. As for promotion, I do not bother my head about that. I have enough to disgust me in a thousand ways to make me sick of soldiering. However, duty is duty, so I put my nose to the grindstone and say, "Grind away." . . . My own tent—we are five of us together—has a pretty good set of fellows. The only trouble is, with the exception of my old first Lieutenant (appointed Capt. to-day), they sadly lack interest in the cause they are engaged upon. These new Regiments have destroyed the enthusiasm of the old. The newly enlisted men have already in advance, in the way of bounties, received more money than old soldiers can hope to earn in the entire war. The old officers who have been in many battles and by hard service have learned their duty, are obliged to receive instructions when on picket or other extra duty, from some Major just entering on military life, who very likely pegged shoes for them, without an inspiration for military glory,

a year ago. These things are hard to gulp down, and unless the sense of duty is very strong the murmurings are loud indeed.

Affec'y.,
WILL.

"*Antietam and Fredericksburg*," *p.* 129.

"The movements of the two armies in the seven weeks which followed the battle of the Antietam, do not require minute description. Both armies needed rest. . . . McClellan devoted his attention to guarding the line of the Potomac, and to the equipment and reorganization of his command. . . . He wanted horses, shoes, clothing, and blankets, and he wanted all the 'old troops that could possibly be dispensed with around Washington and other places,' and he repeated his assertion that in the recent battles the enemy was greatly superior in number."

Page 130. "By the 6th of October the President had become impatient, so much so that Halleck, the General-in-Chief, was instructed to telegraph McClellan as follows: 'The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south.' This, however, did not move McClellan, and on the 10th of October Stuart crossed the Potomac, above Williamsport, with orders to 'endeavor to ascertain the position and designs of the enemy.' He penetrated as far as Chambersburg which he occupied for a time, destroyed public property, made the entire circuit of the Federal Army, and recrossed the Potomac, near the mouth of the Monocacy, without any material loss. Thus for the second time a force of Confederate cavalry rode all around McClellan's army. The latter exploit was the more noteworthy, and the more discreditable to McClellan, because the raid was made on Union territory."

Page 131. "There was undoubtedly great delay in the arrival of supplies. . . . At last, however, near the end of October, affairs were in such condition that McClellan began to put his troops in motion."

79th REGIMENT, Oct. 28th, 1862.
CAMP NEAR SOUTHVILLE, VA.

My dear Mother:

We are once more on the march and have recrossed into Virginia. Let us pray for success — and hope. I am in first rate health and spirits. It seems as though exposure was a good thing for a soldier. All the time I lay in camp I did not feel well. The day we marched it

rained hard, and the air was excessively cold at night. I was appointed Division Field Officer for the day, and had to spend hours in a cold dark rainy night wandering through marshes and wet fields examining picket posts. Well, instead of killing me, as my good mother would have supposed, I lost all my ill-feelings, and, after a night's sleep, am in better condition than I have been in for weeks. I regret only one thing — that we can no longer receive our mails regularly. In our last camp things were so arranged that we received the mail daily, which was very pleasant.

I had a letter from Coz. Lou a day or two ago, and enjoyed it greatly. It seems to me that Lilly has forgotten her offer to become my correspondent, that is to say, to do all the corresponding herself. I am sure I grasped her offer most warmly. I received a kind and friendly letter from Col. Farnsworth some days since, which I forwarded to Walter. The Colonel promised me all the influence he possessed for my advancement. A call has been lately made for men of the Volunteer Army to enlist in the Regulars. It speaks well for the discipline of the Highlanders, that, while from other Regiments from 75 to 100 men eagerly sought the opportunity to enter a new service, hardly a dozen of our men have been found ready to change their present condition. In my own company not one has volunteered.

Affec'y.,

Will.

If I get disabled, I think I shall keep a candy store — with so many nephews I would be so popular. Tell Mrs. Dodge that, for the benefit of her little girl, I shall keep an assortment of the biggest goggle-eyed wax dolls.

W. T. L.

Near Rectorville, Va.
November, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I received your half reproachful letter last night just after I had gone to bed, and thought that perhaps I might have made a little too much of the difficulties of writing without pens, ink, stand, and oftentimes in the cold with numb fingers after a day's march. These things make me disinclined to write letters, yet I should know by the pleasure the receipt of your missives affords me, that to occasion like pleasure in return should be sufficient incentive to exertion. I am commencing well to-night with a small stub of a pencil, sitting in McDonald's tent. But remember do, dear mother, when at times I prove neglectful, that all is necessarily well; that "no news is good news."

I hardly can give you any hint of the intentions of the Army. We do not see the papers often enough to study the general movement of our troops, and cannot even make conjectures. We all hope though that we are engaged on some earnest and important undertaking. We feel that it is vital to act, and wish to act successfully. Burnside and McClellan are near us, and we have faith in them. I judge from some remark I read in the papers, that Connecticut has given her vote to the Democracy in the late elections. A test-vote was taken on election day in our Regiment to try the relative strengths of Seymour and Wadsworth. 168 votes were polled, of which Wadsworth received only 52. This was not so much because Seymour or his principles were popular, as for the reason that Wadsworth, long before his nomination for Governor of New-York, was generally known to the

army as rather the leader of the clique so obnoxious to the soldier, which was loud and virulent in its abuse of McClellan. The feeling was rather McClellan versus Fremont, than Seymour versus Wadsworth.

While I think of it, I will deny the story that Rockwell did not command his battery in the James Island battle. He did so, and I do not think Porter meant to deny it. Porter probably said that he (Porter) commanded Rockwell's Battery the most of the time they were on James Island, without specifying anything regarding the fight. You know Rockwell was sick a good deal of the time, and Porter, as next in rank, did command in many of the almost daily skirmishes. Porter did first-rate service, and is too good a man I think, to injure his own reputation by decrying another. On the day of the battle Rockwell was well enough to command in person, and to the entire satisfaction of General Stevens.

I had a letter from Horace yesterday, and should judge he was blue. The poor fellow has had discouragements enough. He writes that if the draft falls upon him, he shall enter the ranks and come out to the war. This is wrong. He should secure a Commission, or stay at home. With my present experience, I would not have leaped blindly as I did at the commencement of the war. I have had a hard struggle with pride and duty to make me persist, but a little of the caution displayed by most of my friends, would have saved me many difficulties. If my friends have generally been more successful than I, I can at least feel consoled by the thought that what I have gained has been won by my own exertion. There, that is pretty egotism! Little boy blue, come blow your horn!

I wish I had seen Charley Johnson when in my neigh-

borhood. I suppose I was off to Frederick. Charley must have been journeying to the moon, I guess, when he so narrowly escaped Stuart's Cavalry.

Believe me,
Affec'y.,
Will.

Norwich, Conn.
November 17th, 1862.

My own dear Son:

I think I will commence the week by writing a letter to you who in these times of trouble occupy so large a share of my thoughts. Sam Elliott was here on Saturday, dined with us and stayed some hours. His sad condition makes me feel very melancholy. Poor fellow! How he has suffered. I sometimes wish you were all withdrawn from the Army. Oh! my poor, poor country! It is so grievous to see our sons and friends maimed, sick, or to know that they are dead. He (Elliott) tells me you are well, and seem strong. God has indeed been merciful to spare your life and strength amid such great dangers as you have passed through during the last eighteen months. Elliott talks of returning to his duties this week. He certainly ought not, for he is weak, sick, and unfit for exertion; besides that, he requires the most nourishing diet. He told me that he found you at breakfast on mouldy bread and sloppy coffee, while we who are at home doing nothing, are fattening on luxuries.

Oh! my dear, dear son, I feel so anxious about the effect of this coming cold winter, and I cannot help a feeling of bitterness that you are not provided with proper food. If you should have an attack of rheumatism, do get permission to return to be taken care of properly. I hear

nothing more of your prospects in New-York, but am sure your friends will not relax their exertions. We are all well here, and the Grands are doing finely, especially the last. A week from Thursday is our Thanksgiving Day in Conn., so we are expecting Thomas and Lillie to pass the day, after which I shall return with them to New-York for the winter. Elliott told me when he reached New-York, being cold, he wrapped around him the blanket Hunt gave him, and as he staggered from weakness, a police officer arrested him for drunkenness, but released him immediately on discovering that he was ill. What is the general feeling in the Army regarding the removal of McClellan, as far as you can judge? Uncle John is violently opposed to him, and Hunt, I think, partakes of his feelings. Whether justly, or unjustly, there is certainly a strong party against him. The *Post* and *Tribune* oppose him, the *World* and *Express* uphold him, while the *Herald* humbly submits its judgment to the will of the President.

Mary Wells and her husband have returned from Europe, and are expected here this week. Hannah has nearly, or quite recovered her strength. I have not much news to tell you. The Twenty-sixth Regt. left last Thursday, to the relief of some of our citizens. They were in town at all hours, and a hundred or more at once would run past the guard and rush to their tents when they pleased. The Lt.-Col. when issuing his orders, would address them thus: "Gentlemen, please to stand back," or, "Gentlemen, please to stop," when he wished them to halt. This is the gossip. Very few of them were known in town, and consequently less interest was felt for them than for the Eighteenth and Twenty-First. Edward Ells, and young Meech who married Louisa

Bond went with them. Gen. Tyler and Ned, Dr. Osgood saw last week in Chicago. He reports that they are having a rather forlorn time. It is some time since their paroled prisoners have seen the paymaster. I hear you have been inconvenienced by the same cause. The papers state that all are now being paid, so I hope you too will receive your own. Uncle Thomas heard somewhere, that the "De Soto" was off New Orleans on her way home for repairs. If this is true, Charles may soon be home.

Good-bye, my own dear son, may the Almighty God be ever your defence and shield.

Always very lovingly,

MOTHER.

Elliott said, if the Medical Examiner forbids his return this week, he should come and see me again. His brother William is in Washington. His arm is still useless.

McCLELLAN SUCCEEDED BY BURNSIDE

"*Antietam and Fredericksburg*," *p.* 132.

"Late on the night of the 7th of November McClellan received an order relieving him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and directing him to turn it over to Gen. Burnside. . . . To relieve McClellan of his command so soon after he had forced Lee out of Maryland, was hard measure. He had succeeded to the command when Pope had been very badly beaten, and when the sound of the enemy's guns had been plainly audible at Washington. He had rapidly raised the troops from a condition of much discouragement and demoralization, and made of them a compact and efficient force." . . .

Page 133. "His interminable and inexcusable delays upon the Peninsula afforded just ground for dissatisfaction, and they seemed, to say no more, to be followed by similar delays upon the Potomac. . . . So the 'young Napoleon,' the popular idol of 1861, was removed from the command of the army for which he had done so much, and while it seems that hard measure was meted to him, there is more ground for sympathy than there is for wonder."

Page 134. "It is little to say that his character was reputable, but it is true. He was a courteous gentleman. Not a word was ever said against his way of life nor his personal integrity. No orgies disgraced

headquarters while he was in command. His capacity and energy as an organizer are universally recognized. He was an excellent strategist and in many respects an excellent soldier. He did not use his own troops with sufficient promptness, thoroughness and vigor, to achieve great and decisive results, but he was oftener successful than unsuccessful with them, and he so conducted affairs that they never suffered heavily without inflicting heavy loss upon their adversaries. . . . There are strong grounds for believing that he was the best commander the Army of the Potomac ever had. No one would think for a moment of comparing Pope or Burnside or Hooker with him. . . . While the Confederacy was young and fresh and rich, and its armies were numerous, McClellan fought a good, wary, damaging, respectable fight against it. He was not so quick in learning to attack as Joe Johnston and Lee and Jackson were, but South Mountain and the Antietam showed that he had learned the lesson, and with longer possession of command, greater things might fairly have been expected of him. . . . A growing familiarity with his history as a soldier, increases the disposition to regard him with respect and gratitude, and to believe, while recognizing the limitations of his nature, that his failure to accomplish more was partly his misfortune and not altogether his fault."

Near Fredericksburg,
Nov. 19th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Here we are at last on familiar ground, lying in camp at Falmouth, opposite to Fredericksburg. I have been unable while on the march for the few days past, to write you, but am doing my best with a pencil to-night, as one of our Captains returns home to-morrow, and will take such letters as may be given him. It was my turn to go home this time, but my claim was disregarded. You know Lt.-Col. Morrison has command of the Regiment in Col. Farnsworth's absence, and Morrison never omits any opportunity to subject me to petty annoyances. I am an American in a Scotch Regiment, and in truth not wanted. Yet I cannot resign. The law does not allow that, so I have to bear a great deal of meanness. Stevens in his lifetime knowing how things stood, kept in check

the Scotch feeling against interlopers like Elliott and myself. . . . I do not exaggerate these things. I used to feel the same way in old times, but had been so long separated from the regiment as almost to forget them. I have borne them of late without complaint, hoping the efforts of my friends might work my release. In the Regiments of the old Division I think no officer had so many strong friends as I. In my own Regiment I may say that I am friendless. (I except McDonald). In the Division I had a reputation. In my Regiment I have none. After eighteen months of service I am forced to bear the insults of a man who is continually telling of the sacrifices he has made for his country, because he abandoned on leaving for the war, a small shop where he made a living by polishing brasses for andirons.

Forgive me, my dear mother, for complaining. It does me good sometimes, for then after speaking freely, I always determine afresh that if these things must be, I will nevertheless do my duty, and in so doing maintain my self-respect. Love to all, dear mother. Good-bye.

Very affec'y.,
William T. Lusk.

Near Falmouth, Nov. 22nd, 1862.

My dear Mother:

We are still overlooking the city of Fredericksburg, which the enemy has not evacuated, disregarding our warnings. I suppose the shelling of the city will commence to-morrow, unless regard be shown by our Commanders for the Sabbath day. I must say the attack on Fredericksburg is a thing I greatly dread. The field of battle with all its horrors is redeemed somewhat by the

thought that the dead on both sides have fallen in a cause sacred in their own eyes at least, and this redeems them, but wanton destruction of property and all the probable results of a successful siege develop only the most devilish propensities of humanity. To see women and children, old men, the weak and the feeble insulted and injured, makes one hate war and distrust one's cause, and yet with the lax discipline maintained in our armies, we have too frequent examples of such outrage, the efforts of officers to check them being completely neutralized by the accursed conduct of the Press with its clamor for a vigorous prosecution of the war. In this way Pope prepared his troops for defeat. Burnside is a nobler nature, and will do what he can to prevent such stains on our honor, but he even cannot wholly arrest the effect of the savage appeals of our journals at home. You ask me what I think of McClellan? I cannot answer for myself, I have been too little under his command, but by his old soldiers — by those in whose judgment I place confidence, he is trusted as the ablest General in our army. Granting even that he is slow, they believe he had the power to have brought the war successfully to a close, had he been allowed to execute his plans without the assistance of our Executive's wisdom. I fear we have no great soldiers in our army. Probably we had a good mediocre one in McClellan. It is doubtful whether we have that now. Poor old . . . Abe has put down his big clumsy foot — and God help us! We don't look for assistance either to old Abe or the collective wisdom of his advisers. We hardly look to the people of the North wearied with repeated disappointment. In our wretched army system we have not much more to hope. What then? We must trust in God, and conquer. This alone can help

us now. To this is our pride humbled. *In hoc signo vinces.* I do not despair, but hope — and while I live, will never despair — but my hopes will rise, when a sincere effort shall be made to check the license and marauding propensities of our troops, when thieves and robbers shall receive speedy and terrible justice, when, in a word, we shall deserve to conquer. A righteous indignation toward the authors of the rebellion may be a good thing, but it is very likely to be confounded with a desire to pamper one's belly at the expense of the helpless. It may be a good thing to use severe measures to bring deluded men to a sense of their errors. Still I think, were low ignorant ruffians to visit my home while I was away fighting, burn my house, lay waste my property, insult mother and sisters, beggar the little children I might love, taunt the gray hairs I might respect, leave starvation in the place of plenty, I should feel singularly strengthened in my early delusion. Yet this is a truthful picture of what the —— and its school mean by a vigorous prosecution of the war. Cromwell's troops were terrible soldiers — a scourge to the enemy — and they conquered because they were forbidden to stain their cause with robbery and wrong. I heard two soldiers disputing to-day, one of them belonged to the 18th Ind. Vols., the other to the 8th Ohio Vols. They were contending as to which Regiment should be entitled to the credit of having collected and sent home the greatest amount of plunder. I heard a Michigan soldier boasting that his Regiment had foisted thousands of dollars worth of counterfeit money on the people of Virginia in exchange for little luxuries. A poor woman lived near us. A party of cowards entered her house to search for booty. She implored them to leave the little that she had for her children's sake. The

brutes thrust her out of the door, until they had ransacked the poor dwelling, and then left a weak woman and feeble little children to go supperless to bed. The great, hulking, cowardly brutes! But I have no wish to point the finger further at our disgrace. I have said I do not despair, but at sight of such things I cannot but despond.

Give my best love to all my dear friends — God bless them and protect them.

Very affec'y.,

WILL.

NEAR FALMOUTH,
Nov. 26th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I have selected the most inviting of the paper Nellie sent me to write you to-day — such nice paper I thought it would be to write a love-letter on, to some dainty little lady. I have lighted a real good cigar, and fancy I might be delightfully sentimental, but nearly five years absence from home has left me, alas! with no dainty little lady acquaintances, time having changed them into interesting matrons. So as my own mother is the most interesting matron of my acquaintance, I find myself writing to her.

To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day. The manner in which it is supposed to be observed in camp you will find interestingly pictured in last week's "Frank Leslie." I suppose we will dine in reality to-morrow on coffee and crackers and fried beefsteak. Still these things satisfy the appetite, and are even capable of producing dyspepsia, notwithstanding the popular notion that such an evil is

confined to the pampered denizens of cities. You must take Sam Elliott's descriptions of camp-life *cum grano salis*, remembering what wonderful descriptive powers he possesses. I do not doubt he pictures the horrors so vividly that the hearers suffer far more from listening to his accounts, than the actual victims do from experiencing the reality.

You will see Wm. Elliott I suppose. Tell him then that I must have written authority from him to collect the money for his lost horse. I wish to serve him, but need the writing to enable me to act. My special friend, Lt.-Col. Morrison, played me another amiable trick to-night, having appointed More Major of the Regiment, subject to the approval of the Governor of New-York. This was in the first place unnecessary, as More has not yet reported for duty. Then it was a thing he had no special power to do, Col. Farnsworth (so he writes me) having already recommended me to the Gov. for the position. But it was a cunning trick, as, should my appointment occur in the face of his own published to the Regiment, endless troubles could easily be made to result. Yet Morrison to my face is the sweetest, most amiable among the artificers of brasses for andirons. Capt. —— who so flatteringly presented my prospects and deserts to Uncle Phelps, was at the same time, Farnsworth writes me, the bitterest of my opponents, and using his best efforts to ruin me in New-York and Albany. They are a sweet set among whom I have fallen. They owe Elliott and myself an old grudge for the favor Stevens showed us, which they now have an opportunity to repay. They have fixed Elliott's case for him, and they are busy settling mine. However I have recovered my amiability, and no longer feeling any hope of escape, am not a little

amused at the trouble they take regarding me. I tell them everything candidly, so that they need be at no pains on my account, but they, not supposing it possible for a man to be staightforward, exhaust any amount of useless cunning to gain their ends. And the best of it all is, that while all this working is going on, we are all such capital friends that it is really delightful to see brethren live in such harmony together.

With regard to the intended Army movements we are all utterly in the fog, the time passing and the mud growing deeper, while batteries are being built by the enemy under our very noses. What's the use of questioning? Time will show.

I shall think of you feasting merrily to-morrow, mindful of the absent son and brother, and wish you all joy.

I am wearing the stockings you sent me and find them glorious. I am generally quite comfortable now, from the contents of the box my friends prepared and sent me. You must thank all those to whom I am indebted, in my name. I shall send this letter to New-York direct, supposing it may reach you sooner so. Love to Lilly, Mary, Hunt, Tom, and the Infant Department.

Affec'y.,
WILL.

(W. W. PHELPS TO E. F. LUSK)

NEW-YORK, Nov. 28th, 1862.

My dear Mrs. Lusk:

You will rejoice with me on hearing that the Postman has just brought me a large envelope stamped with the State Seal, containing a Commission for Major W. T.

Lusk! Hurrah! And Hurrah a second time, because I was too much for his honor, Lt.-Col. Morrison!

I surmised he would play Will a shabby trick and recommend another, and I was ready for him. I wrote to the Gov.'s secretary that *he* might nominate a fellow named More, but that Farnsworth, I was pretty sure, preferred Capt. Lusk. Sure enough! In Major Linsly's letter enclosing the Commission, he tells me that Capt. More presented himself with Col. Morrison's nomination, whereupon Major Linsly read my last letter to the Gov., in which I had anticipated the case, and the Gov. told him to send me the Commission for Capt. Lusk.

I write Will to-day, and send the Commission. I daren't send the latter before I have advised Will, or Col. Morrison, through whose hands it goes, might venture to detain or destroy it.

With love of Nelly and me to Hunt and Mary,

Very truly,

Wm. Walter Phelps.

(W. W. Phelps to W. T. Lusk)

Nov. 28th, Evening.

My dear Will:

The end of a day marked by the alternation of joy with sorrow in an extreme degree. This morning the Postman gave me a large envelope covered with postage stamps, and marked with the seal of the State. It contained two papers — the one in a large envelope with the same seal upon its face and the superscription Major W. T. Lusk; the other, the letter explanatory from the Gov.'s Secretary, which I enclose.

You can imagine my gratification — the labor of months rewarded and the suspense ended. I made it a holiday.

Your Uncle, who had travailed with me, should rejoice over the birth. Down I rattled in the omnibus, with that beautiful Commission in my pocket — surest of the sure, for hadn't I it in black and white and on parchment? I could tell any one, but, except Nelly and our folks who were rejoicing over it at home, Mr. I. N.[1] should be the first.

I left the omnibus at the Post-Office, where I dropped in a letter to tell your mother that I had a Commission, in which the Commonwealth of N. Y. declared that for the confidence it had in him, her son was declared Major of the 79th. From the Post briskly to 45 Wall, where your Uncle and I re-read the Commission, shook hands and laughed over the accomplishment of well-laid schemes. Mr. Stillman was still off for Thanksgiving, so we had the office to ourselves.

Finally I tore myself away and went with Commission and a light heart to my desk at Judge Woodruff's. Young Woodruff read the Commission, congratulated me and floored me with a telegraphic despatch. I felt it in my boots as soon as "the words" (*vide Homer*) "escaped the hedje of his teeth," that here was a fall to Pride. And so it was, and a happy day received a most gloomy end.

The Despatch told me to send back the Commission — that Capt. More must have it — that Capt. Lusk had recommended the appointment. I saw our Postmaster and told him to recall your mother's letter if possible. I broke the joy of your Uncle, who was telling Mr. Brady with glee of his nephew's promotion, and longed for bedtime that I might cease to think of the disappointment of human hopes.

[1] Isaac N. Phelps.

I don't see how you could well help signing, but if you had only had the courage to rely on our watchfulness and refuse! But it's too late now. Your Uncle and I have only this melancholy consideration to console us — that we have spread your fame. Your name is as familiar as household words to Mr. A. T. Stewart who wrote for your Uncle the strongest of letters, to Gen. Wetmore, to Mr. Opdyke and hosts of solid men, who could tell your story from Bull Run down, as well as I.

Never mind, Will, your disappointment cannot be any greater than mine, who carried "Major Lusk's" Commission for six hours and had to return it.

Only next time, if your friends have worked and provided for every contingency except that, don't sign away your chances by recommending another for the place they seek.

All well. Your mother comes down Monday to live with Lilly.

In haste, most affec'y.,
WALTER.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.
December 3d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I hasten to write you to-day, fearful lest you should dread my being overduly oppressed by any feeling of disappointment at not receiving that promotion in my Regiment, which friends may have flattered themselves was my due. I accept the disappointment without complaint — at least now, if not at first. Its so indifferent a matter after all, what position I may fill, so long as I am found worthy to serve in any wise the interests of a beloved country. I do not believe you love or esteem the simple Captain less. Rank in our Army is of small

importance at best. I know full-fledged Colonels who once sat cross-legged in a tailor's shop, and who still know a deal more about mending breeches than about soldiering. Our democratic institutions work beautifully in the Army. But I won't grumble, provided friends at home don't fall asleep while such an institution as "piping" exists. I saw Gardner Green to-day, and talked McClellan to him until the cars carried him off.

By-the-way, dear mother, I need hardly state to you that I would rather like to get out of the 79th Regiment, and not only that, but out of the Volunteer service altogether. I do not know if the thing be possible, but would like very much to get into the Regular Army. Ask Walter and Uncle Phelps if they know of any parties capable of helping me in the matter. I suppose there are plenty of parties with feelings similar to my own, so that there are twenty applicants for every vacancy. Even if I were not to retain my Commission after the close of the war, a position in the Regular Army would secure me more congenial companions for the present. Do, mother, inquire if the thing can be done.

I like "Old Abe's" emancipation plans as developed in his "Message" very much. His "Emancipation Proclamation" though, I decidedly object to, after my Beaufort experience. The "Freedmen's friends" down there used to send home very glowing accounts of their successes, but they told awful lies. That —— whom Lilly speaks of meeting, was a rare old chap in the way of lying. I believe in getting rid of slavery at any cost, but think Father Abraham has proposed the wisest plan I have heard of yet.

I tried to get a chance for a few days at home this month, but as usual was told there was no chance. Were I any-

where else I could get home occasionally on Regimental business, but I don't ask, nor expect, any favors in a Scotch Regiment. What evil star ever guided my destiny into a parcel of foreigners? I suppose Providence knows best, and now I find myself as fairly caught as Sterne's Starling with no likelier chance of getting out.

Well, success to my new fancy for the Regulars.

Love to all.

Affectionately,

Will.

I am repeatedly informed of the great sacrifices my brother officers have made in coming out to the war, usually in the following words: "Why, that man used to be a boss-mechanic at home." Nothing but boss-mechanics in the 79th are supposed to have either hearts or any other kind of entrails.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
December 7th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

We are still lying quietly in camp — no signs of a move yet, but general suffering for want of clothes, shoes in especial. The miserable article furnished by the Government to protect the feet of our soldiers seldom lasts more than three or four weeks, so it is easy to understand the constant cry of "no shoes" which is so often pleaded for the dilatoriness of the Army. I am, happily, well provided now, and can assure those of my friends that contributed to the box Capt. ——— brought me, that the box contained a world of comfort for which I heartily thank them. I think I have acknowledged the safe receipt of the box and its contents already, but a

letter from Lilly says not. I will write Uncle Phelps that it came all right. I have had a rare treat to-day. Indeed I feel as though I had devoured a Thanksgiving Turkey. At least I have the satisfied feeling of one that has dined well. I did not dine on Peacock's brains either, but — I write it *gratefully* — I dined on a dish of potatoes. They were cut thin, fried crisp, and tasted royally. You will understand my innocent enthusiasm, when I say that for nearly six weeks previous, I had not tasted a vegetable of any kind. There was nothing but fresh beef and hard crackers to be had all that time, varied sometimes by beef without any crackers, and then again by crackers without any beef. And here were fried potatoes! No stingy heap, but a splendid pile! There was more than a "right smart" of potatoes as the people would say about here. Excuse me, if warming with my theme I grow diffuse. The Chaplain and I mess together. The Chaplain said grace, and then we both commenced the attack. There were no words spoken. We both silently applied ourselves to the pleasant task of destruction. By-and-by there was only one piece left. We divided it. Then sighing, we turned to the fire, and lighted our pipes, smoking thoughtfully. At length I broke the silence. "Chaplain," said I. "What?" says Chaplain. "Chaplain, they needed SALT!" I said energetically. Chap puffed out a stream of smoke approvingly, and then we both relapsed again into silence.

I see a good deal of Capt. Stevens now, who says were his father only living I would have little difficulty in getting pushed ahead. He, poor fellow, feels himself very much neglected after the very splendid service he has rendered. It is exceedingly consoling, in reading the late lists of promotions made by the War Department,

to see how very large a proportion has fallen to the share of young officers whose time has been spent at Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, or anywhere where there has been no fighting done. Perhaps our time may come one of these days, but I trust I may have better luck in the medical profession than at soldiering. However I suppose when I get old, it will be a proud memory to have fought honorably at Antietam and South Mountain, in any capacity. I feel the matter more now, for I have been in the service so long, and so long in the same place, that I am fairly ashamed to visit old friends, all of whom hold comparatively high rank. I do not see why before the first of January though, I should not be the Lt.-Col. of the 79th Regiment. In trying to be Major, I attempted to be frank and honorable, and lost. Now I shall try to act honorably, but mean to try and win.

I feel sad enough about Hannah. You know what inseparable playmates we were when children. God help her safely, whatsoever his will may be.

Love and kisses for all but gentlemen friends.

Affec'y.,
WILLIAM.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.
December 10th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

I was much disappointed to-night not to hear from you. I had expected a letter all day long, but the usual mail did not arrive. I wanted to hear this time, because to-morrow we believe will be spent amid the deafening roar of cannon, which is to usher in another act, let us hope the final one, of the grand drama popularly known as

"Onward to Richmond." While I write, wagons are moving over the road, and preparations are being completed for to-morrow's engagement. Possibly the enemy may make no resistance here, still their batteries frown ominously upon us. The indications promise the great battle of the war — possibly an Austerlitz for the enemy — we hope a Waterloo for us. I have heretofore, sheltered by the prayers of mother and sisters, been singularly exempt from the accidents of war. The same Power that has already shown so much tenderness, has still the power to spare. But if in His wisdom it seemeth best this time to take my life, then, my dear mother, recognize in it only the Hand of the Inevitable. If my dying hours were only crowned by the certainty of victory, I could then close my eyes in peace. And in the great joy of the Nation, all individual griefs were selfish. So that I would have my mother's heart beat high, and be proud to have contributed a part of its own life's blood to the glorious consummation. With my whole heart I am eager for our success. Should I not see it with my earthly eyes, still let my mother rejoice for me, when all once more is well. But I am not given to entertaining forebodings. It is enough to do one's duty and let Providence provide. I prefer to think of the time when we all will return home, the laurel won. Think of the pride I shall feel as my own Regiment receives its welcome from the joyous citizens of New-York, a welcome deserved by its conduct on many fields. Think of the stories I would have to tell. I believe that Mary's boys — the next generation — will be better when they hear the story of the present. And another generation still, when the dimness of time shall have enhanced the romance, will dearly love to hear the tale of the Great Rebellion from

the lips of Uncle Will. I think a wound — not a dangerous one, but some mark to show at the climax of the tale — would both contribute to the interest, and heighten the effect. Let us hope for the best in all things then, and believe that in all things, if we seek, we may always find a best.

Give my best love to Tom and Lilly, Hunt, Mary and the boys, Walter, Ellen and Nellie, Cousin Louisa. Pshaw! My dear friends are so numerous that I cannot mention them without surely omitting many often in remembrance, so good-bye.

Affec'y. your son,
WILL.

(*Note appended in his mother's handwriting*)

My dear, dear child, he has a nobler, purer, better, more unselfish heart, than the poor weak mother who gave him birth.

[BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG]

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.
Dec. 16th, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Back again once more in the old camp, sound as a dollar. Would that 10,000 lying on the field across the river, or stretched on rude soldiers' beds in pain and some in mortal agony, could say as much! Gone are the proud hopes, the high aspirations that swelled our bosoms a few days ago. Once more unsuccessful, and only a bloody record to show our men were brave. This cannot heal the broken hearts this pitiful record is to cause. That God must do! Alas, my poor country! It has strong limbs to march, and meet the foe, stout arms to strike

heavy blows, brave hearts to dare — but the brains, the brains — have we no brains to use the arms and limbs and eager hearts with cunning? Perhaps Old Abe has some funny story to tell appropriate to the occasion. Alas, let us await the wise words of Father Abraham! I say I am back, having recrossed the river about two o'clock this morning. Yesterday evening I was sent out with a couple of hundred sharpshooters to cover the front until the troops were all withdrawn. There I lay supporting the pickets within two or three hundred yards of the enemy while our troops crossed the river. Then word was sent us, and in silence we fell back, crossed ourselves, and then the pontoons were removed. Now we are in the old camp, and I am happy to write myself down in the number of those who have narrowly escaped. In the battle of Saturday, troops were thrown into the fight without any seeming regularity. Many were not under fire at all. Among the latter were the First, and a part of the Second Division of Wilcox's Corps. You know I belong to the First Division. Our position gave me a fine opportunity to witness the battle. It was a bonnie sight though, and thrillingly exciting. From the crests of the hills frowned the enemy's batteries. The city was gay with our troops. Beyond the city and below the batteries was open country giving no cover to advancing troops. Over this expanse our men were marched. The pennons fluttered gaily in the sunshine. Then suddenly the hills seemed to vomit forth smoke wreathing them in obscurity. Then followed the thunder of the cannon, intermingled with the screaming of the bursting shells. The ordeal was a terrible one. Some Regiments marched on without flinching; others fell back. To the left, running diagonally, was a stone-wall. A portion of our

troops drew near it. This suddenly is likewise jetting with curls of smoke, followed by the sharp crack of the rifle and the angry humming of the conical balls. Now the troops are shaken. Stragglers run rapidly to the rear, then whole Regiments fall back with torn colors and broken ranks. It is of no use. That terrible stone-wall is alive with death. Many Regiments try to reach it. Their efforts avail nothing though. Nearly in the center of the hill, west, there stands a fine old Virginia mansion of red brick with a stately colonnade running along its front. It was here that Col. Farnsworth had his headquarters last summer. This point was often attacked by our troops, but the house was like a hornet's nest. The enemy was strongly posted about it, in its alcoves, outbuildings and windows. There was death only, for those who tried to reach it. Our troops found some partial cover at a point below the house at the foot of the hill, where a small white house stood. Here two American banners were planted, the dear old thirteen stripes! How breathlessly we watched them! Though often attacked, when the smoke wreathed upward, our hearts were happy to see the colors still floating defiantly near the small white house. At length night closed on the scene. We believed the bloody day was done. There was one scene yet bloodier to be enacted. A final night-attack was decided upon. We could not see our troops advancing in the darkness, but we heard a yell along the rebel line. Then a rapid musketry fire ran along the heights — a more terrible fire I never have seen. Forked tongues of flame such as old artists paint issuing from the mouths of the serpents to whom is given the tormenting of the damned, flashed in the night with a brilliant effect as the fire was delivered from man to man. Then dark-

ness followed. Then silence. And we knew that more blood had been shed and nothing won. The next morning we were told that the 9th Army Corps was expected to storm the heights. It was Sunday morning. The Regiment was drawn up in line. The Chaplain read a chapter from the Bible, then said a short prayer. The men followed the prayer with their hearts, as men do who may never pray again. Then the word was given, "Forward," and we started on the march, few hoping to survive. Then we were ordered to halt. We lay long in a state of expectancy. Meanwhile a new council of Generals was being held. There had been enough blood fruitlessly shed, said the most. No more of the madness and folly which will only result in the certain destruction of our army. Ten thousand men lost and the enemy sits unharmed in his trenches. Burnside says he will lead his own corps in person. But finally reason prevails in the council. The attack is postponed and finally abandoned. Last night the troops crossed the river, and to-day we are counting on our fingers the thousands of men the events of the past few days have cost us.

There are impossibilities in warfare — things that no troops can accomplish, however brave they may be. They cannot for one thing cross long stretches of open country without any cover in the face of an artillery fire of any magnitude, and then clamber up a hill-side exposed to the musketry of a concealed foe, and then cross the ditches and scale the earthworks of the enemy, driving the latter from their position with the bayonet. Men fight in masses. To be brave they must be inspired by the feeling of fellowship. Shoulder must touch shoulder. As gaps are opened the men close together, and remain formidable. But when the ranks are torn by artillery, the

cohesion begins to fail. Then expose the men for several hundred yards to a murderous fire of musketry, and front rank man is gone, rear rank man is gone, comrades in battle are gone too. A few men struggle along together, but the whole mass has become diluent. Little streams of men pour in various directions. They no longer are amenable to command. The colors must be drawn to a place of safety, and in time the men will gather around it again. Numbers can effect little under such circumstances, provided they have no means of touching the enemy. The latter, lying under cover, firing from a place of safety, may murder your men. You may try again and again the experiment, but each repetition only lengthens the butcher's bill. Now I have written all this to show that success, as the attack was made, was impossible. In the same way we butchered the Confederates at Malvern Hill.

Well, I have seen McDonald, and felt quite happy to meet one who had been so lately among my friends at home. He told me of Uncle Phelps' offer of a horse, of his efforts for me and their probable success, and brought me some liquor and cigars from him and Cousin Henry. Give them my thanks, and say I delay acknowledging their kindness in a special manner, until I can learn all particulars from the Doctor. Arriving here the day of the battle, he has been so busy in the hospitals since, that I have barely learned the above facts as they were hurriedly repeated by him. I will write Uncle Phelps as soon as McDonald has time to tell me anything more than the general result of his visit.

I am so cold, that though I have much more that I would like to write, I must close and go to the fire. I may write again to-morrow. Love to all.

Affec'y., WILL.

Battle of Fredericksburg

Dec. 13, 1862

"*Antietam and Fredericksburg*," *p.* 138.

"General Burnside's whole plan was based upon the expectation of an immediate occupation of Fredericksburg. . . . The promised pontoons did not arrive until the 25th, eight days after Sumner reached the river. . . . Thus it happened that before the pontoons arrived, the Confederates had concentrated a large force on the opposite side of the river."

Page 141. "It is a familiar military maxim that a general should never do what his adversary wishes him to do. There probably never was an occasion since the first body of troops was arrayed, when a general did more precisely what his adversary wished him to do than Burnside did at Fredericksburg. When the Confederates began to fortify the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg is uncertain, as it is uncertain just when the last of Lee's army arrived there, but their advance was there nearly a month before the battle, and their last arrivals probably a fortnight before it. Lee's present for duty December 10th, 1862, was 78,228. Seventy or eighty thousand men, working with a will, throw up perfectly sufficient earthworks in a very few days, not to mention the assistance which the Confederates probably had from working parties of blacks. There was probably nothing that the engineering talent of the Confederacy could supply, wanting to the completeness of their defence on the 13th of December, 1862."

Page 166. "At Fredericksburg we see a gallant army engaged in an undertaking at once unnecessary and hopeless, and sent to destruction with no plan and no preparation."

Page 184. "The gallantry displayed by the Federal army was the more to its credit, because of the feeling which prevailed in it. . . . The Army of the Potomac had been at Malvern Hill and at Sharpsburg. It knew how the Southern and Northern armies in turn had fared when either undertook to assail its opponent in a chosen position, and the difficulties of the position to be carried at Malvern Hill and at Sharpsburg were as nothing to the difficulties of the position at Fredericksburg."

"*79th Highlanders*," *p.* 262.

"About eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th we marched down to the river, crossed, and, a short distance to the left of the bridge, brigade line was formed, where we remained for several hours."

Page 263. "About eight o'clock the next morning, Saturday, the 13th, our artillery opened a furious cannonade, under cover of which our troops advanced to the positions from which they were to make the

assault. The Ninth corps, occupying that part of our line below the town, between Hazel and Deep Runs, was ordered to be in readiness to support the attacks of either Franklin on our left, or Couch who commanded the Second corps, on our right.

"At noon the assault began. . . . The troops moved forward bravely, and as soon as they gained the open plain, were met by a terrific fire from the guns of the enemy; the storm of shot and shell was fearful, and wrought sad havoc in the advancing ranks. Our troops pressed forward, however, until they came within range of the enemy's infantry, and there their advance was checked. Flesh and blood could not withstand the terrible shower of iron and lead that now poured into their already decimated ranks, and the men were obliged to lie down behind such slight shelter as the rolling ground afforded. The bravest of our troops held their ground, while others fell back in disorder, and suffered heavily again in their retreat across the open ground.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon our division was sent across Deep Run to support Franklin, but his advance had been checked, and thus we were saved from the fearful slaughter of the day. . . . We lay on our arms until about four o'clock Sunday morning, at which time we marched back to the city, where the whole corps was massed. . . . The 15th was passed without anything worthy of note occurring till after dark, when fifty picked men under Capt. Lusk and Lieutenants Armour and Menzies, were ordered to advance as near the enemy's lines as possible without drawing their fire, and hold the position till further orders. We supposed at this time that Burnside had re-adopted his plan of attacking with the Ninth corps. . . . The men moved quietly through the lower end of the city and out on the plain between it and the enemy's works. It was very dark, and . . . they marched noiselessly along. . . . When within a hundred yards — as near as could be guessed — of his pickets, our men halted and lay down flat on the ground; orders were passed in whispers. . . . This position was maintained till within an hour of daylight, when orders were quietly given to withdraw. . . . It now began to dawn upon the minds of our party, that they were covering the retreat of a portion of our army; this was confirmed when, on entering the city, not a living person but themselves was to be seen or heard; . . . and when the last of our men stepped on the bridge, the ropes that held the bridge to the shore were cut. . . . It was daylight when our men reached camp, feeling quite proud of the confidence placed in their courage and prudence, which caused them to be selected for such an important and delicate task."

(Col. A. Farnsworth to W. T. Lusk)

New-York, December 20th, 1862.

My dear Lusk:

Your last letter has not been answered before this, because of the reason that you — ye army of the Potomac — were on the move before it reached me, and I felt disposed to await your arrival in Richmond! The "turn of things" lately, however, has induced me to alter my mind.

In regard to the matter of the Majorship, I must confess I was "dead beat." They got "way ahead" of me. I'll explain all to you satisfactorily when we meet.

I suppose you have seen Dr. McDonald, and that he has told you how "on the 29th of October, Gen. Burnside wrote a letter to the War Department, recommending me for a Brigadiership," and how the said letter was sent to Gen. McClellan for his approval, and never returned. Now, if that letter could be reproduced and sent again to the War Department, nothing would prevent me from soon pocketing a Brigadier's Commission. I'll tell you a joke about the Brigadiership, rather at my expense however. The other day Thurlow Weed was sitting with the President — Generallissimo Lincoln — when Col. Farnsworth's card was sent in. Weed, supposing that the card represented this individual, remarked, "By the way, Mr. President, my call on you was particularly in relation to Col. Farnsworth." And then he "put in" for me, leaving with the promise that my name should be sent in to the Senate immediately. Three or four days thereafter, to the astonishment of Mr. Weed, he saw an announcement in the papers that Col. Farnsworth of *Illinois* had been appointed a Brigadier! In

fact, the Illinois Farnsworth secured his promotion at the expense of the New-York Farnsworth. Mr. Weed and others are now pushing the thing for me, but as every Col. in the army is now an applicant for a Brigadiership, I am not disposed to rely solely upon the aid and influence of politicians. That letter from Burnside would fix the thing at once. In the event of my promotion, you can rely upon the Lieut.-Colonelcy. Keep mum on the subject. Of course this matter is in my own hands. As soon as my name is sent in to the Senate, I shall go to Albany at once. I can do far more with Seymour than a Black Republican. Now keep quiet and get your straps.

I am getting better — leg improving a little. Great excitement here among ye people in relation to Fredericksburg affair. Don't be surprised to hear in a few days that "Old Abe" has been forced to abdicate or change his cabinet.

Regards to all. Yours,

A. Farnsworth.

New-York, Dec. 20th, 1862,

Saturday.

My own dear, dear Son:

I have many times during the past week thought of writing you, but I could not. Disaster, death, and the sickness of distressing fears have kept me quiet, striving for a firm trust and confidence in the mercy of God. My mind has been greatly relieved on your account, by seeing in the *Herald* that Burns' Division, of which the 79th formed a part, were not under fire, although they rendered important service. Thanks and praise to Him who has, I trust, again brought you safely through the

perils of the battlefield. When the news of the repulse, with the dreadful loss on our side, reached New-York, gloom and despondency rested on all who had hearts to feel for anything. The sickening list of dead and wounded have been read over again and again, by mothers and sisters with tears and groans. Fathers sink their heads in anguish, and for all this distress and agony, we have gained nothing. But my dear son, the Nation is now I believe fully aroused, and the awful responsibility of this dreadful slaughter must rest where it belongs. None of our rulers, we hope and believe, will now escape the searching ordeal, and though this thought brings little consolation to the "desolated hearth," yet for the brave hearts still "battling for their country," it may bring some cheer. I visited St. Vincent's Hospital yesterday with your Aunt Maria, who is constantly doing good from her abundant means to the sick and wounded soldiers. I talked with one poor fellow who had lost a leg, and was lying weak and pale in bed. He was so uncomplaining, so cheerful, I looked and wondered. He was so glad to get newspapers, he felt anxious about his brothers in the army before Fredericksburg, he had looked over the lists and their names were not there, and so he hoped they were safe. I told him I had my anxieties too, I had a dear son there, but so many days had passed I had courage to hope now. I learnt a lesson by that bedside. I am waiting, watching for letters from you. I feel that good reasons of some kind prevent my hearing. Sam and Wm. Elliott called to see me last Sunday evening, but I was out, which I deeply regretted. Lilly saw them, as they called first at our boarding-house, 24 West 31st Street. I am still on Murray Hill, but am going into my own apartments early next week. Wm. Elliott

said he saw in Washington a picture of Gen. Stevens and his staff, and as he was buying one for himself he also bought one for us, which he would soon bring to us. The likeness of you he says is very good. Dr. Elliott has been transferred to the Second Hawkins Zouaves and will be in N. Y., he thinks, two months longer. I presume your Uncle will write you about your proposition to raise money for the Highlanders uniform. He seems to be considering the matter, though he has said little except that it would be well, and might perhaps be done, if you could come on yourself. We do not feel that the Highlanders, although a valiant Regt., have been just or kind to you. We are proud of the deeds of that gallant corps however, and if they do you the justice that is your due, I think your friends would gladly assist them. Nellie is hurrying me so I must close. Charlie Johnson is engaged to Miss Julia White, sister to Dr. Lee's wife.

God bless you, my own dear son. If the prayers of mother and sisters are indeed a shelter, ours have not been in vain. May God guard, guide, be with you everywhere, is my constant cry to Him. Uncle P., Aunt M., Nellie, Thomas, Lilly, all unite in love to you and in gratitude to God for your preservation from danger.

Always my own dear, dear son, your very

Loving Mother.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
Dec. 22nd, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Since the late disastrous affair at Fredericksburg, as before, I look in vain for some tidings from you. These mails! As for me, it is of less importance, for the letters

you write me will eventually reach me, but with you I hope that long ere this, you may have had the pleasant tidings of my safety throughout the late battle. Of that fight I have not words to express my indignation. It was so uncalled for. Not being a participant myself, only an anxious witness, I can fully appreciate the terrible character of the massacre. No one was more desirous than I for an onward movement, but not for such an one. The idea of an attempt directly in the front was scouted at by those who professed to know, as sheer madness, concerning which the result could not be doubtful. Yet it was attempted, but at whose orders we cannot tell. Rumors reach us of the resignation of Lincoln's Cabinet. God grant this be true. We may fall into worse hands, but there is the hope of something better. I have lost faith in Halleck, and for this reason. Last summer I wrote Walter I had cheered the last time for McClellan. I did this on the authority of Gen. Halleck. Halleck was an unsuccessful competitor of Stevens for the honors of his class. At Newport News Halleck had an interview with Stevens, the result of which I afterwards learned. In this interview Halleck represented McClellan as solely responsible for the misfortunes of the Peninsula; represented that McClellan had received everything from the administration he had requested; that McClellan was responsible for the division in his command, resulting in the creation of McDowell's Department. This and much else against McClellan, which Halleck's subsequent report, and the revelations from the McDowell Court of Inquiry, prove to have been base and malignant falsehoods. Since then it has been my good fortune to have been twice in battle under McClellan. How admirably those battles were planned and executed, I, who have

seen so much mismanagement, so many defeats, know best how to appreciate. Therefore I say, as I heard a rebel officer once say "God bless old Stonewall Jackson," "God bless McClellan." We have had enough of Halleck — and disgrace.

Mother, do not wonder that my loyalty is growing weak. I love the Nation too well to willingly pardon the "unfortunate Abraham Lincoln" as the *London Times* so aptly calls him. With resources enough to have long since ended the controversy, with resources enough to end it before the opening of Spring, sixty years will not end it if we are obliged to sustain the paltry policy of the administration. I am sick and tired of disaster, and the fools that bring disaster upon us. I believe Burnside to be brave and honest, a good soldier and worthy of honor, but I know that no one in this country has a heartier esteem for McClellan than he. No one bends more to McClellan than Gen. Burnside. The President I doubt not is honest, but "let the shoemaker stick to the last." Let Lincoln turn his talents to splitting rails. I prefer George McClellan to Abraham Lincoln, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The same energy, the same good-sense, the same foresight exhibited by us that the South has shown, and the rebellion is a dead letter. The same fatal disregard of common sense on our part, and the Southern independence is won. At least so I feel, and so I write strongly, who so earnestly pray for the triumph of our cause.

I have just received your letter, and feel truly thankful to learn you had heard of my safety previous to the arrival of my own letter written the day after we recrossed the Rappahannock. Day before yesterday I was on picket, and saw several officers of the rebel service who

came to our lines under a flag of truce. One of them who came from near Atlanta, told me he knew Alfred Tyler; that it was a mistake that Alfred was on Gen. Lawton's staff; that, on the contrary, he still was employed on the Macon and Atlanta R. R., and was reputed to be one of the truest supporters of the Southern movement in his district. The same officer, Capt. McBride, appeared to know enough of Tyler's family and family affairs to make his statement worthy of credit. The same officer further told me that among the brave officers of his army that fell at Fredericksburg, was Henry Lord King, whom you will remember was an old admirer of Sarah Phelps. King fell, pierced by nine minie balls, in the attack made on our left (Franklin's Division). Morrison professes to be a strong supporter of mine now. He says that there had been so much intriguing in the Regiment, that he suspected me for some time, but my action with regard to More has fully satisfied him, and he professes himself anxious to serve me in any way. What the professions are worth I have yet to learn.

Give my best, my dearest love to my sisters. Tell Uncle Phelps that I leave my proposition to be settled according to his judgment, and with best love to him and all my friends, I remain,

Your affec. son, W. T. Lusk.

Camp near Fredericksburg, Va.
Dec. 23d, 1862.

My dear Mother:

Time slips by without much to break the monotony of the hour, but still it slips by rapidly. We had a review to-day, Gen. Sumner being the reviewing officer.

One of his staff, a Major Crosby, stopped to say to me that he understood I was a Norwich boy, and, a Norwich boy himself, he would be happy if I would call on him. Do you know who he is? I do not as a rule cultivate acquaintances much; it is so mortifying to be in a subordinate position. I cannot bear to be patronized, and my position subjects me to the annoyance. Surely, people have a right to argue, when the most common of tradesmen are found worthy of the highest and most responsible military posts without an hour's preparation, this fellow, who boasts of being an educated gentleman, must be poor stuff indeed, if, after eighteen months service, he finds himself unable to command as good a position as he did a half year ago. McDonald says it is a long road without any turn to it, but I begin to feel my military ambition satisfied. I would be so glad if I could only return to my medical studies. I know when I left home I acted contrary to the advice of all my friends.[1] Until now, pride forbade my acknowledging myself in the wrong, but stung and humiliated, I make my confession now. Many a time I have seen old school friends from Russell's (who in old times felt proud to claim me as an acquaintance) pass me, high in rank and proud of manner, and I have turned away my head. I could not bear the thought of their recognizing me less honored than themselves. I am not often unhappy, for I have already written that few officers of any rank in the Army Corps enjoy as many privileges as are accorded to me. To say the least I meet a cordial welcome everywhere, from the Headquarters of the Commanding General down. Still at times I cannot help feeling half sickened at the mortifying position in which I am placed.

[1] He enlisted in the ranks, being unwilling to wait for a Commission. (Cf. p. 225.)

When in active service, in the presence of the enemy, I am never troubled with such thoughts, but in camp a man has too much time in which to think. If the troops go into winter quarters, I do not think I will be able to endure this state of things until Spring. I must return to my medical studies again. Why, the most humble country practitioner is more respectable than I, a despised soldier, found unworthy of honors which the commonest shoemaker wears with grace. I do not forget how anxious my friends have been to serve me, how earnestly they have labored and are laboring for me. But is not that mortifying too—to feel that, after all, you must owe all advancement not to your own merits, but to the influence of your friends? My dear mother, you must feel that in writing this I am only telling my griefs, as one may tell them to one's mother, and, having told them, find relief.

I do so wish I might come home. I am weak as a child now. To-morrow I will be stronger, and will regret this that I have written, yet I shall send it for all that. I shall send it because merely to tell one's troubles to a sympathizing friend, deprives them of their chief bitterness. I do not know if it be true, but I understand that the telegraphic despatch to Walter for my Commission was a piece of sharp practice that did not emanate from Gov. Morgan. That, however, is a matter that is past, and hardly, perhaps, to be regretted.

Give my best love to the dear friends around you, and believe me,

Very affec'y.,
Your son,
W. T. Lusk.

New-York, Dec. 30th, '62.
24 West 31 St.

My own dear Son:

. . . I received your very sad letter last night. I sympathize sincerely, and do not wonder that you feel sick and disheartened. However, I trust the spirit of gloom which oppressed you when you wrote, has passed by, and the brave spirit of my own boy is aroused again. Never call yourself a "despised soldier." Neglected you have been, and we all feel it most cruelly, but "despised," never.

No name is mentioned with greater respect than yours, about none is more indignation felt by friends than about you. Your career has been a marked and peculiar one; high titles now are no mark of merit. Gov. Buckingham said to me in the cars on my way to New York, "I want a Colonel *now*. I know of no one who would fill the position half as well as your son, and yet, with the desire, I cannot give it to him." So it goes — some town-clerk or petty lawyer, having stayed at home far from a soldier's dangers, watches, waits, and the first opportunity steps into the soldier's honors. Mr. John Tappan who has no particular friends in the army, says he always draws the inference if a man is promoted, he doesn't deserve it — he has seen so few really meritorious officers treated well. I think he goes too far and do not myself wholly agree with him, still I think there is a great lack of justice. . . . It was certainly a great piece of self-sacrifice in you to sign a paper requesting the majority to be given to another, when you knew it had been promised you. I admire the valor of your regiment, and, as Elliott says, "you can refuse to fight a duel now, having

fought in the 79th." . . . I should be extremely glad my dear son, to see you again at your books, if you can return honorably. You say you entered the army against the advice of your friends. Very true, my dear child, God knows how hard the struggle was to me, God knows how much I often now endure, yet through everything I feel comfort, nay pride, that my son's motives are pure and conscientious. Well, the New Year is close at hand. May it open brightly for you, my own dear son. For some reason you have been preserved through many and great dangers. He who guarded has still work for His servant to do, so be of good cheer, you will not be forsaken. By-and-by you will look back on your humiliations and say, "They were hard, but they have done me good." Beside, I can only acknowledge your disappointments. A soldier, a true man, is never humiliated by the performance of right. And yet your letter touched a responsive chord which vibrates now, for through the whole I recognize myself. May God bless you my own dear son, and grant you His assistance. . . .

You could not be dearer to the heart of

Your loving

Mother.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.

Dec. 31st, 1862.

My dear Sister Lillie:

I have just received your letter, and am much troubled to hear that mother has been ill. As you were intending to write me on New Year's eve, I have concluded to write you in turn, knowing it to be all one, whether

I write you or mother. I am specially disposed to write to-night as I feel very good-natured. I am not troubled for the moment, either with the goadings of disappointed ambition, the peculiarities of Scotchmen, the inclemency of the weather, or even with "the unfortunate Abraham Lincoln." In a word, I am determined to be good-humored in bidding farewell to the old year, notwithstanding it is responsible (either it, or the aforesaid Abraham) for so many disasters. If all the hopes so fondly entertained at the beginning of the year have not been realized, we know at least that Providence doeth all things well, if not exactly as man would have it.

The Highlanders mean to celebrate the New Year, as the accompanying card will show. Turkeys, hams, tongues, bread and butter and a bowl of punch will be furnished to visitors, and we hope they may be many. But pleasantest of all, Hall is coming to visit me, bringing with him a Dr. Hubbard of his regiment—an Uncle of pretty little Mary Chittenden. If we don't have a good time, then I'll hang up my sword on a willow tree, but you will have to wait until the second inst. for particulars. I had a good time Christmas too, and only regret you should have spent it so quietly. You see I raised a pair of ducks and rode up with them tied to my saddle to Stafford C. H. (ten miles), found Hall, eat the ducks (with Hall's assistance), gossiped, and made very merry, though I had so recently written home representing myself so very miserable. Yesterday I made Major Crosby of the 21st C. V. a visit, and found that I used to go to school with him to old Peltis up-town. We had a right good time of it. His heart so warmed toward me finally, that he brought out a loaf of cake made by his wife's fair fingers—good cake it was too. Speaking

MARY HARTWELL CHITTENDEN

WHOM W. T. LUCK MARRIED MAY 4, 1854

of cake reminds me that the Chaplain, my tent companion, has just received a cake from his sweetheart. Oh these sweethearts! Chaplain receives every mail pretty pink notes which he likes to be joked about. He likes the cake too.

Hall thinks I have grown dreadfully unrefined. I smoke a pipe and eat onions. Horrible, isn't it? Would you really like your brother at home, who can do such dreadful things? I can't come. I've tried, but Rhadamanthus, that is Old Bull Sumner, is adamant, and bids me wait until I catch swamp fever or lose a leg, when I will be able to return with flying colors. I tried in fact to take the Bull by the horns, and that's what I got for my pains. Dear me, I'm growing older every day, so you can imagine how old I shall be when I get home.

Well, sister Lillie, I would try and be sentimental in view of New Year's Eve, but that could hardly be looked for in a man that eats onions. But may many blessings rest on both my sisters, my mother and the little ones that are dear to us all. True love between you and Tom, between Hunt and Mary, deepening not weakening at each successive return of the New Year.

Had I my six months' pay, and twenty days to spend at home, how I would make things fly around.

Again love to mother, Uncle Phelps, Aunt Maria, Nellie, Tom, friends individually, collectively, and in bulk.

Affec'y. your brother,

Will.

24 West 31st Street,
Sunday, Jan. 4th, 1863.

My own dear Son:

I went to hear Mr. Prentiss this morning, and was deeply affected and impressed by his New Year's sermon. Thomas and Lilly having gone to church this afternoon, I take advantage of this quiet hour to write a few words to you. We are anxiously awaiting the final result of the battle in Tennessee. It has involved another fearful loss of life; another "army of martyrs" have shed their blood, we trust Oh, God! not in vain. The Emancipation Proclamation too has been issued, and now we wait for the events which crowd so heavily, we trust to a final end. The Monitor has foundered off Cape Hatteras, another calamity to mourn over. We take victories as a matter of course without much elation, but defeats or humiliation in any form we cannot bear. I hoped to have received a letter from you yesterday but did not. Your last letter to me was written on the 23d. Elliott told me he heard that Col. Farnsworth had resigned. Is it true? I hope you approve of the Proclamation. It seems to me it strikes at the root of the evil. Dr. Grant says, although it beggars his family at the South, he thinks it wise and just. Mr. Riley who was born in a slave country (S. A.), says he thinks it is the first blow which has given much alarm to the rebels. There is an idea that it is an obnoxious measure to the soldiers, and those hostile to the Administration foster the notion and strive to spread it. Many prayers for Abraham Lincoln have been offered up to-day, that he may be guided aright, and having acted in the fear of God, that all other fears may be quieted, and he may be strengthened for his

great responsibilities. I heard a young man say, at our table to-day, that democratic clubs were forming about the city to prevent drafting. I heard another say that Gen. Dix had been appointed Military Governor of the State of New-York. The times are indeed turbulent and stormy, and none can prophecy as to the future, and yet a stranger in New-York would scarcely believe that we were a nation struggling through appalling trials. The streets are as gay as ever, public amusements as much frequented, and our gayest shops are filled with ladies spending money profusely. The hospitals however tell a tale different indeed.

5th. I have received a letter this morning from Mary, very bright and cheerful. She writes: "Yesterday was quite a day of rejoicing here over the President's Proclamation. The Mayor (Lloyd Greene) ordered the bells to be rung, and cannons to be fired." Nearly all in this house where we are boarding are Southern people, or Southern sympathizers. I am very quiet and seldom make any remark. A Baltimore gentleman remarked to me the other day, "I do not believe you are an Abolitionist, you don't look like one." I merely replied "Ah?" A lady sitting opposite me said "I have seen *the meanest* Yankees, they are all so mean." As she looked at me, I drew up and answered, "You are unfortunate. I, on the contrary, have met many a noble-hearted Yankee." "Oh!" said she, "so have I. I was born in New England." So it goes.

Well, the morning is passing rapidly away, and I have to go down to the Everett House to see Mrs. Tyler. The morning is charming. I hope you are enjoying it. Your last letter was sad, it was written with a sick heart, so I long anxiously for another. I do not think an hour passes,

when I am awake, that my thoughts are not with you. Lilly unites with me in dearest love to you. We are all so anxious to see you, sometimes I fancy I hear your step approaching, but it is only fancy after all.

Good-bye my own dear son, may God bless and guide you.

Very lovingly,

Mother.

Kind regards from all to Dr. McDonald.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.

Jan. 5th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

My letters seem very long in reaching you. The one I sent the day before Christmas, containing a little money which I hoped would contribute to the children's happiness on New Year, had not come to hand on the 31st, yet I had hoped it might precede the rather dolorous document written only the evening before, but which, of course, wouldn't be overtaken. To tell the truth, I was not a little ashamed at having been so querulous. I do not like the habit of complaining, and do not mean often to indulge in it, but the best of our guardian angels cannot always resist the attacks of those emissaries of Satan — the cooks.

Col. Farnsworth, it is said, will soon rejoin his Regiment. It is still a matter of doubt though, whether his physical health will permit him to remain long. Besides the natural effects of his wound, he is much paralyzed I understand, from severe neuralgia. Be this as it may, I am very sorry for him, and shall welcome him back with pleasure. Farnsworth, McDonald and myself enjoy

about an equal degree of popularity in the Regiment. Since writing the last sentence my opinion has been somewhat modified by the arrival of the mail. Farnsworth sends a certificate of disability looking for a further extension of his "leave of absence." This is indefensible. The law allows disabled officers two months to recover. F. has had four months already, and looks for a further postponement of his return. I have also received your letter bearing date Jan. 2d, and see how much harm I did by indulging in a little fit of spleen. I do not see the slightest hope or prospect of either a short leave of absence, or of promotion, neither of which little matters do I intend shall disturb my equanimity in the slightest degree. To be sure my associations are not always agreeable, but when I entered the service had I any reason to hope they would be? I certainly enjoy more favor than any line officer in the 1st Division. This ought to suffice. Again I am losing years that ought to be spent in fitting me for my profession. Well, what of that? Shall I at this late hour begin to count the cost of doing my duty? No mother, we both know that this matter must be pushed through to the end. I am not of so much value as to complain of having to bear my part. To hear me talk, one would suppose I was the only one who fancies himself unjustly used. Bah! The army is filled with them. Possibly twenty years hence I shall be grumbling because my professional skill is not properly appreciated. It is hard for disappointed men to believe the fault lies in themselves. Yet such things do happen. I shall be obliged to postpone my Christmas remembrances to you until the paymaster (invisible now for six months) shall visit us.

Very affectionately, WILL.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
Jan. 16th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

We have orders to march to-morrow. I cannot say whether we will positively do so, but it is certainly intended that we move very shortly.

I do not know whether the movement is intended as an advance, or whether it is proposed, as was the case a couple of weeks ago, to fall back on Washington. It is generally supposed that the first will be the case. I am glad for anything like a movement, and I trust that this time we may have a successful encounter with the enemy. But oh, I do trust too, that, should I come unharmed out of whatever dangers are before me, I will be able to get out of this Regiment. I do not want any further connection with foreigners. I would almost prefer never to come out alive from this campaign, if it is only to prolong the present disagreeable associations.

No matter though, I am always content when actually in motion. The thought of being really able to contribute something, however little, to the Cause, is then dominant, and I can afford to forget the more selfish feelings that I cannot repress in camp. This letter must be short, for I am pressed for time.

Good-bye. God bless you all. All will be for the best. If we are to fight, pray God to give us victory.

Affec'y., Will.

The "Mud Campaign." Burnside succeeded by Hooker

"*79th Highlanders*," *pp.* 268 *and* 269.

"Nothing of any importance occurred after the New Year celebration till the 20th. . . . The failure of the December assault had not shaken

the faith of the Government in Burnside's ability, and he finally determined on crossing" (the Rappahannock River) "by Banks' Ford, some five miles above the city, with the bulk of his army, and attacking the enemy in flank and rear, while the Ninth corps should cross in front of the city and assault Marye's Heights.

"On the morning of the 20th, Franklin's and Hooker's troops began their march to the appointed rendezvous . . . But the promise of fair weather which the morning gave, proved delusive, for at sundown the clouds began to gather, and before midnight one of the worst storms we had ever experienced broke over us. The troops on the road were obliged to endure the pitiless rain without shelter, and when morning of the 21st broke, the mud was so deep that it was nearly impossible to move wagons or artillery. We had been ordered out before daylight, but almost immediately the order was countermanded and we returned to our tents. The movement of troops was suspended, and later in the day came the orders for them to return to their former quarters; but it was several days before the artillery could be moved. On the 22d the rebel pickets amused themselves at our expense, by placing sign-boards along their bank, with the inscription 'Burnside Stuck in the Mud.' Thus began and ended the 'Mud Campaign.' . . . This last failure caused a prolonged howl from the military critics of the North, and Burnside's 'Mud Campaign' was the subject of jest for both pen and pencil, from one end of the land to the other. After the defeat of December, Burnside had tendered his resignation; it was now renewed, but the President preferred to retain his services in the field, and merely relieved him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and placed Major-Gen. Joseph Hooker in that unenviable position."

24 West 31st Street,
New-York, Jan. 18th, 1863.

My own dear Son:

I hope my letters reach you more regularly than yours do me, for I write faithfully, and have great pleasure in the thought that my written words keep you connected with, and interested in, the events transpiring at home. A rumor was in circulation last night, that the rebels had crossed the Rappahannock and that our army were fighting their way back to Washington. A young man told me also last night, that a gentleman just arrived from Burnside's Army, told him it was owing entirely to Lee's

humanity that our forces escaped entire annihilation after the battle of Fredericksburg. Don't think we credit such absurdities; I only show how secession sympathizers spread reports. The story is this: Lee seeing the danger of our army, and being humane and generous, sent to Burnside, offering him six hours to depart peacefully, which Burnside of course gladly accepted. New-York is full of Southern people in full sympathy with the South, bitter in word and action, and my blood often boils with indignation though I keep usually a quiet tongue. The news of our Western victories, and the intercepted rebel correspondence, make them rather more spicy than usual. You will see the disgraceful proceedings about the election of a Speaker in Albany. The Republicans behave far better than the Democrats. Oh! I am sick. I have been in the house a week with a cold, and I long again for fresh air and freedom. We had a pleasant call yesterday from Abby and Carrie Woolsey. Their brother is on the staff of Gen. Seth Williams who is one of Burnside's staff. Carrie said she should write him to try and see you, as she thought you might find it pleasant to meet.

To-morrow evening we are going to meet a few friends at Mrs. Gilman's. Mrs. Perkins (Tom's Mother) is there on a visit. I am sorry you see no hope of a furlough or promotion. I do not know how things progress here, but I do know Mr. Phelps is still actively at work. The party in power is somewhat opposed to enlistments, or rather does not encourage them. However the Military Department will control that matter I suppose in future.

Jane and Georgie Woolsey are nursing in a hospital near Newport. A corps of ladies acting under the direction of the Surgeon-General, takes charge of the depart-

ment of the very sick, giving their time and their means to this noble object. Georgie assisted a good deal in the Peninsular Campaign. It is refreshing to meet a whole family so devoted to one cause. Miss Kitty Elliott wants to do something of the same kind, and if I had strength I would not hesitate for one moment, but I am too nervous and good for nothing.

General McClellan is living in a new house next to us. The house was presented him by some of his friends. Cousin Henry and Louisa have just been in to tell me that they heard through Dr. McDonald that you had applied for a furlough on the 13th, and would probably get it. Can it be possible? I cannot believe such joy is in store for me.

Good-bye, God grant us strength to bear, and thankful hearts for all his mercies.

Very lovingly,
MOTHER.

79th REGIMENT,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
Jan. 20th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

Yesterday I wrote Walter and was not a little despondent; to-day we are told that the auspicious moment has arrived. To-morrow we are once more to meet the enemy. All gloomy forebodings engendered by the idleness of camp-life, have vanished before the prospect of impending action. My heart is as light as a feather. Hope is dominant, and I can think only of the glorious result if we are victorious. The gloom that now rests on our country will be lifted, and I already hear citizens

repeating with joyous lips: "We are victorious. Not in vain have been our sacrifices. We are proud of the army we have created." Let then all tongues be hushed that cannot join in the glad pæans of victory. I will not think of defeat. If God is gracious, and granteth success to our arms, let the voice of selfishness be hushed, let there be no house of mourning. Let even mothers say we have given gladly the dearest thing we possessed to win the Nation's rest. I have borne, dear mother, a charmed life, heretofore. Even when conversing with comrades on the battlefield, death has singled them out, and left me unscathed, left me to witness the peril of the nation. What then if now the charm be broken, and my last moments be cheered with the thought of the Nation saved. Then let my mother and those that love me rejoice as I would in the full tide of victory. But should we triumph, and I live to see the end, think of the rapture we all would feel, to think that to a poor worm like me had been vouchsafed the terrors of death, and at this cheap price, been spared to view the glories of salvation to our country. Then think how sweet would be mother's or sister's kiss, or the glad welcome of trusted friends. But living, or fallen among the chosen, I trust if the tidings of victory be heard, all who love me will wear their gayest colors and cheeriest smiles, in the joy at the success of the cause in which the loved one rejoiced to risk his all. With such parting words I can go without a tremor into battle, and fear nothing where God ruleth Supreme.

You remember a year ago I wrote you I had had my likeness taken. Yesterday the impression reached me. I enclose you one now, and will send you by a convenient opportunity quite a number more. I have grown a good

deal older since then, but you must take that for granted until I can find an opportunity to show you how the latest edition of your son looks. I will send likewise some views of the battlefield of Antietam, concerning which I will have strange stories to tell when the war is closed, and peace fairly, honorably won.

Affec'y., WILL.

(W. E. DOSTER TO W. T. LUSK)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19th, 1863.

My dear Lusk:

Yours was received this morning. I spread myself on the subject of unrequited merit accordingly and went in person to the War Department. Asst. Secy. Watson promised to let me have it to-morrow, but as you are impatient I write to-night. Of course it must receive the approbation of Stanton also, but altogether you have good reason to hope.

Very truly,
Meanwhile,
DOSTER.

79th HIGHLANDERS,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
Jan. 27th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

I have not written either you or other friends to whom I am indebted in an epistolary, for some little time past, because I sincerely cherished the hope that a short leave of absence was at length about to be granted me. As a last card I wrote to Doster to try what he could do for me in Washington. I immediately received a reply

from him to the effect that he had applied to the War Department and that I might hope for the coveted "leave" the next day. That was more than a week ago, so I suppose I have had my usual ill-luck, and have nothing more to hope for. Morrison becomes more affable and annoying every day. He cannot forgive me the fright I gave him in regard to the Majority. Fear of American influence in the Regiment is his great Bug-a-boo. He watches me like a cat, and I suppose will catch me at something one of these days, which will serve as a pretext for disgracing me. Then he will talk hypocritically of his great regard and fondness for me, but that he is a soldier and must do his duty. Nothing can exceed the sweetness and amiability of the gentleman toward those he particularly dislikes. Bah! Why should I trouble you with these things? I do not doubt that at best your own fond fears make things out much worse than they really are. I hope I may soon see Sam here. He wrote me he intended running down. I should feel delighted to see him.

I wish I could ascertain something positive regarding the new Regiment. If it is not going to succeed, I would try and get something in the line of my profession provided for me. However I hate to back down, as I resolved at the outset that, for the period of the war, I would serve in any capacity Providence might find best, only reserving my intention to induce Providence to be as pliable as possible.

Joe Hooker commands the army of the Potomac. Everybody appears entirely indifferent to the matter. Heroes of many defeats, we are not inclined to give gratuitous confidence to anyone. Whoever finally succeeds any better than McClellan did, has a fine chance

for immortality. The army of the Potomac is splendid in material, and once taught that their best efforts are not to be wasted, they will tell for themselves a splendid story. With McClellan they did best, because they believed that his plans contained all that human skill was capable of. Every new General will be splendidly supported in his first battle. If the battle end in another Golgotha, the old cry will be raised, "McClellan, or a new man!" Sumner and Franklin, piqued, it is reported are about to withdraw likewise. So, peaceful revolutions are occurring in the Army. Let us pray, and hope for the best. Possibly we are adopting the right course to find the right man, possibly the right course to insure our ruin. If Burnside was not a Napoleon, he was a first-rate soldier, and in a subordinate position can do splendid service to the country. Alas! Good-bye.

Affec'y., WILL.

(W. E. DOSTER TO W. T. LUSK)

HEADQUARTERS PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27th, 1863.

My dear Lusk:

I have received yours of Jan. 24th and gone to see Stanton about it for the third time. He answers that until it is certain that the army is not going to move, he cannot give you leave, but that you deserve one, of all officers, and that in three or four days he will know whether you can be spared. So cheer up old fellow, I'll hang on and make life a . . . to him until he does. . . . (*Corner of letter torn off*)

Very truly,

W. E. DOSTER.

(Ethan Allen to I. N. Phelps)

New-York, Jan. 27th, 1863.

Mr. I. N. Phelps

Dear Sir:

I am not only willing, but anxious to secure the services of Capt. W. T. Lusk of the 79th Regiment, as Lt.-Col. of the Regiment I am now organizing in this city. It not being my design to lead the Regt. when raised, I appoint Capt. Lusk with the view of his ultimately commanding the Regiment which I think bids fair to be completed at no very distant day. If Capt. Lusk can be relieved from his present duties in the army, and be permitted to fill the position in which it is my desire to place him, I am sure the change will be of service both to himself and to the country.

Your obedient servant,

Ethan Allen,

Colonel Blair Light Infantry, 3d Regt.,

Merchants Brigade.

New-York, Jan. 29th, 1863.

My own dear Son:

I enclose a copy of a letter received by your Uncle Phelps from Col. Allen. Mr. Phelps has been so good, so kind, so faithful to you and your interests, I can scarcely feel grateful enough. Now, he wishes me to lay before you the following facts for your consideration, and as a guide for your decision. Col. Allen says he has recruited about three hundred men, but owing to desertions he has only one hundred and fifty in camp, with the promise of two hundred more recruited by someone else, whom he may or may not receive. After receiving this letter Mr. Phelps went to Ex-Gov. Morgan

who is in the city, and requested him to write and ask Gov. Seymour to grant a furlough. Gov. M. said it would be of no use, as Gov. S. had no power; it was for him to give Commissions, and the War Department to make transfers. He (Gov. M.) however instructed his Secretary to write Col. Farnsworth requesting him to make an application, or assist you all in his power to get a furlough. The Gov. didn't know as the Regt. could be raised, and if it were, Gov. S. might perhaps appoint another Col., and he was so desponding that Mr. Phelps who had felt elated at your prospects, was so disappointed that he said to me, "I could have cried." Then, Mr. Phelps met Mr. S. B. Chittenden who said to him, "From all I hear of the talents of this young man, I think in the reorganization of the Army he will be promoted, which will be better than being troubled with this new Regt." So you perceive, Mr. Phelps having your interests so near his heart, scarcely knows how to advise, except to get a furlough if possible, come on, judge for yourself, and make your own decision. Col. Allen says, every day almost, ten or fifteen apply at his office, but finding they are not authorized to give bounties, refuse to enlist. There is a bill now before the U. S. Senate for the encouragement of enlistments, offering bounties. I have told all these facts, and now leave the matter to your consideration. If you wish the Lt.-Colonelcy, I suppose you can have it at any time. Your own military experience makes you the most competent judge. Col. Allen wants you, and he thinks if bounties are offered, the Regt. will be full in four weeks. I cannot advise, but I pray God to guide you aright. God bless you my own dear son. Always,

Very Lovingly, MOTHER.

There are others pressing for the Lt.-Colonelcy, so as soon as you decide you had better write to your Uncle Phelps. Mayor Opdyke has a friend, somebody else, one of the Military Committee, also has a friend, but Col. Allen prefers you if you choose to accept.

[Regarding a Furlough for Capt. Lusk, on his being tendered the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the Blair Light Infantry]

54 & 56 Exchange Place,
New-York, Jan. 28th, 1863.

Col. Addison Farnsworth,
Brooklyn.

Colonel:

The Lieutenant-Colonelcy of a regiment of N. Y. S. Volunteers now in process of organization has, I am informed, been tendered to Capt. Lusk of the 79th.

Before resigning his position in the 79th, Capt. Lusk desires to visit New-York for the purpose of ascertaining what the prospects of the completion of the new regiment are, and, therefore, desires a furlough for a few days. If it is in your power to grant him leave of absence I shall be pleased to have you do so. If you have not the power, please forward this application to the proper officer and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

E. D. Morgan.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan. 31st, 1863.

Respectfully referred to Lt.-Col. Morrison commanding 79th N. Y. V. with the request that, inasmuch as Capt. Lusk has been tendered the position of Lt.-Col. of a regiment now organizing, he will favorably endorse an application for that officer for a leave of absence.

A. Farnsworth,
Col. 79th N. Y. V.

[Request of William C. H. Waddell, John J. Cisco, and Colonel A. Farnsworth, that Capt. William T. Lusk of the 79th Highlanders be Granted leave of Absence with a View of his Attaining Command of Col. Allen's Regiment]

New-York, Jan. 31st, 1863.

Governor desires that General Sprague will reply to this note.

. . . . . .

His Ex'cy. Horatio Seymour,
Governor of the State of New-York, &c., &c.

Sir:

A regiment of infantry is now being organized in this neighborhood under the temporary command of Col. Ethan Allen. It is deemed desirable that Capt. Wm. T. Lusk of the 79th Highlanders (now in the field from this State) should obtain a leave of absence with a view of his attaining the Command of this Regt., Col. Allen wishing to retire. We are anxious at the request of the friends of Capt. Lusk, who is a very deserving and meritorious officer, to procure him a leave of absence for a

limited period from his present position, and beg your Excellency to aid us in an application to the War Department towards the accomplishment of that end. This is also at Col.* Allen's request.

With high regard, we are,

Your Obt. Servants,

Wm. Coventry H. Waddell.

* Ethan Allen, Colonel.

I fully concur in the recommendation of Mr. Waddell.

John J. Cisco.

As Capt. Lusk has been tendered the position of Lieut.-Colonel of a regiment now organizing in this State, his presence here is desirable. I sincerely hope, therefore, that he may be granted a leave of absence.

A. Farnsworth,*

Col. 79th N. Y. V.

*Col. F. is absent from his Regt. at present in consequence of a wound and ill health.

Respectfully transmitted to the Adjutant-General with a request that, if consistent, a leave of absence may be granted for the purpose mentioned.

Hd. Qrs. Albany, N. Y.

Feb. 8th, 1863.

I. T. Sprague, *Adjt.-General.*

A. G. Office. Feby. 11th, 1863.

(636. V. 4) Respectfully returned to the Governor of New-York. The rules of the Dept. do not admit of the leave being granted. When the Command is organized, this officer will be *discharged* for promotion, if the request be then made by the Governor.

By order of the Sec'y. of War,

Thomas M. Vincent,

Asst. Adjt.-Genl.

[Request for a Pass from the Secretary of War, Permitting Lt.-Col. Lusk to Return to the Scene of Conflict]

Office of the District Attorney of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

New-York, May 4th, 1863.

Honorable Montgomery Blair,

My dear Sir:

This will introduce to you Wm. T. Lusk, Lt.-Col. of the "Blair Light Infantry" now organizing in this city. Col. Lusk can't rest easily here while the battle is raging around Fredericksburg. He therefore desires to reach the battlefield, that he may tender his services as *Volunteer Aide*, so long as active operations continue, and then return to his duties here. With this motive, he desires a pass from the Sec. of War, to the scene of conflict. Col. Lusk has been two years in service, was for a long time Aide to the late Gen. Stevens, has been in many battles, and I believe *he loves to fight.* He is a gentleman in character and culture, and a soldier by practice and experience. If you can aid him to obtain the *pass* he desires, I shall be very much obliged.

Respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
Ethan Allen.

Mr. Watson would oblige me by favoring the wishes of Col. Lusk.

Truly,
M. Blair.

P. H. Watson,

Coleman's Eutaw House,
Baltimore, June 19th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

Here I am in Baltimore in safety, neither able to go forward, nor willing to turn back. As yet, all communication with Harper's Ferry is cut off, but the position Hooker now occupies is such as will enable him soon to include the Ferry within his lines, so I am stopping quietly at the Eutaw House, but almost momentarily expecting to hear from Col. Piatt that the cars will once more be in running order. Probably this will be before the day is over, and I trust I may be able to be of some use. Don't be alarmed though, I am not going to attempt anything Quixotic, so, if the opportunity does not soon come I shall return, and proceed to Simsbury.

I have nothing special to say, beyond wishing to set your mind at rest. The 7th Regiment arrived here yesterday, and makes a fine appearance. Will soon write a more interesting letter, to be dated either from Maryland Heights or Simsbury.

Good-bye. Love to all.
Very affec'y.,
W. T. Lusk.

Maryland Heights, June 20th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

I left Baltimore this morning in company with Mr. Starkweather (who will bring you this) and Dr. Carlton, formerly of the 18th C. V. The cars took us as far as the Point of Rocks, and from there we were obliged to proceed afoot. Frightful stories of rebel cavalry along the route were prevalent, but we reached Harper's Ferry in safety, finding that the only dangers were those con-

jured up by the foolish fears of some of Milroy's scared troops. The distance from the Point of Rocks was about twelve miles, so I feel a little tired to-night. The General gave me a most cordial welcome and assured me my services could be of great use. I am to be installed at once into my old position of A. A. General, and trust I may be able to perform the duties of the position satisfactorily. Ned looks well and finds plenty to do. I have never seen General Tyler looking in better health. I think the responsibility imposed upon him does him good. He has been doing a great deal since here, and feels happy at really accomplishing something more congenial than attending courts-martial. I am well, doing first rate, and am very glad to serve at this time. Have not been here long enough to understand much about the military aspect of affairs.

Most affec'y.,
WILL.

"*War of the Rebellion*," *Series I, Vol. XXVII.*

Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Part II. Page 24.

Record of Brigadier-General Dan. Tyler.

HEADQUARTERS, MARYLAND HEIGHTS, June 19, 1863.

"From information gleaned from the country people and our scouts, no force exceeding 8,000 to 10,000 men had crossed the Potomac. Maryland Heights is now good against this force. Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. T. Lusk, formerly aide-de-camp to Major-General Stevens, having heard that I was at Maryland Heights and without any staff, left New-York on the 14th instant, and arrived at Maryland Heights at 6 p.m. on the 19th instant, having walked from Point of Rocks, and offered his services as a volunteer aide-de-camp, or for any other post where he could render any service. The arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Lusk was very opportune, as he had experience as a staff officer, having been at Port Royal and in Virginia on the staff of Major-General Stevens up to that officer's death, and will enable me to relieve Captain Woodhull whom

I borrowed from Major-General Schenck's staff, and whom the General has telegraphed to return to him as soon as possible. I shall recommend Lieutenant-Colonel Lusk for the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General, which, in the expectation of active service, he is willing to accept until the campaign is finished, and from necessity shall put him on duty accordingly."

[After the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1, 2, and 3, 1863) and the Surrender of Vicksburg (July 4, 1863)]

Headquarters Delaware Department,
Wilmington, Del., July 7th, 1863.

Dear, dear Cousin Lou:

I said I would write you so soon as the full purport of the good news was ascertained. And now that it has all broken upon us, although my heels are where my head ought to be, I will try and fulfil my engagement as coherently as possible. We have had the dark hour. The dawn has broken, and the collapsed confederacy has no place where it can hide its head. Bells are ringing wildly all over the city. Citizens grin at one another with fairly idiotic delight. One is on the top of his house frantically swinging a dinner bell, contributing thus his share of patriotic clamor to the general ding-dong. Bully for him! How I envy the heroes of Meade's Army. It would be worth while to die, in order that one's friends might say, "He died at Gettysburg." But to live to hear all the good news, and now to learn that Vicksburg has surrendered, is a little too much happiness for poor mortal men. I can laugh, I can cry with joy. All hysterical nonsense is pardonable now. Manassas, twice repeated, Fredericksburg and Chickahominy! Bless them as the cruel training that has made us learn our duties to our country. Slavery has fallen, and I believe Heaven as

well as earth rejoices. Providence has tenderly removed that grand old hero, Jackson, before the blow came, that the one good, earnest, misguided man might be spared the sight of the downfall of a cause fanaticism led him to believe was right. Slink away ye copperheads to your native slime, and there await until in Hell is ready the place your master has prepared for you! There, Oh Fernando, go reign in torment to all eternity! These enthusiastic citizens of Wilmington, not content with bell-ringing, have taken to firing cannon, and the boys, to help matters, are discharging pistols into empty barrels. The people in a little semi-slaveholding State, when not downright traitors, are noisily, obstreperously loyal, to a degree that New England can hardly conceive of. My letter must be short and jubilant, I cannot do anything long to-day.

Just dance through the house for me, and kiss every one you meet. So I feel now. Good-bye.

Affec'y.,
Will.

Headquarters Delaware Department,
Wilmington, Del., July 10th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

I know I ought to be thankful in my present pleasant position, but somehow or other I was not born to enjoy sinecures. Doing nothing makes me very fretful. I had a capital good time while on Maryland Heights, feeling well repaid for my trip thither, but after leaving, I have been bored to death with the *ennui* of city soldiering. To be sure we are fêted, and take our places among the Princes of Delaware, still, my dear mother, it was not for this I left home, and I cannot, with all the idle time

on my hands, avoid regretting the pleasant summer plans we had arranged in old Conn. It is six years since I have strolled about the streets of Norwich the whole summer long. Norwich was never more beautiful than now. So I suppose I feel disappointed at being so peacefully employed at the seat of war. Still here we are, General and Staff—persons of distinction—Ahem! I am on hand in case I am called for. I don't owe my position to Gov. Buckingham, and I expect to get home to my studies in the fall. Good things, all of them! Besides this, I am raising whiskers. I am reading Kinglake's "Crimea." I have given up smoking. Think of that! You see, at first, when I found there was little to do, I smoked vigorously to pass away time. But when the cigar was smoked, there was an end to the amusement, so I then determined to break off smoking altogether, and, to make it exciting, I kept a handful of cigars in my pocket so that the temptation might be frequently incurred. Whenever I longed for a fragrant Havana, I would take one in fingers, and then sitting back in my chair, reason philosophically on the pernicious effects of tobacco. On reaching the point of conviction, I would return it to my pocket unlighted. This, you see, has afforded me a very excellent pastime.

Occasionally Bishop Lee's benignant face shines upon us. Everyone worships the Bishop here, and how he deserves it, you know well.

Am very sorry for Capt. Nichols. The opposition is a mistake. However I should as soon think of breaking my heart for a Bedlamite Hag, as for one who rejected me on the grounds of prudence. So perhaps Nichols is not so unlucky as he thinks himself. Now that I have practically abandoned military life, I have a fancy Gov.

Buckingham made a mistake in persistently ignoring my claims to promotion. I fancy I would have done him more credit than some of his appointments. This may be vanity.

Written in haste with
affectionate intent,
W. T. Lusk.

[The Draft Riots in New-York City]

Longview, Enfield, Conn.,
July 14th, 1863.

My own dear Son:

I received your last letter on Saturday, and rejoice in your health, and in your resolve to relinquish the use of tobacco. I have no doubt your flesh will increase, and that you will be benefitted by the change.

The terrible riot in New-York is at present engrossing our thoughts. The blacks seem to be peculiarly obnoxious to the excited mob; I suppose you have seen that they have burned the Colored Orphan Asylum. The draft commenced yesterday in Hartford. All was quiet through the day, but some anxiety seems to be felt lest the example of New-York may produce an evil effect to-day. They have tried to obtain a few companies of Regulars to preserve order (from New Haven) but they cannot be spared. Aunt Sarah, Nellie and Tom were to return to New-York to-day, but they dare not until the disturbance is quelled. The telegraph wires are all cut, and I fear we shall have no papers. The *Times* and *Tribune* offices are torn to pieces. We are all sad enough. God is merciful, may He speedily help us, and deliver us from our troubles.

Cousin Henry is wishing for, and looking for, a Dic-

tator, the sooner the better. Capt. Nichols has gone to Vicksburg with Col. McKaye, to inquire into the condition of the Freedmen. You have no idea how unreasonable the lower class (of Irish particularly) are in this vicinity. Their feelings have been so wrought upon by unprincipled men. The leader in the N. Y. riot was a man from Virginia, who harangued the multitude and counselled resistance.

A telegram has just arrived from your Uncle Phelps at Saratoga, saying Nellie and Aunt Sarah must not return to-day. Dr. Grant leaves in ten minutes, so good-bye. A longer letter next time. God guard you, my own dear, dear son, is my constant prayer. All send love, and I am

Always
Your loving
MOTHER.

THE DRAFT RIOTS IN NEW-YORK CITY

"*The Memorial History of the City of New-York*," *Vol. III*, *p.* 502.

"The morning of Saturday, July 11th, 1863, had been selected for the commencement of the draft in the city, and the day passed without much interference with the officers charged with its supervision; and the local authorities felt encouraged to think that the remainder of the work would be completed without serious opposition. The following day, being Sunday, was undoubtedly seized by those intent upon obstructing the provost-marshals in the discharge of their duty, to foment trouble among the ignorant or reckless element that abounds in every large city. On Monday morning a few policemen were sent to the enrolling-offices at 677 Third Avenue and at 1190 Broadway. At the last named place the mystic wheel was set in motion, and the drawing of names was continued without interruption until noon, when the provost-marshals suspended operations as a measure of precaution. Up to ten o'clock in the morning the city had been comparatively quiet. At that hour Superintendent Kennedy, while upon a tour of inspection, without escort, and in plain clothes, was attacked by a mob at the corner of 46th St. and Lexington Ave., and, after being severely beaten, barely escaped with his life. . . . He was disabled for some days, and the immediate command of the police devolved upon Mr. Acton. . . . The entire police

force of the city had now been assembled at its respective station-houses, and for the next three days was constantly employed in stamping out the sparks of insurrection which were flying about, and at times breaking out into sheets of flame that threatened the existence of the city. From the Cooper Institute to 46th Street, Third Avenue was black with human beings who hung over the eaves of the buildings, filled the doors and windows, and packed the street from curb to curb. Small bodies of police were driven away or trampled under foot, houses were fired, stores looted, and a very carnival of crime inaugurated. Negroes became especially obnoxious, and neither age nor sex was regarded by the white brutes in slaking their thirst for blood; from every lamp-post were suspended the victims of their blind fury. With one accord several thousand rioters swooped down upon the Colored Orphan Asylum, then occupying the space from 43d to 44th street on Fifth Ave. The two hundred helpless children were hurriedly removed by a rear door while the mob rushed in at the front; the torch was applied in twenty places at once, and despite the heroic efforts of Chief Engineer Decker and other firemen to save the structure, it was burned to the ground."

Page 503. "Mayor Opdyke called for troops upon Gen. Wool, commanding the Department of the East, and Gen. Sandford, commanding the National Guard."

Page 504. "The second and third days were marked by fresh outbursts and much bloodshed: bayonets and bullets were substituted for policemen's billies. The territory of the disturbance had extended to Harlem, and westward beyond Sixth Avenue. Evidences of able leadership among the bands of marauders were visible. The roofs of houses became vantage-ground from which stones were hurled and shots fired at the police and troops in sight. . . . Orders were issued to the Seventh and other city regiments to return home. . . . But the admirable arrangements of General Brown and President Acton, and the excellent discipline of the force under their direction, finally prevailed against the unorganized army of anarchy and misrule, and by midnight of the third day the wires reported 'all quiet.' The backbone of the beast was broken, but nevertheless all good citizens drew a breath of relief when, shortly after, it was known that the Seventh had returned to aid in defending home and fireside."

Page 507. General Fry sums up the situation: "The real cause of the riot was, that in a community where a considerable political element was active in opposition to the way the war was conducted, if not to the war itself, and where there was a strong opinion adverse to the principles of compulsory service, certain lawless men preferred fighting the Government at home, when it made the issue of *forcing* them by lot to fight its enemies in the field."

HEADQUARTERS DEL. DEPT.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 20th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

You have heard before now, I suppose, that I was in New-York a few days last week. I saw Horace then, but the excitement of the riots excluded all other topics of conversation.

Lilly was kind enough to write me a letter which I shall gladly answer, as I have time enough now to remember all correspondents that remember me. If nothing else, I have abundant opportunities to read and write. After the draft has been enforced in this State, the necessity for Martial Law will probably have passed away. Then I hope either to have more active service, or to get relieved altogether. My summer experience will lead me to enjoy with the greater zest, the coming winter.

Gen. Tyler has behaved most handsomely I think, for when he was ordered to Maryland Heights, it was with the understanding that he was to have an important command, if not that of the Middle Department itself. But the loss of Milroy's Army, the advance of Hooker, and consequent assignment of French to the Heights, the troubles in Baltimore, one and all operated to break up all plans, and to leave him in his present position. I have not heard him utter, for all, a single word of complaint, though necessarily his position must be very irksome to him.

Aunt Maria, Uncle Phelps and Nellie were in New-York for a few hours while I was there, but I did not know it until it was too late. Mr. ————, who lives opposite my Uncle's, sent for me to come and see him. He proposed that I should take charge of a patrol to pro-

tect their part of the town. I turned to young ————. and suggested that he would make one of the patrol. "No," says the young man, "but I'll furnish a porter from father's store as a substitute." Indeed thought I, with such heroic youths, there is no need of doing anything here. I can let this part of the city take care of itself.

Your affec. Son,
WILL.

HEADQUARTERS DEL. DEPT.
WILMINGTON, DEL., July 28th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

That I have not written you more punctually, the enclosed *carte-de-visite* must be my excuse. At last I have fulfilled my promise, and I trust the result may prove satisfactory to you. The *carte* was promised last Thursday, but only furnished yesterday. "There's a twist to your nose" says the ingenuous artist, while taking his preliminary surveys. "Perhaps you fell down once, and injured it." I answered mildly that I had no recollection of such a catastrophe. "Well," he says, "it isn't straight anyway." Then adding with a sigh, "There are very few things that are straight in this world." I suppose that this philosophic photographer is right.

After all I am going to be present to-morrow at Horace's wedding. There really is so little doing, that I feel as though I could absent myself for a couple of days with propriety. The General says "All right," so I shall go on to-night at 11:30. You have not written whether it is your intention to be present. It would be a great pleasure to me if I should find you among the guests. Never

mind, Fall is near at hand, and my stay in the army is hastening to an end. I have much leisure time to read, and as it is long since I have had such an opportunity, I am indulging myself in books with a vengeance. My previous visit to New-York was merely to vary a little the monotony of Wilmington life, by the excitement of the mob-rule then prevailing in the former city. I there met Charley Dodge, who was serving as Chief of Cavalry on Gen. Wool's staff. Charley contrived to give me some little employment, but all I did was not much in amount. I dined a few days ago at ————'s. ———— is a capital good fellow, but painfully lazy and objectless. Much attention and kindness has been shown us since we have been here by the Union people. Unionism means something in a slave state. The most violent secessionists would not venture to express half the disloyal sentiments that one hears from pretty good Union people in Connecticut. The Union people here, from their position, are forced to take such strong ground as to make the sentiment of New England seem cold by comparison. Much love.

Most affec'y.,
WILL.

HEADQUARTERS DEL. DEPT.,
WILMINGTON, DEL., Aug. 17th, 1863.

My dear Mother:

The month is rapidly passing away, and I am awaiting impatiently the time of my release. Meanwhile I do not mean to pine, but am trying to enjoy myself the best way possible. For instance, Saturday evening, took tea with the Bishop. Yesterday, dined with the Chief Justice.

Now we are making arrangements to get up a steamboat excursion to Fort Delaware — a little private party of our own to return some of the civilities that have been paid us. We (Ned and I) mean to have all the pretty girls. Mrs. LaMotte, a charming lady, is to play matron, and I think will have a tolerably good time. So you see, as I said before, we don't pine, still I shall be glad when I shall be at liberty to return home. Have just finished reading Mrs. Fanny Kemble's book on plantation life. By George! I never heard anything to compare with her descriptions. They make one's blood run cold. Though told with great simplicity and evident truth, compared with them Mrs. Stowe's book is a mild dish of horrors. In this State of Delaware I believe there is a larger proportion of extreme Abolitionists than in Massachusetts. People are tired of being ruled by the lottery and slave interests which heretofore have locked hands together. Gen. Tyler is an unconditional man. When one protests his loyalty, the Gen. always asks him if his loyalty is great enough to acquiesce in the emancipation proclamation, and according to the answer, "Yes" or "No," he is judged. Uncle Tom I fear, wouldn't stand much chance here. I had a few lines from Alfred Goddard a day or two ago. He seems to be well pleased with his position on Gen. Harland's Staff. The letter you enclosed to me from Harry Heffron, had all the latest news from the 79th. They have suffered much in following up Johnston in Mississippi from want of water, Johnston leaving in every well either a dead horse or a mule. Agreeable! They are now however on their way to Kentucky and rejoicing. McDonald is on Gen. Parke's Staff. I believe my handwriting grows daily more unformed. How I have degenerated from the example Grandfather Adams

set us. However, I have to write fast and sacrifice beauty to utility.

Best love.
Affec'y.,
Will.

The following was found scribbled on a sheet of paper in the handwriting of William T. Lusk, evidently a copy of a letter written by Gen. Daniel Tyler:

"I ask the acceptance of this resignation. Capt. Lusk has been in most of the battles including the First Bull Run, from Beaufort to the death of Major-Gen. Stevens, whose Staff he was on from the date of Gen. Stevens's promotion to his death. Capt. Lusk, so soon as he heard of the occupation of Maryland Heights, left New-York City, came to Point of Rocks, and walked to Harper's Ferry, and volunteered for duty at a moment when I was much in need of his services, and to make him available I recommended him for the appointment of Asst. Adjt.-Genl. and he was appointed accordingly, with the expectation that when the prospect of fighting at that point was over, his resignation would be accepted. Under the circumstances, as Capt. Lusk is on the point of commencing a professional life in the City of New-York, I ask the acceptance of his resignation, knowing that there never will be an emergency like that at Gettysburg and Maryland Heights, that Capt. Lusk will not be found at the front."

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